THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu[illegible] Weekly
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MAY 27, 1911 — 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

THE Managing Director of one of New York's most famous hotels on a recent visit to Chicago, said:

"Hotel La Salle is the equal of anything we have in New York. I did not realize that Chicago had such a magnificent hostelry, and the prices that prevail in this house are so much lower than in New York, that I am amazed."

Hotel LaSalle gives more for the price you pay than any other hotel in Chicago.

RATES:

One Person:

Room with detached bath	$2 to $3 per day
Room with private bath	$3 to $5 per day

Two Persons:

Room with detached bath	$3 to $5 per day
Room with private bath	$5 to $8 per day

Connecting rooms and suites as desired

All rooms at $5 or more are the same price for one or two persons

You enjoy the world's best when you stop at

Hotel La Salle

GEORGE H. GAZLEY, Manager.

La Salle at Madison St.

CHICAGO

Beautiful roof garden open during summer.

The Season's Fashionable Colors in *Guaranteed* Hose

Genuine Holeproof Hose are soft, extra light-weight and perfection in style. Yet six pairs are guaranteed six months. This saves all darning and, in large families, a great deal of hosiery expense. Try them today and learn what you sacrifice when you wear other hose.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

We use the finest yarns we can buy. Cotton yarn can be had in this country for as low as 30 cents per pound, but we pay for ours an average of 70 cents. We get the cotton from Egypt and from the Sea Islands, because it grows longer, stronger and softer there. Thus the hose can be softer and lighter in weight than hose made from cheaper, bulky and weak yarn. Hose made from cheap yarn must be harsh to be strong. "Holeproof" of equal strength is light, stylish, soft and attractive. "Holeproof," today, is worn in all places of fashion, for no cotton hose ever looked, felt or fit any better.

No cotton hose ever *cost more to make.*

We use only pure silk thread in the silk goods.

$55,000 a Year for Inspection

So careful are we of our quality that we spend $55,000 a year merely to see that *each pair* that's sent out is perfection. A special Inspection Department does nothing all day but examine the hose for the slightest defects.

Nine Million Pairs

All this expense we take from our profits, for we sell our hose at the price of the common kinds. We couldn't *then* give you this quality if we didn't sell *so many pairs*, for it is our *enormous volume* of output—not our profit per pair—that allows these expenditures. We are making, this year, nine million pairs.

"Holeproof," light, soft and attractive, cost four times to make what some guaranteed hose cost, yet sell at the same retail price.

What the Signature, *Carl Freschl Res* Means

Every pair of genuine "Holeproof" bears that signature on the toe. Unless it is there the hose are not genuine "Holeproof"—no matter who says so. If you want the finest hose ever made, the original guaranteed hose, the kind backed by thirty-eight years of experience, look for the "Holeproof" trade-mark and that signature.

The Wide Assortment

Six pairs of plain or mercerized cotton "Holeproof," guaranteed six months, cost $1.50 up to $3.00, according to finish and weight. The men's sox are made in twelve colors, ten weights and five grades. There are seven colors, three weights and three grades for women and two colors, two weights and three grades for children. Silk hose for men cost $2.00 for three pairs, guaranteed *three* months. Three pairs of women's stockings cost $3.00, guaranteed *three* months. The genuine are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

To Dealers Write for our agency proposition on these fast-selling hose. Learn how it *increases volume* of hosiery sales so that the trifle smaller profit per pair is entirely forgotten. Learn why it sells steadily and with less selling cost than any other hosiery. Write us for samples.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., 867 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd., London, Canada, Distributers for Canada.
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Are Your Hose Insured?

What the Camera Tells About Home-Baked Beans

Here's the gist of the story told by actual photograph. Just look at these pictures—then judge for yourself why a million homes use Van Camp's.

The Home Way

You take such beans as you get, sort them, soak them and boil them. Then put them to bake in a dry-heat oven.

And here is what you get:

A layer of crisped beans, mostly burned and worthless.

A layer of whole beans which remain unbroken because they don't get even half enough heat. Those are the beans which ferment and form gas because they can't digest.

Then a layer of beans that boil during the baking—soggy, mushy, broken.

People like them, you say? Of course they like baked beans. But don't you know they would five times better like them baked our way?

These are the top beans from a home baking dish.

About half the beans in home baking come out like this—a soggy mass.

These are Van Camp's Beans. Every bean in every baking comes out nut-like, mealy and whole.

The Van Camp Way

We select just the choicest of Michigan beans—the whitest and plumpest—beans all of one size.

We boil them as you do. But we bake in steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees. And we bake in small parcels so that every bean gets the full force of that heat for hours.

The beans that come out are digestible. Yet none are crisped, none broken. The beans are separate, and every bean is nut-like, mealy and whole.

And the tomato-sauce, being baked with the beans, saturates every atom.

The very look of these beans tells why people like them. But the flavor, the zest, the mealiness can only be told by taste.

Save Hot Weather Baking

Here is a dish just as hearty as meat. Sirloin beef, at three times the cost, has a lesser food value. Beans are 84 per cent nutriment.

You would serve baked beans five times as often were it not for the long hours required in home baking.

They who serve Van Camp's buy a dozen cans at a time—have a dozen meals always waiting. They can serve a hearty meal, steaming hot, in ten minutes.

They are exactly the same as though fresh from the oven, for we sterilize the can after sealing.

Baking as we do for a million homes, we can bake for less than you. So the home-baked dish, with all its crudeness, is not even economical.

All this matters most in summer. Hours saved in the kitchen are better spent on the porch.

Just figure out now how many hours you can save by letting our cooks bake for you.

Please discuss the whole question with the folks at your table—when they have Van Camp's before them. Let their votes decide what to do.

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

The next step is to insist on the right beans. For there's a very great difference in ready-baked beans.

Van Camp's are made of the choicest Michigan beans. The sauce is made of whole, vine-ripened tomatoes.

There are some beans we could buy at much less per bushel. Plenty of tomato sauce is being sold for one-fifth what ours costs to make. We could easily save $1,000 per day if we wanted to skimp on this dish.

But the best beans are cheap enough. We have gained the largest trade in the world on baked beans by making them as good as they can be. And we shall have your trade when you try them. One taste of Van Camp's will spoil anyone's taste for any inferior beans.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company (Established 1861) Indianapolis, Indiana

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THE GREAT BAILEY MYTH

By Samuel G. Blythe

Senator Bailey, About 1905

THE nation has known six superb and supreme statesmen," said a Texas editor; "in its early part, Webster, Calhoun and Clay; in its later years, Blaine, Conkling and—Bailey."

Probably none will take or has taken that statement more seriously than Senator Bailey himself; but, considered from Mr. Bailey's well-known and often-exhibited viewpoint, the Texas editor cumbered his paragraph with five names and omitted one. Properly to express from this viewpoint the sentiment underlying the admiration of the writer, the paragraph should read: "My countrymen, this nation has known two superb and supreme statesmen—in its early part, Jefferson; in its later years [impressive pause here]—Bailey."

Not that the Texas editor did so badly. He merely failed to soar sufficiently. He did not reach those higher planes that used to be inhabited, as William Nelson Cromwell said, by E. H. Harriman, and where Mr. Bailey habitually lingers. It may seem unappreciative, to those who know the facts, to link the names of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Blaine and Conkling with the name of Bailey; but it is quite likely that Mr. Bailey, having observed the company, smiled indulgently and condescended to the association. Still, he wondered undoubtedly why the Texas editor cluttered the paragraph with the names of Blaine and Conkling. How much closer to the fact would it have been to say: "The nation has known four superb and supreme statesmen: Webster, Clay, Calhoun and—Bailey!"—thus not differentiating between the historical past and the pulsing present, but being much nearer to the truth.

It is a matter of small moment. Baileywise, or as it was written, it does some small credit and gives Bailey two places among the superb and the supreme, among the paramount and predominant, instead of one—which Mr. Bailey will unhesitatingly admit are his by every right.

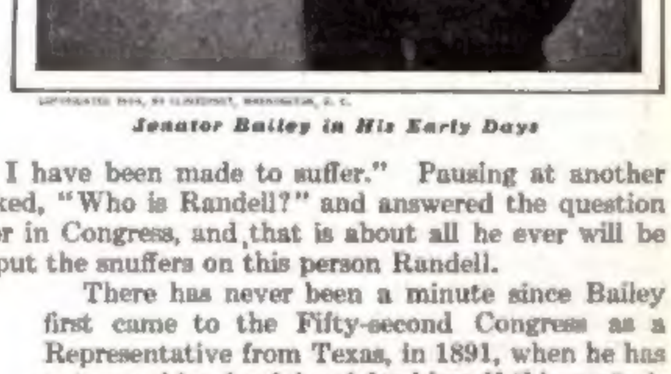
Rarely hypercritical concerning statements of this kind, it is likely he blandly accepted the tribute; for we find him speaking in Texas at about the time the above statement was published. In Texas, it should be known, all Texans are, to Bailey, "My countrymen!" As another Texas editor put it, "It is worth riding miles over a rough road" to hear Bailey extract, with exquisite modulations and variations, the music concealed in those melodious words. He can cajole, caress, command and convince with that phrase; and he sprinkles it through his speeches almost as liberally as he sprinkles the pronoun "I." Indeed, he rarely glides into a new flight of eloquence without gliding thus: "My countrymen, I ——"

He said in a Texas speech: "My countrymen, I have attained the highest distinction reached in our day by a Democrat. I could retire ——"

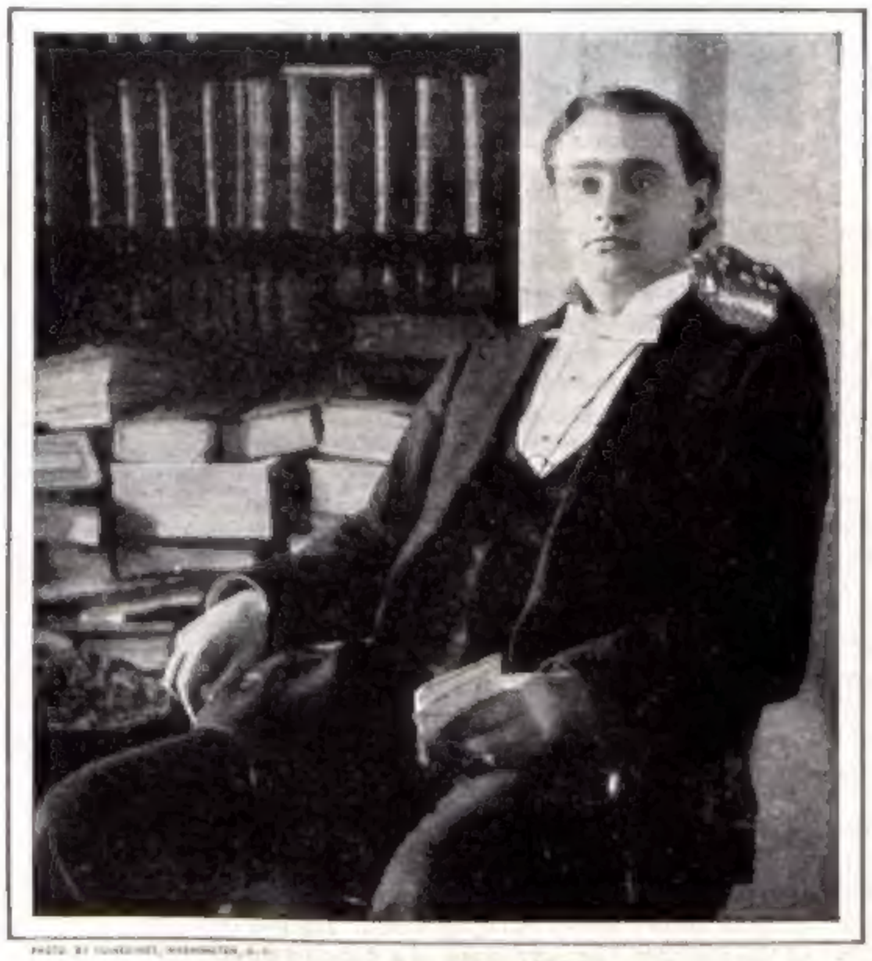
A voice broke in: "We won't let you retire!"

Gratified, the Senator dropped the subject of retirement and continued: "So long as I hold your commission I will represent you aright. If you don't want me try some of these aspirants; then you will realize that I only gain by comparison. With truth and Democracy with me, I fear controversy with no man or set of men. If I am not taller than all of them I am at least as tall as any of them. Send one of them, my countrymen—and in six years you will repent in sackcloth and ashes!"—which caused a shudder to sweep over the vast and enthusiastic audience.

And on another occasion, the audience being again vast and enthusiastic, he said: "My countrymen, in the great work of this world there must always be some man brave enough to defy the consequences in behalf of the people's sacred cause. I have tried to do that up to this time and I have tried to be that up to this time; and I pray God I may be that to the end of time." And again: "I am engaged in a great work. I am striving to consecrate the Democratic party to the principles of the Democratic fathers; and for this I have been made to suffer." Pausing at another period of the same speech, he asked, "Who is Randell?" and answered the question on the spot: "He is my successor in Congress, and that is about all he ever will be known as"—which, as it seemed, put the snuffers on this person Randell.



Senator Bailey in His Early Days



Senator Bailey in His Office

There has never been a minute since Bailey first came to the Fifty-second Congress as a Representative from Texas, in 1891, when he has not superbiously claimed for himself this preëminence among the statesmen of his day. Constant reiteration of anything will eventually make many converts; and by this constant reiteration and the reiteration of those earliest impressed by the praise there grew up the great Bailey myth, one of the most remarkable of the political fictions of our times, which even cold analysis of many of the actions of Bailey himself has not yet destroyed. Indeed, it never will be entirely destroyed, for always there will remain well-meaning, intelligent, ardent persons who will uphold Bailey as one of the greatest men—probably the greatest—of his day; as—witness the Texas editor—worthy of association with the biggest figures in our history.

To many, Bailey is The Hero—the handsome, eloquent, fearless, high-minded hero, consecrated to the cause of the people, fighting for the masses, inspired with a fervor that has its origin in the purest motives—the brave, brilliant knight of the Democracy. And Bailey adroitly fosters this opinion by virtue of his remarkable gift of speech; by virtue of his exceptional talents as an actor; by virtue of his power to make even a palpable misstatement seem convincing; by virtue of a smooth, easy sciolism; by virtue of harking back constantly to the fathers; by virtue of an audacity that is overwhelming and a temper that brooks no interference. When he first came to Washington he had natural power, but no polish. Now that he has been in public life for twenty years he has acquired the polish; and when he gets his due

in history he will be set down as able but inefficient—as one of the near-greats of our country and as one of the most brilliant sophists of his generation or any other generation since the foundation of the Republic.

When you ask any person who has been in Congress with Bailey, in either branch, "Do you consider Bailey a great man?" the answer will usually be a much-qual'fied yes—rarely an outspoken, conclusive yes. You will find, also, two feelings as regards Bailey. The first is fear of him as an antagonist—partly physical and partly because of his immense adroitness in debate. The second will be admiration for the easy melody of his speech. Bailey, to a large degree, exercises the hypnotism of beef. He hurls himself at an antagonist with a passion of words and a passion of what seems to be argument, but what generally is denunciation. When you hear what he says you are charmed by the manner of its saying. When you read what he says the speciousness of it sticks out from every paragraph.

Senator Bailey Out for a Walk

His greatest power, as well as his greatest weakness, consists in his ability to make every statement he does make as if it were an absolute, incontrovertible, immitigable fact. Because Bailey says a thing, that thing must be so. Now when you hear Bailey say this thing you unconsciously think it is true—you are swayed by the potential force of the manner of the saying and by its eloquence; but when you ponder it in cold blood you find that the sayer and the saying can be disassociated, and that the saying, more times than not, appears to the disadvantage of both.

Bailey's Box of Rhetorical Tricks

THERE need be no denial of Bailey's ability along certain lines. As a special pleader, for any cause whatsoever, he has no equal in the Congress; nor has he had for years. There is no contention for which Bailey, planting himself on the Constitution, cannot find adequate excuse and palliation, and in which he will not discover great merit. This is especially true when he is engaged in the business of explaining his own glaring inconsistencies. It makes no difference to Bailey that he did one thing one day and the other—and exactly opposite—the next. On the third day he can and frequently does rise in his place, assume his air of superior wisdom, of indulgent condescension, of it-is-right-because-I-Bailey-say-so, and prove, by reverting to the Constitution and to Thomas Jefferson, that he correctly interpreted the wishes of his constituents, the underlying principles of the Democracy, the necessities of the times, and was most magnificently right in both instances.

Bailey's reputation rests largely on the method of his speeches, not on their matter. To hear him, you would think that here, at last, is a man who, knowing, can state what he knows in the most forceful fashion. When you read one of his speeches, however, you find how much the delivery, the timbre of his voice and the appeal of his presence had to do with the first impression. He has made speeches in the Congress that were universally referred to as great—his speech on the income tax, his defense of Lorimer, his reading of Senator Patterson out of the Democratic party, the cases of the Democratic Senators from South Carolina, to name but a few of them—all special pleas and all well done; but they were mostly histrionic spectacles, with vocal embellishment instead of hard argument. When you get him on an economic proposition—like the tariff—you have only to read a page to find how hopelessly in the fog he is.

He is a great actor. Like every other great actor, the substance of the speech he has to deliver does not matter so much as the manner of delivery. And Bailey has an advantage over the stage actor in that he writes his own lines. Still, a good actor can take a bit of sophomoric sentiment and make a great declamation of it—and so can Bailey. In a man less gifted, Bailey's mannerisms and poses would be ridiculous. With him, they seem a part of the show and as such are eagerly watched. When he is announced for a set speech the galleries are always full and the effort to get to hear him is well exerted.

Bailey is a tall man, a well-built man, a handsome man. His shoulders are broad, his figure is commensurate with his height and he gives every impression of great power and virility. His face is smooth-shaven, his cheeks unwrinkled, his eye dark and flashing, his forehead broad and low, his hair jet black, thick and long. His lips are full and red and his nose well shaped. He is forty-eight, but his complexion is that of a boy of half his age. Indeed, he looks a good deal like a big, healthy, happy boy; and when he smiles he is positively captivating. He is graceful in his gestures, apt and precise in diction; expresses himself, no matter how fatuous his argument may be, in clear and rounded sentences, and always with an air of the utmost sincerity, with an implied idea that he is saying the last word—that nothing he enunciates can be open to question—with a deep sense of finality.

His greatest attribute is his voice. Bryan had a voice somewhat of the same quality as Bailey's when Bryan first began to speak, but the constant wear on

He Looks Like a Big, Healthy, Happy Boy

Bryan's voice has roughened it somewhat—it is not so musical now as it was in 1896. Bailey's voice is a remarkable instrument. It is soft and melodious, but with a timbre that makes it at times sound like the deep tones of an organ. He is a master of it. He can plead or command with it, use it to coax or to compel. When he speaks the consonances of his voice are the biggest part of the show and his poses most of the remainder, for Bailey is a generalizer. He never gets down to detail, except incidentally. He covers everything in a wilderness of smoothly spoken words. He impels by the musical quality of his speech, not by the cogency of his facts. He brooks no denial. He never makes a statement of any kind without asserting it positively as a fact. He relies on his oratorical method and scores by the aid of that reliance many times. He overwhelms an antagonist in debate, not by controverting what the antagonist has said—not by taking up the statement of the antagonist and answering that—but by adroitly bringing the matter over to his own ground and pounding on it there.

Bailey is a large man, but graceful. He has cultivated a pose that is as distinct and as individual as Eugene Hale's use of his eyeglasses. He has the bow of the courtier, the easy grace of a dancing master, the suavity of an ambassador. His seat in the Senate is near the back of the room, in the next to the last row, one seat removed from the center aisle. This gives him full command of the Senate chamber when he rises. He lolls indolently in his chair, apparently much bored by what is going on. Suddenly he rises. He asks for permission to interrupt, asks the Senator who is speaking to yield, with a widespread gesture of his hand and with a deferential bow. Then he makes his statement, always with that conclusive air of finality, as if all the wisdom of all the ages were compressed into his utterance; with an amused tolerance of the ignorance of the man who has been talking; with a superb attitude of I—Bailey—condescend, out of the vastness of my intellect, to set you right.

When he makes a set speech he shines brightest. The stage is prepared. The scenes are shifted. At the proper moment the hero comes on to spout his lines. "Mr. President," he begins, with just a shade of the soft, Southern intonation—and on and on for hours.

One lapel of his black frock coat is carelessly flung open. Should it slip into place again, it is promptly but gracefully restored. A trained lock of his black hair falls down over his forehead. With an imperious gesture he sweeps it back. It falls again at a moment proper for a rhetorical pause—and he sweeps it back again. That trained lock of hair is a large asset in the Bailey pose. He acts with it. It is a fine prop. When he has a point to make he spreads both hands in front of him, as if imploring all to listen to the words of wisdom that are falling musically from his lips. He frequently calls on high Heaven to witness the purity of his intentions and the verity of his thought. "As God is my judge!" is a favorite clincher for him in an argument. He points to himself as the man who has suffered much at the hands of maligners, but who, through good and evil report, has clung firmly to the Constitution, and begs everybody to come to him, the repository of all knowledge, and gain the right.

Perfervid and Superpassionate Eloquence

HE HAS many tricks of voice and expression and intonation. He is elocutionary to the nth degree. But the greatest exhibition he gives is when he asserts his singleness of purpose, his sincerity of conviction, his impeccable honesty of thought, his one aim to be right though the heavens fall, his immutable idea that what he says is fact—and must be because he says it. As the Texas editor said, concerning the worth of a long, hard ride to hear Bailey say "My countrymen!" it is worth an afternoon of any man's time to see him stand in the Senate and hear him tell how good and grand he is, how mistaken his opponents are, and how in him is the fountain of all erudition, all sincerity, all devotion to the people. Pledged but to truth, to liberty and law, no favor sways him, no fear shall awe—or words to that broad, general effect. An actor? A Booth, a McCullough, a Kean, a Garrick, a Forrest—rolled into one!

Bailey's oratory, always sophomorical, varies in intensity in exact geographical ratio to his position as regards Texas. He may be fervid in the Senate, but he is perfervid in Texas. He may be passionate in the Senate, but in Texas he is superpassionate. In both places he is strong on his extreme devotion to the works of the fathers. In the Senate, to illustrate, when closing his tariff speech of June 24, 1909, in which he sought to justify his raw-material convolutions, he perorated with these sentences: "When we have passed from this high theater, and have been gathered to our fathers, no Democrat who has studied and who understands the history of our great party can ever charge. I have helped destroy the ancient landmarks which our fathers set in

Senator Bailey, One of the Judges at the Washington Horse Show, 1910

(Continued on Page 34)

Lead Us Not Into Temptation

By BRAND WHITLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

It Was Pleasant to Have the Boys Show Him So Much Deference

AT FIRST, Connie Byrnes found the sessions of the board of aldermen rather stupid. He would sit at his desk, swing from side to side in his chair, and smoke and wonder what it was all about. For weeks his voice was never heard except as he voted "Aye" or "No"—not difficult decisions, for he merely had to look over at Ryan and vote as Ryan shook his head, up and down, or sidewise. His name beginning with "B," he had to vote third on the list, right after Armbruster and Barry. Ryan knew how to vote, because he always had a tip from Dunn, the boss. Ryan was high up in the machine; he had been alderman from the First Ward for seven terms.

Besides the strangeness and the general monotony, Connie's official duties interfered seriously with his physical habits. He smoked more than usual—cigars, too, and not the old pipe—on Monday nights when the board sat and on Thursday nights when the committees met, so that on Tuesday and Friday mornings it was hard to get up—the whistle became more of a nuisance than ever; he was tired and sleepy all day and couldn't work so well at the shop. So that almost the first conclusion Connie reached in his new situation was that a workingman had no business in politics unless he were a salaried officer of the union and didn't have to work. He told Mollie so one evening after he had been an alderman two months; and the quick, eager way in which she looked up at him and said, "Oh, Connie, you're right! You won't run again, will you?" smote him with a sense of guilt; he had been out five evenings that very week. He never saw the babies any more at all, except when they were asleep. It wasn't much better on Sundays. He had to be out then, too, on business, riding around in the aldermen's touring car with the committee on public improvements, inspecting sites, or pavements, or sewers, or a new bridge, or the tunnel. If it wasn't that, he was with some of the boys at Reichman's.

To be sure, it was pleasant to stop on his way home at Number Fourteen's engine house and have the boys show him so much deference; and when for the first time he felt sensible of his own power and induced the commissioners to advance Fisher on the eligible list, and then had him appointed a fireman and detailed at Fourteen's house, he took pride in watching the lad develop. Then it was nice to have McGuire, the patrolman, salute him; and when he got a key to the signal box—that was a distinction. All these little privileges meant something; he acquired a taste for them, just as he gradually acquired a taste for liquor. He had never drunk a drop in his life until he became an alderman. He was proud of the fact and sometimes permitted himself to say so, though he could never boast the fact so frankly as Mollie could, or his old mother. They were full of spiritual pride in his total abstinence; but he began to drop in with the boys after the board meetings Monday nights at Tony's, and he felt it to be cold and unsociable not to join them. He liked the camaraderie, and before long he was as eager for his cheese sandwich and glass of beer as any of them.

Then it seemed to be necessary to take a cocktail—a pleasant taste after he acquired it—before the meetings; and in time he would go downtown and have his dinner with them—a steak or a mutton chop and a glass of ale at the Bullet Café, next to City Hall. He would have liked to be able to go to City Hall oftener than he did; he found it most agreeable to saunter down the long marble corridors and have men stop him and speak to him cheerily, and be glad to see him, as was nearly everybody at the sight of that round, red face, with the humorous blue eyes and the firm mouth that had smiled so much and spoken so many jokes that the lines about it all curved upward.

However, he had to work away in the old shop. Sometimes he wished that he could get his hands cleaner; but he couldn't. He wished, too, that his clothes looked a little more like—well, say Grayson's, the representative of the traction company; or Wheeler's, the representative of the gas company; or Janvers', the representative of the electric light and power company. They always looked so well, they were so agreeable—nothing stuck up about them; they always had a smile and a good word—and a cigar; they liked to have him join them in a drink; they were ready to do anything he wanted. Though he never asked them for anything, they were ready; and now and then they told him that he was too bright a man to be wasting his time in a machine shop at day wages. At any time he cared to improve his position, they would be glad to help him into something that would pay better and have some future. Grayson especially was deeply interested in him; he often begged him to remember that he had a family and hoped Connie would not consider him impertinent if he reminded him of his duty to provide for their education and their future. But Connie had a shrewd mind, and his quick perceptions discounted all these attentions and flatteries. Though he found these men amiable companions he had heard of their ways; and the people in the ward were rather severe on the street-car company—he had been severe himself as the result of being crowded twice daily into a filthy car—cattle car, as they called it. It had been that, indeed, and his power to express his opinion of it and to denounce the company, which had led to his being chosen alderman—that and the popularity his merry face and jolly ways had given him.

He learned, however; and it was not many months before he could get on his feet and make a motion and after a while debate it, if necessary—not eloquently, but shrewdly and convincingly—and the other aldermen began to dread his tongue after they had felt its sting; though it was not such a sharp sting—he was always good-natured. He could make the gallery laugh at any one, which was worse than a sting. The reporters began to like him too; they recognized him as a personality, and finally by their little stories about him—some joke of his, some humanly interesting thing he said or deed he performed—helped to make a public character of him. As for his ward, the Fourteenth, it fared well. He secured new lights and, as was finally discovered by Ryan and privately rebuked by him, he had more than his share of men on the payroll in the street department. In his second year, toward the end of his first term, he was an influential and prominent alderman, a little fatter, a little better dressed, with much assurance and the easy manner of a man who knows the world. When he ran for a second term his majority was nearly twice as large as it had been when he ran the first time. He had won this position by his own merits and natural shrewdness; and he had strengthened it by the belief of all his neighbors, if the inhabitants of a big city ward like the Fourteenth may be called neighbors, that he was honest.

And so he was. He had been straight and square, even square with the machine. It was not necessarily true, as so many in town whispered, that they didn't have to buy him, because he was always with the machine anyway and did what Dunn told him. His honesty was not purely negative; it was a positive quality. And yet he was not always so sure that it did pay, after all. Certain cynicisms developed in Connie Byrnes; he began to take a modern view of things; he grew worldly-wise. One thing he said, for instance, was that to afford to hold public office a man had to be either a millionaire or a grafter. Though the reporters cleverly made a story of this, Connie said it with a smile that saved its ultimate implications—he said it and he believed it.

When the new franchise was given to the street-car company for the Waybourne Avenue belt Connie voted for it. The ordinance was not long under discussion. It was introduced one night by Ryan, referred to the committee on railways, and reported out with a recommendation that it be passed. Connie had not heard the measure discussed; it was referred to now and then as they sat around the tables at Tony's, and there were consultations in low tones between Ryan and others of the aldermen. Grayson, the lobbyist for the street-car company, was perhaps a little more serious than usual, if at the same time a little more attentive and ingratiating; but Connie had avoided Grayson. When the ordinance came up he felt a certain nervous quality in the atmosphere of the chamber—he could not describe it; it was an effect wrought on his senses; there were no words in his vocabulary for that sort of thing. This sense was peculiarly acute that night—the bright glare of lights, the brilliant eyes of the aldermen about him, their somewhat excited manner, and all that. They laughed at everything, were jovial, beaming over nothing; and then there was Ryan—solemn, sedate, statesmanlike, a bit too composed, too much assured; when he picked up a paper from his desk it rattled in his nervous grasp, and he put it down.

Connie would not permit himself to analyze these odd sensations. In his shrewd brain there were, of course, suspicions; but he told himself that it was none of his business—and he put them aside. He was comfortable in his own conscience and relished the sense of ease and security that was his. As to the principles that govern, or are said to govern, or at least should govern, the relations between cities and public utilities, Connie knew nothing; he did not even know that there were any such principles. His conception of the world was that it had been made long ago by wise men who knew what they were about, and that things in the world were as they were and always would be. There were, of course, certain persons in that world called reformers, who went about meddling in other people's business, delivering speeches and generally making nuisances of themselves; but he had no use for them—they were soreheads or they were grandstanders, or else they were trying to break into politics for what there was in it. He had heard some of them speak and he couldn't understand what it was they wanted; they made him nervous; sometimes they made him mad. He had decided long since that they were either crazy or else wanted something; and, not being clever enough to get it according to the rules of the game as it was played, they wanted the rules changed so they could win. They were pikers and skates; and, for all of him, thought Connie, they might go to the devil! All that he had ever heard about franchises had come from men of this sort; and what they said, as Connie would have admitted to any one, didn't go with him.

All that Connie knew about the Waybourne Avenue belt franchise was that it didn't affect his ward; that the people in the Waybourne Avenue region needed the service; that the best people in town, the most influential business men, the financiers, the eminent lawyers and the leading newspapers were for it; and that the ordinance under Dunn's direction was made a party measure. And if that were so—and Dunn and Ryan and the party organ said it was—then the governor and the President and General Grant, and even Lincoln, must be in favor of it; and it was not for the likes of Connie Byrnes to question their wisdom. When the party was for a thing he accepted it, as the poet accepted truth and beauty; that was all he knew on earth or needed to know. Thus, he voted for the franchise.

He went into Tony's that night after the board had adjourned. The boys were buying champagne; they were

all excited and merry and after a while boisterous. They wanted Connie to sing, but he declined; and when they began to beg and coax they irritated him—they were so silly. Then he thought of Mollie, waiting at home, and he had a sudden longing to see her. So he left abruptly, with a bitterness in his heart. He was not sure of the source of this bitterness. He was almost alone on the rear platform of the car as he rode out to the ward, leaning there against the railing, smoking, the cool air very grateful to his face after the heated atmosphere of the aldermen's chamber and the tobacco smoke and the odor of wine in Tony's. He thought of many things.

Now that it was over, the suspicions that had been in the back of his brain came forward and ranged themselves as certainties: the atmosphere of the chamber, all that had gone before, the carousing at Tony's—these told him the truth. Men had got money and he had not. Well, he asked himself, what business was that of his? He began to think of his troubles; his debts loomed before him; his reëlection had cost money and he had borrowed; the note for eight hundred dollars was about to fall due. Besides, he had to treat, he had to buy tickets for every entertainment, for every bazar and church fair and raffle; he had to help the poor—in a word, to hold up his end, to maintain the dignity of the Fourteenth Ward, to do the things an alderman is expected to do. Politics cost money! The thought of getting up and going to work in the morning annoyed him; he couldn't work so well as he used to; he had fallen away in ability; he had laid off a good many days—the foreman had called him only that morning. And he noticed that his shopmates didn't seem to care for him as they once did; they seemed to be sore on him, to have it in for him—because he was an alderman, perhaps, and they weren't. He laughed sardonically and flung his cigar into the muddy street.

Ryan and Zimmerman and Lanahan and the rest didn't have to work so hard as he did; it all came easy for them; they got away with it; they were respected and happy—why, the way Mrs. Zimmerman dressed, for instance! She would have turned up her nose at Mollie. And Mollie—ah! she wasn't worth Mollie's little finger! He began to wonder whether he had not, after all, been a chump; and, though he said nothing to Mollie about the debts and the troubles that harassed him, when he reached the little home in Lence Street and Mollie sprang to the door to greet him, he held her in his arms for a long time and kissed her again and again; and she put her head on his shoulder and stroked his cheek.

He laid off a day, went downtown, saw the banker about his note and succeeded in having it renewed; but not without difficulty—not, indeed, without an exchange of words that was very like a quarrel.

"I'll renew it this once, Byrnes, for thirty days," the banker had finally said; "but I want you to know that this is the last time. You can raise this money all right, and you've got to do it."

"Well, you know," Connie began to explain, "I make only about three and a half a day ——"

The banker looked at him in scorn, in resentment, almost—as if Connie supposed him a fool. "Three and a half a day! Don't you try to give me any of that!"

They all had the same notion, then. What good, after all, thought Connie, had his straight course done him?

It was in this mood, then, that he met Mr. Bartholomew. He had seen him, as he remembered, a number of times in City Hall. Then he had noticed him at the meetings of the board and soon he noted a regularity in Mr. Bartholomew's attendance; he seemed to be a man with some purpose, though all his movements were of an air so casual that he might have been held of no more account than any of the other scores of idle, vacant men who sat each night of the sessions in the gallery, there impersonating, like the supernumeraries in a tragedy, that large public which, according to the tradition, was so interested in the proceedings that went on in that arena. Connie observed him until there was somehow a fascination for him in that dark visage, with the blue circles under the eyes and the square, black beard. It was a solemn face; Connie never saw a smile on it; its only light came from its bright, sharp eyes, and that was not a sunny light. Connie had never met those eyes, never had felt them fixed upon him; and yet he knew that they saw him. Connie met Mr. Bartholomew—every one called him Mr. Bartholomew; though he was about City Hall for months, he never acquired in the friendly democratic spirit of that place a familiar name by which every one addressed him—one evening after a meeting of the committee on streets and alleys. He was going down the long corridor—he had lingered behind the rest—alone, his heels echoing in the corridor's emptiness, when Mr. Bartholomew came noiselessly up behind him; and before Connie was aware of any presence he heard his name pronounced in a low, quite respectful tone:

"Mr. Byrnes?"

"Yes," said Connie, turning about. "What ——"

"You'll pardon me, Mr. Byrnes, but I'm Mr. Bartholomew. I have wished to make your acquaintance."

"Well, there's nothing very hard in that job," said Connie, laughing and taking the cold hand Mr. Bartholomew gave him, a hand that had no returning pressure for that he gave it. Mr. Bartholomew fell in beside Connie and they walked along together. Outside the building, Mr. Bartholomew said:

"Would you come to my room at the hotel, Mr. Byrnes? I'd like to have a few moments of your time—on business, if you will oblige me."

"Sure," said Connie, who would gladly have obliged anybody.

The Norvall was a quiet, almost obscure, little hotel, and Mr. Bartholomew had a pleasant room in one of its upper stories overlooking an alley. The room contained a bed, a dressing table, a center table on which were a bottle of mineral water and a Bible—and a writing desk, with paper and pens set out in order. Mr. Bartholomew's trunk was against the foot of the bed and a large valise near by. These furnishings had been revealed when Mr. Bartholomew switched on the electric light; and Connie regarded them with a polite if somewhat embarrassed curiosity. Mr. Bartholomew's array of toilet articles in the dressing case on the bureau fascinated him and he wondered about the Bible. The door to a closet hung open, and Mr. Bartholomew closed it with an apology and a veiled disparagement of the service in the hotel. The third door in the room, leading to the bath, was closed.

"It is a quiet little hotel, however," Mr. Bartholomew went on; "a good place for families and those who, like myself, prefer a more modest domicile while temporarily in the city. As it is a temperance hotel, I cannot offer you any refreshment of a spirituous nature; I do not drink myself. But perhaps you would try one of these cigars—though I do not smoke either."

It Was Not the Old Smile of Connie Byrnes

Connie took the cigar Mr. Bartholomew drew from a box and handed to him, after carefully closing the box and restoring it to the bureau drawer. Then Mr. Bartholomew drew up a chair and seating himself began:

"I shall be frank with you, Mr. Byrnes. I am the representative of certain New York interests, who have commissioned me to lay before your board a proposition that will, we think, prove beneficial to the city—and to them as well. I have been here now for some weeks, as you may have observed, acquainting myself with local conditions and, if I may say so, with the personnel of your board. I found upon coming here that you were all more or less occupied by the consideration of the new street-railway grant, and I concluded, before taking up my proposition, to wait until that could be disposed of. I was, of course, as a business man, interested in the progress of those negotiations. I liked the strict businesslike way in which the aldermen discussed and disposed of that problem; and, while observing that, I naturally learned, as I hope, some facts that may aid me in my project."

"Have you seen Dunn?" asked Connie bluntly.

"To be frank, Mr. Byrnes," said Mr. Bartholomew, "I have not. I preferred ——"

"Well, Nate's the whole thing," said Connie, with a smile.

"I have gathered that Mr. Dunn is a gentleman of considerable influence," said Mr. Bartholomew, without a smile—he never smiled.

"Do you know Ryan?"

"I have met Mr. Ryan, yes," said Mr. Bartholomew.

"What does he say?"

"I have not as yet, to be frank, Mr. Byrnes, broached the object of my visit to Mr. Ryan." Mr. Bartholomew hesitated a moment and then leaned forward and laid a hand, that was very white under its fell of black hair, on Connie's big knee. "I have observed you intently, Mr. Byrnes," he resumed, "and I feel that I can speak frankly to you."

"You can tell me your real name," said Connie, laughing, moving in his chair and crossing his legs, compelling Mr. Bartholomew to remove his hand from Connie's knee.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Bartholomew in an expressionless voice.

"I mean—go as far as you like."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Bartholomew, straightening in his chair, a position that lost him somewhat of his advantage, "I have, as I just said, been watching you and, if you will permit me, studying you; and I find that you are an exceptional man, a man of rather unusual qualities and abilities, but one who, if I may say so, is too modest ——"

"Cut out the bull," said Connie.

Mr. Bartholomew's eyes flashed an instant and he went on:

"Permit me to explain. I observed in the matter of the street-railway franchise that Mr. Ryan did not show you quite the consideration you deserved—on the floor of the council, I mean. It seemed to me that he underestimated your powers and your strength."

"Ryan's all right," said Connie. "He hasn't done me any wrong."

Mr. Bartholomew spread his hands as though waiving the point amicably. "That, of course, has nothing at all to do with the subject at present under discussion."

"No," said Connie, examining his cigar with some impatience; "go to it."

"My object is simply this: I prefer to have you handle my matter rather than to intrust it to Mr. Ryan."

"What in hell is your matter?" asked Connie in desperation.

"No profanity, please, Mr. Byrnes," said Mr. Bartholomew. "I—well, I'm somewhat sensitive on those points."

Connie blushed and stirred uneasily.

"Beg your pardon," he said.

"Oh, it's all right," said Mr. Bartholomew. "We'll pass over that. My proposition is this: Your city in paving its streets confines itself to three principal kinds—asphalt, bricks and stone, with two or three kinds of patented blocks. As a result, you are not getting the benefit of the competition you should have. The gentlemen I represent are engaged in manufacturing a product—a paving block, that is—that can be put in here much more cheaply than any of the others, allow a good profit and at the same time give the city a much better pavement—one we will guarantee under good and sufficient bonds. All we ask the board of aldermen to do is to amend the legislation for paving hereafter so as to include our block—that is, to make it possible for contractors to bid on our block. Of course they cannot be compelled to do so; all we ask is to be given the same opportunity as the manufacturers or producers of other paving materials—we ask no special consideration at all."

Mr. Bartholomew paused and looked at Connie.

"Well," he said presently, "that seems fair enough, on the face of it. I—what do you want me to do? Vote for it?"

"I wish you, if you will, Mr. Byrnes, to offer an amendment to the next paving legislation that comes up that shall include our block in the specifications—as an alternative, of course. Will you consider it?"

Connie did consider it; he considered it on his way home that night, he considered it in the night and over his machine the next day at the shop. The proposition, as Mr. Bartholomew called it—he was one of those business men whose limited vocabulary causes them to call everything a "proposition"—was simple and fair enough, and Connie wondered why he had invested it with such mystery; but he put the fact down to Mr. Bartholomew's peculiar ways. He had several other interviews with Mr. Bartholomew, in which all sorts of topics connected with the city government were touched upon, Mr. Bartholomew developing curiosity as to the habits, associations and predilections of the different aldermen; and, as well, to many pieces of recent legislation, especially the Waybourne Avenue street-railway grant. But he learned little from

Connie. The result of these interviews was that, three weeks after the first meeting in the Hotel Norvall, an ordinance being under discussion providing for the paving of Leonard Avenue, Connie introduced the amendment Mr. Bartholomew had given him providing for the inclusion of the Royal paving block among those materials on which bids were to be invited. When it was introduced, somewhat to Connie's surprise, Ryan arose in his place and moved that the ordinance and the amendment be referred back to the committee; and this motion was carried.

"He Struck Me at the Right Minute for Him, and for This Civic Thing They's All Talking About"

Mr. Bartholomew was waiting for Connie when he came out of the chamber that evening and asked him again to go to the Hotel Norvall with him. Connie consented; and when he was once more in the room that had grown familiar to him Mr. Bartholomew said:

"I wish to thank you, Mr. Byrnes, for your kindness and the service you have rendered me and the gentlemen I represent in undertaking to secure the legislation for the Royal paving block."

"Don't mention it," said Connie.

"But I must mention it," said Mr. Bartholomew; "we should be guilty of base ingratitude were I to fail to mention it; and not only that, but we wish to make to you a substantial expression of our appreciation."

Mr. Bartholomew, speaking slowly and distinctly, leaned over toward Connie—so close that Connie could see the pallid, sallow, unhealthy skin out of which those black hairs on his face grew, high up on his cheekbones, the dark circles under his eyes and the minute globules, as of oil, on his white, smooth brow.

"And so," Mr. Bartholomew went on, "here is one thousand dollars." He drew a package of bills from the pocket of his waistcoat. "Let us count them." And he proceeded to lay down, one by one, the one-hundred-dollar bills of which it was composed. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—there!—one thousand dollars. Am I right?"

Connie stared at the bills on his knee, fascinated by their fresh, crisp green; he had never seen so much money at one time in his life. The bank that day had sent him notice of the maturity of his note. He thought of his other debts, of the children and their needs; he recalled the regrets—if they were regrets—he had had after the Waybourne Avenue grant had been passed; and——

"That's right," he said. He looked for an instant into the black eyes of Mr. Bartholomew, then looked away, swallowed painfully, took the bills, folded them, thrust them into his waistcoat pocket—and without another word took his hat and left. Mr. Bartholomew bowed him ceremoniously out of the door.

After that, life for Connie Byrnes went on much the same as before. He paid his note, he settled other debts and the legislation for the Royal paving block went through. Yes, life went on much the same as before. Perhaps, if he thought of it—though he was given to feeling rather than to thinking—life went on a little better than before, for he was no longer harassed and annoyed.

It must have been five or six weeks before he heard any mention of the Civic League—and when he did it made no impression on him. The word "civic" was one Connie Byrnes never used; to him it was a cold, incisive, snapping sort of word, without human appeal or significance. It bore no relation to the life lived by Connie and the people he knew—men who worked in factories, and laughed and joked and joshed each other, and had warm friendships and fierce enmities, and elemental human natures, feelings, passions, desires. "Civic" to Connie, though it was wholly vague, suggested somehow formal persons in black coats with long faces, dour and harsh and cruel, opposed to light and laughter and fun. And so, as for the Civic League, he had no interest in what it was doing.

It was not, at first, revealed just what it was doing. There were references to it in certain of the newspapers, but these were vague and mysterious. But these references grew more positive. Later on, it was said that the Civic League was going to clean up the town. Then Connie laughed—he had heard that kind of talk before, but nothing ever came of it. To him "cleaning up the town" meant nothing, because he saw nothing to clean up. It seemed to him to be a pretty good town if one only had a little money. There were theaters and shows and saloons and bowling alleys and baseball games in the summertime, and beer gardens and parks, moonlight excursions on the water—and all manner of things. He and Mollie could take the kids, for instance, and have a corking time on Sundays, taking their lunch and going into one of the parks or into the country; and it didn't cost much either—just the carfare and the price of a couple of bottles of beer. He didn't even envy the swells, sweeping by in their automobiles. Once, indeed, in one of the city's cars, the city clerk had taken him and another alderman, with their wives, for a long ride in the country one Sunday afternoon. Connie could see nothing wrong with the town.

Then the summer came and the board adjourned for vacation; and the summer went and the fall came. And then, one cold afternoon in late October—Connie never forgot that hour—he had left City Hall and was hurrying along the crowded street, into which the shops and stores and big office buildings had emptied their humanity; the streets were filled with the cries and clangor of traffic and the noisy street cars; the roar of the huge city had sunk to that low, despairing note of weariness and exhaustion that so well expresses the day of toil, and, as Connie hurried on in the gloom of the shortening day, he heard suddenly the heavy, prematurely developed voice of an overgrown newsboy plunging down the street, crying out his diurnal calamities as if he bore glad tidings of great joy.

"Extra! Read all about that big scandal! Twenty aldermen indicted! Extra!"

And Connie froze with sudden horror. The one mercy was that never again could he feel such terror, such despair, as that bawling voice brought him. He stopped; and when the boy came up to him, pausing just long enough in his importunate errand to loosen the bundle of newspapers under his arm, he drew off a damp sheet, seized Connie's coin and then plunged on into the crowd, bawling:

"Get that big extra!"

Connie took the sheet, and in the light of a shop-window at the corner he glanced at the black, black headlines; then at the list of names—and there was his own; the second in the list:

"Cornelius F. Byrnes, alderman Fourteenth Ward."

And then the names of others—Ryan and the rest. He read portions of the articles so widely spread over that page. It was the Waybourne Avenue grant; and the Civic League—it had obtained the evidence and taken it before the grand jury.

Connie's heart lightened. The Waybourne Avenue grant? Well, he was innocent of that. His resilient nature rebounded; he could laugh again.

By the time he reached home, however, and entered the kitchen, where Mollie was getting the supper, it was not the old smile of Connie Byrnes. Mollie looked up quickly when he said "Hello!" And when she saw his face she said: "What is the matter, Connie?"

He handed her the extra; and, hastily wiping her hands on her apron, she took the newspaper and held it down to the lamp on the kitchen table.

"Oh, Connie! Connie! You never, never did it! Tell me you didn't!"

She laid the paper down on the red tablecloth and came up to him and put her two hands on his shoulders and said:

"You didn't—did you, Connie?"

And he took her in his arms; and as she bent her head on his shoulder he said:

"No, little woman, I didn't—and that's straight."

She raised her blue eyes to his, and suddenly they shone with the light he had seen in them when she was a girl—and he kissed her.

For days there was excitement; nervous, eager waiting for the latest editions of the newspapers, which brought out bit by bit the story—the secret organization of the Civic League, the raising of funds for the investigation, the employment of a clever detective, a man above reproach, of blameless life and character—a church-member in fact; and of the brilliant work of Ernest B. Noyes—that was his name! And then the portentous promise of further and more alarming developments. There were editorials commending the league and its detective—and, when Sunday came, references in pulpits. Then there were the consultations with Dunn, Ryan and lawyers—eminent lawyers, who suddenly came forth, Connie did not understand exactly why or whence, to defend them, with instructions for the present not to talk to anyone; then the arrangements for bail, and so on. These matters occupied Connie wholly for a week, in which he did not even go to the shop. His friends crowded about him, assuring him of their belief. His mother and Mollie—ah! Mollie stood by him! It was not so bad after all. He suddenly learned how well he was liked, what friends he had; and as he had company in his trouble, and the assurance of his own innocence in the matter of the Waybourne Avenue grant, it would all come out wel'.

Then suddenly there was another sensation, another shock. The grand jury made another report. This time it was the Royal paving block. Again the city was convulsed—editorials, sermons, conferences, serving of papers, arrangements for bail. And there was—Mollie!

She stood as before, with her hands on his shoulders, there in that little kitchen. The children were at her skirts, looking up with childish wonder, knowing that something was wrong in that strange, mysterious world above their heads. The awful sense of calamity was on them which came when their mother was in doubt, in perplexity, in trouble. If all were not well with her the foundations of the universe were moved. They looked up in terror, ready to cry; but her thought for once was not with them.

"Tell me, Connie," she said. And Connie put his face down to hers and said:

"It's right this time." And then she gave a low cry and wept; and Connie wept—and the children were in utter despair and clutched at Mollie's skirts and themselves wept.

When they were somewhat calm Mollie and Connie sat down, side by side, and he said:

"You remember that note I had in the bank? And that Mr. Bartholomew I told you of? Well, I was up against it hard. I didn't know what to do, which way to turn; and—well, I was up to the last notch of my stren'th; and—I fell for it; that's all."

He bent his head; his tears were falling between the big fingers of his two strong, workworn hands, and Mollie took his head in her arms, his curly head, and held it to her bosom, and said:

"Oh, Connie! Connie! You poor, poor lad!"

It was a comfort; it was new life to Connie to have Mollie thus stand by him. She stood by him to the end,

(Continued on Page 49)

"Extra! Read All About That Big Scandal! Extra!"

Staging the World's Headliner

How London Town is Bringing Forth the Royal Diadem

By HOLMAN DAY

I RAN across my American friend, Britt, on the Strand the other day—pretty nearly in front of the Cecil. Sounds trite—but it's a fact that, if you trot along the Strand and have any special line of acquaintances in America, you'll find some one you know on the Strand, usually right in front of the American drug-store—it's as sure a rendezvous as "the bandstand at the Newry Fair."

Britt—and Britt is just as sharp, as choppy, as terse in his American speech and ways as his name sounds—was pushing a newsboy away from him.

"You needn't tell me!" he snapped as we started along toward Fleet Street. "They have a natural-history course in the schools over here entitled How to Spot a Yankee. They've asked me in every shop I've been in what we're going to do with the reciprocity matter. That 'yag' just rushed up to me and yelled: 'Ere's hall your news from 'ome, sir. Thenk *you*, sir! Collapse of Brooklyn Bridge and assassination of Jack Johnson! 'Nk *you*, sir!' How do they do it? I've left off my rubbers and manage to wear this English dip by keeping away from mirrors—and yet they only stop thanking me long enough to ask me if I think we'll have fair weather for the coronation."

One of the healthiest things about Britt is his superstition in regard to walking under a ladder. He dodged around the first half dozen we came across the other day and then gave it up. There were too many of them. And the margin by which that motor bus missed him the last time was hair-raising—simply hair-raising! The ladders and the men climbing them, with buckets and soap and scrubbing brushes, meant that London was having its face washed. First time since King Edward's coronation! Even old Sam Johnson was submitting. His back seemed to be humped up a little more than usual and he was glaring down the street toward Temple Bar—and a cascade of soapsuds was running down his face.

"Too bad the old boy can't talk," said Britt, who knows his Boswell. "We'd get some words now that he didn't put into his dictionary."

Rounding Out the Royal Regalia

AS WE trudged along, Britt confided to me that he hadn't thought much about this coronation business until he had been in London a couple of days. He had come over on business and had intended to hurry back to New York.

"But, do you know, this thing is getting on my nerves and fevering up my curiosity!" said he. "That's the trouble with the Yankee disposition! We've got to see it through, once we're in it. I'd miss a train any day rather than break away in the middle of a dog-fight. I'm going to stay here and see George have his lid fitted! Why, look at 'em! They're doing nothing else but setting the stage, rehearsing the parts and marking up prices. They tell me they were putting in the first licks away back in March!"

"Three months ago," I told him, "you could see the master of the horse out with a drag and eight horses at six o'clock in the morning, practicing the turns between Buckingham Palace and the Abbey."

"They're certainly great folks over here for the prelims," acknowledged Britt. "They may move slow in many things, but they begin a good while ahead so as to get there on time; and when they do get there it's with the goods. I can see it isn't a case of just 'Good morning, King! Hop in and ride down and hear three cheers and have your crown put on!' Oh, yes, I'm going to stop over and see the act when she's put on. If preparations count it's going to be a corker. I'm getting into the spirit of the thing. Nothing like cultivating the spirit. I was up to see the King this morning! Stood outside the gate of Buckingham Palace, as near as that jack of hearts with a lynx muff on his head would let me; and about half past seven a fellow inside the palace somewhere twisted the tail of a set of bagpipes and let loose on a tune that sounded like a link of sausages set to music. A chap who stood close to me and had a twisted mustache, a hat with a rim about as wide as your thumbnail—and therefore was English and probably knew what he was talking about—told me that when the King knocked in the roof of his first egg the piper struck up and kept the pace right through breakfast—told me the King was strong on that kind of breakfast music. Maybe it keeps the oatmeal from being homesick—all oatmeal is of Scotch descent, isn't it? I wonder why our breakfast food factories don't put a 'Bagpipe brand' on the market?"

Britt went on to elaborate his idea of "getting into the spirit of the thing." He explained that he waited at the gate until the King rode past for his daily horseback canter in Hyde Park, strictly on schedule time—half past eight. Britt threw in a side remark that he dug for the usual sixpence when the King appeared; but for the first time during his stay in England he found no one ready to take in an admission fee.

"Now that I've seen the King," he went on, "it's me for the Tower! Come along. His crown next! I want to see what he's going to have put on when the big day in June comes. I may have to get this coronation into my head piecemeal, but she's going in. Let me get a peek at that crown now, and I'll get into the spirit of the occasion."

At the Tower, Britt said that he felt natural again; there was some one ready to take his sixpence; but when we flattened our noses against the plate glass in the Wakefield Tower and gazed on that glittering mound of millions known as the royal regalia, we found the capsheaf of the pile missing.

"Oh, sir—the state crown, sir?" said the warder, breaking in upon Britt's remarks about getting a sixpence out of him under false pretenses. "Why, the state crown, sir, has been gone to the goldsmith's these two months to be fitted for our King. 'Nk *you*, sir!"

"Well, you certainly do take time by the forelock over here! What was I telling you a little while ago about prelims?" cried Britt, turning on me.

"I'm sorry it is not here, sir," apologized the warder. "It has three thousand diamonds, to say nothing of three hundred pearls, the smaller portion of the Cullinan diamond or 'Star of Africa,' and the uncut ruby. It is valued at about one million pounds, sir."

"So he'll sit there in the Abbey with about five million dollars' worth on his head, will he? Then he holds something or other in his hand, doesn't he?"

"The royal scepter, sir—that is it, sir, with the jeweled cross—there is the other 'Star of Africa' set in it. It's the larger part of the Cullinan diamond. The scepter is worth a million pounds sterling or more."

"Another five million dollars in his hand, hey?"

"And in the left hand he will hold the rod of equity, the scepter of the dove. You see it there, sir. It's worth much more than a million of your money, sir. Then he carries the king's orb, sir."

"What!—in his teeth?"

"Oh, no, sir. He lays aside the scepter of the dove from his left hand after the coronation and takes the orb when he returns to the palace. That's the orb. It is a very precious object, sir."

"Another million dollars, maybe?"

"At least, sir. Then there's the pallium of cloth of gold, finer than the gold in a minted sovereign. It's the same pallium that was made for George the Fourth. It has been preserved very carefully and will be loaned to our King for his coronation."

"Say, this thing is running into money!" stated Britt after a bit of mental calculation.

Eight Quick Changes for Royal George

"THEN there are the robes of estate, and after the anointing—the oil is poured out of the beak of that golden eagle, sir, into that golden spoon—after the anointing, sir, the super tunica with sleeves of thick gold cloth, the buskins, the sandals, the imperial pall or mantle, the stole, and over all the white cambric surplice—all these the King must wear during the service, though from time to time the bishops are allowed to ease his crown a bit as he sits on his throne."

"Five millions on his head, five or six millions in his hands, and bundled up in those clothes—say," declared Britt, with vigor, "if it's a hot day in June, take your king job! Not for me! I'd rather take a corncob pipe and an alpaca coat and go fishing."

"He must wear eight different costumes and sit on eight seats or thrones during the service; and ——"

Britt scurried down the narrow stairs and out into the fresher air of Tower Green.

"Sacred sandpeeps!" he exploded, mopping his face. "No wonder the popular song over here is God Save the King! It's all right to stir up business and advertise your town and coax in trade to the stores and hotels—we have a merchants' carnival in our town every fall and do well by it; but we don't grab any one citizen and mollywhop him around like that! If I were a king I suppose I'd go get crowned; but I'd call the boys in before it came off and I'd say: 'File off some of those frills or I don't play!'

"Of course a king in these days is tied up like a steer at a county fair, with a blue ribbon on his horn," discoursed Britt as we strolled along under the sad windows of the Bell Tower, where past kings and queens have sighed through the stricken hours, waiting for dawn and the headsman. "They are worked for the good and the pleasure of the public like a dog in a dairy churn; but there is such a thing as piling it on too thick. Now it was some fun for a fellow in Teddy's place. He could peel off and pitch in and make his work count in the real game. He made the cake—and then made 'em eat it—millionaires and Congressmen too; but this king business is only a steady job of beating up the frosting."

Britt probably would have discoursed longer, but we found a big crowd gathered around the police-allotted hustings on Tower Hill and stopped to listen to the orator.

His text was Monarchy—its waste, expense, frivolity and uselessness. He had his little lesson better than any mere American skimmer of the surface of things.

Britt listened to the vocal viirol for a few moments and then turned to the nearest of a score of London bobbies, who were mixed with the crowd and were calmly taking in the speech.

"Bald-headed Cicero, man, do you let him talk about your King like that?"

"'E or somebody else talks 'ere hevery dye like that, sir! Hamounts to northin', sir. 'E passes the 'at when 'e's through."

"Well, if he stood up on Main Street, where I come from, and said half as much about our mayor he'd have four cops with clubs on top of him in fifteen seconds."

"Ho, hit's pretty much of a free country hover 'ere, sir!"

That cryptic remark, handed out with that calm finality that is characteristic of a London police constable, settled Britt. He dragged me off to a taxicab stand.

"Any time I feel dissatisfied with England," he said, "I get into a taxi and take a ride. It's cheaper than walking. When I'm on foot I drop into too many of these historic landmarks where it's sixpence a peek. If ever we get reciprocity I hope they'll import English taxicab prices into the city of New York. But just think how that yawper back there was putting it over the King! It's just as I was telling you—there's nothing in the job these days. You can't even Henry-the-Eighth a chap who prints a cock-and-bull story about your having a morganatic wife."

I was able to get Britt's mind off the distressful subject of modern kings a bit later by pointing out a house in Pall Mall that has been hired by an American millionaire for the week of the coronation. Price, fifteen thousand dollars for the week. Next we passed a nobleman's town house on Piccadilly that has been hired by another American at five thousand dollars a week for six weeks.

"I reckon that accounts for the prices that have been quoted to me the last week," Britt stated promptly. "I didn't fool anybody by this English walnut-shell of a hat, I guess. They saw me coming, all right—straight from the shores of Yankeeland; thought my money was stacked on a pushcart outside the door. For windows, they wanted a price that's double what will be asked for the orchestra stalls on Judgment morning."

"There are the stands," was my meek suggestion.

"I've got my little old fifty counted out," sighed Britt. "I'll sit up on the top row and rubberneck past the heads of other Americans who have parted with a hundred per. Say, I've asked more than a hundred Londoners what kind of a seat they're going to buy for the coronation procession. Fifty of them have said they wouldn't go across the street to see it. The other fifty allowed they were simply going into the crowd. Say, when this thing is all mixed and the nutmeg dusted on top, you'll find that the boys who slide their coin across the counter will be our folks. Well, I suppose it's all right. We'll bring back to 'em over here some of the money they've handed us for mining stock."

I left Britt down in the southwest corner of Trafalgar Square. He wanted to have a look at the big new gates of the tremendous Admiralty Arch, and right near at hand he found a job going on that interested him. Workmen were demolishing two fine business blocks that encroached upon the street leading from the arch to Charing Cross. It was found that these buildings would interfere with the swing of the coronation procession at that point. It will cost three hundred thousand dollars to widen the street there; but up from the jeans of the British nation comes the price without a murmur. Do you get an idea from this as to how the world's greatest show of 1911 is to be staged?

This is only an item in the general plan of prodigal preparation. It's "running into money," as Britt said.

Our English cousins believe in taking plenty of time for a serious undertaking. Months ago all the details of the great pageant of June twenty-second were settled upon—that's the day of the coronation proper. The plans of the royal progress through thirteen miles of London streets on June twenty-third were just as fully in hand. I'll venture to say that the several millions of London citizens who propose to view the show on foot and "in the crowd"—so that their American cousins may have a monopoly of the stands at three guineas a seat and upward—have already selected their vantage-points.

With a bit of cord a sightseeing London citizen can do wonders. After the crowd grows dense and the bobbies cannot penetrate it, the Londoner slips his cord upon an iron picket, sets his heel into a loop and rises triumphant above the heads. There are many thousands of pickets along the route. There are trees; and, though these trees are carefully garnished with barbed wire, off comes the protection as soon as the crowd is thick enough to block the path of a constable to that tree. Then one beholds the branches fruited suddenly with humanity.

A London crowd is the most patient, and tractable assemblage that the world can show. They are trained by

(Continued on Page 56)

COERCING MR. TRINKMANN

SO THAT LOUIS BERKFIELD GETS HIS JOB BACK

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

I DON'T know, Mr. Trinkmann, what comes over you, you are always picking on me," Louis Berkfield said. "Me I am doing my best here."

"You are doing your best here, Louis!" Harris Trinkmann exclaimed. "Do you call them ashtrays doing your best? They got on them *Schmutz* from the time I bought 'em off of Dreiner which he busted up way before the Spanish War already. The knives and forks too, Louis. Do you think it's a pleasure to a customer when he is eating *Kalbfleisch* that he finds on his fork a piece of Bismarck herring from last night already? You are ruining my trade, Louis."

"What do you mean ruining your trade, Mr. Trinkmann?" Louis rejoined. "I ain't no pantryman. If the customers complains that the fork got on it a piece Bismarck herring, that is from the pantryman a *Schuld*. What have I got to do with herring on the forks?"

"You got everything to do with it," Trinkmann declared. "A pantryman is a feller which no one could depend upon, otherwise he wouldn't be a pantryman, Louis; but a waiter, that's something else again. If a waiter wouldn't see that the forks ain't *schmutzig*, who would see it? The trouble is here nobody takes any interest at all. Me I got to do everything myself."

Mr. Trinkmann returned to the cashier's desk over which Mrs. Trinkmann habitually presided and, taking a cigarette pen-fashion twixt thumb and forefinger, he lit it slowly and threw away the match with a gesture that implied more strongly than words, "I am sick and tired of the whole business."

The fact was that Mr. Trinkmann had undergone that morning as much as one man could endure without the relief that profanity affords. To be precise, only three hours before, Mrs. Trinkmann had presented him with twins, both girls.

"The thing has got to stop sometime, Louis," he said, as he came from behind the desk. He referred, however, to the ashtrays and the forks. "Either you would got to turn around a new leaf, or you could act like a slob somewheres else, understand me, because I wouldn't stand for it here."

"What are you talking nonsense—act like a slob, Mr. Trinkmann?" Louis cried. "I am working here for you now six years next *Tishabav*, and everybody which comes here in the place I always give 'em good satisfaction."

"You got too swell a head, Louis," Mr. Trinkmann continued, gaining heat. "You would think you was a partner here the way you act. You talk to me like I would be the waiter and you would be the boss. What do you think I am anyway?"

"But, Mr. Trinkmann ——" Louis began.

"Things goes from bad to worst," Trinkmann went on, his voice rising to a bellow. "You treat me like I would be a dawg."

"*Aber*, Mr. Trinkmann," Louis whimpered, "I ——"

"*Koosh!*" Trinkmann shouted. "I got enough of your *Chutzpah*. I am through with you. Comes three o'clock this afternoon, you would quit. D'ye hear me?"

Louis nodded. He would have made some articulate protest, but his Adam's apple had suddenly grown to the dimensions of a dirigible balloon; and though there surged through his brain every manner of retort, ironical and defiant, he could think of nothing better to do than to polish the ashtrays. Polishing powder and rags alone could not have produced the dazzling brilliancy that ensued. It was a sense of injustice that lent force to every rub, and when he began to clean the forks Louis imparted to his labor all the energy of a discharged waiter wringing his employer's neck.

All the Energy of a Discharged Waiter Wringing His Employer's Neck

Before he had half concluded his task the other waiters arrived, for Louis was but one of a staff of three, with the distinction that though his two associates were only dinner waiters, Louis served breakfast, dinner and supper. Marcus, the elder of the two, bore a brown-paper package with an air of great solemnity, while Albert, his companion, perspired freely in spite of a chill March air blowing outside.

"Mr. Trinkmann," Marcus began, "Louis telephones me this morning which you got a couple new arrivals in your family and ——"

"Louis!" Trinkmann roared, and Louis in response approached the desk with the polishing cloth in his hand. "Do you mean to told me you are using the telephone without asking me?"

"I thought, Mr. Trinkmann," Louis hastened to explain, "that so long you got in your family ——"

"What is it your business *what* I got in my family?" Trinkmann asked.

Louis' eyes kindled and he gave free play to his indignation.

"For you I don't care at all, Mr. Trinkmann," he said, "but for Mrs. Trinkmann which she is always acted to us like a lady, understand me, I am telephoning Marcus he should bring with him a few flowers, Mr. Trinkmann, which if you wouldn't take 'em to her, we could easy send 'em up by a messenger boy, and here is a nickel for using the telephone."

He plunged his hand into his trousers pocket and dashed a coin on to the desk. Then, reaching behind him with both hands, he untied his apron. "Furthermore," he said, "I wouldn't wait till three o'clock, Mr. Trinkmann. Give me my money and I would go now."

"Pick up that apron, Louis," Trinkmann commanded, "because, so sure as I am standing here, if you wouldn't wait on the customers till three o'clock I wouldn't pay you not one cent."

"So far as that goes, Mr. Trinkmann," Louis commenced, "I ain't ——"

"And if you get fresh to me *oder* to the customers, Louis," Trinkmann concluded, "you wouldn't get your money neither."

"If You Wasn't Such a Big Fool You Would Know I am Always Polite to My Customers"

"Did the customers ever done me anything, Mr. Trinkmann?" Louis retorted. "Why should I get fresh to the customers which every one of them is my friends, Mr. Trinkmann? And as for getting fresh to you, Mr. Trinkmann, if I would want to I would. Otherwise not."

With this defiance Louis picked up his polishing cloth and his apron and proceeded to the kitchen, to which Marcus and Albert had already retreated. His courage remained with him until he had refastened his apron, and then he discerned Marcus and Albert to be regarding him with so mournful a gaze that the balloon again expanded in his throat, and forthwith—to pursue the simile further—it burst. He opened the door leading from the kitchen to the paved space littered with packing boxes, which had once been the back yard, and despite the cold March weather he stepped outside and closed the door behind him.

Ten minutes later the first luncheon customer arrived and Louis hastened to wait upon him. It was Max Maikafer, salesman for Freesam, Mayer & Co., and he greeted Louis with the familiarity of six years' daily acquaintance.

"*Nu*, Louis," he said, "what's the matter you are catching such a cold in your head?"

Louis only sniffled faintly in reply.

"A feller bums round till all hours of the night, understand me," Max continued, "and sooner or later, Louis, a lowlife—a *Shikkerer*—gives him a *Schlag* on the top from the head, *verstehst du*, and he would got worser as a cold, Louis."

Louis received this admonition with a nod, since he was incapable of coherent speech.

"So, therefore, Louis," Max concluded, as he looked in a puzzled fashion at Louis' puffed eyelids, "you should bring me some *Kreploch* soup and a little *gefullte Rinderbrust*, not too much gravy."

He watched Louis retire to the kitchen and then he motioned to Albert, who was industriously polishing the glasses at a near-by table.

"What's the matter with Louis, Albert?" he asked.

"Fired," Albert said out of the corner of his mouth, with one eye on the cashier's desk, where Mr. Trinkmann was fast approaching the borderline of insanity over a maze of figures representing the previous day's receipts.

"What for?" Max asked.

"I should know what for!" Albert exclaimed. "The boss is mad on account he got twins, so he picks on Louis that the ashtrays ain't clean and the forks neither. So Louis he don't say nothing, and Trinkmann gets mad and fires him."

He glanced furtively at the cashier's desk just as Trinkmann suddenly tore up his paperful of figures, and in one frightened bound Albert was once more at his glass polishing.

"Well, Trinkmann," Max cried, as he made ready to absorb the soup by tucking one corner of his napkin into the top of his collar, "I must got to congradulate you."

Trinkmann was on his way to the kitchen for the purpose of abusing the pantryman as a measure of relief to his figure-harried brain. He paused at Max's table and distorted his face in what he conceived to be an amiable grin.

"No one compels you to congradulate me, Mr. Maikafer," he said, "and anyhow, Mr. Maikafer, with business the way it is, understand me, twins ain't such *Simcha* neither."

"Sure, I know," Max rejoined; "but so far as I could see, Trinkmann, you ain't got no kick coming. You do a good business here. You got three good waiters and the customers don't complain none."

"Don't they?" Trinkmann grunted.

"Not at the waiters, Trinkmann," Max said significantly. "And the food is all right too, Trinkmann. The only thing is, Trinkmann, when a feller got a nice *gemütlicher* place like you got it here, y'understand, he should do his bestest that he keeps it that way."

Trinkmann's smile became a trifle less forced at Max's use of the adjective *gemütlicher*, for which the English language has no just equivalent, since it at once combines the meanings of cozy, comfortable, good-natured and homelike.

"Certainly, I am always trying to keep my place *gemütlich*, Mr. Maikafer," Trinkmann declared, "but when you got waiters, Mr. Maikafer, which they ——"

"Waiters ain't got nothing to do with it, Trinkmann," Max interrupted. "On Sutter Avenue, Brownsville, in boom times already was a feller—still a good friend of mine—by the name Ringentaub, which runs a restaurant. Trinkmann, and everybody goes there on account he keeps a place which you could really say was *gemütlich*. The chairs was old-fashioned, *mit* cane seats into 'em, which they sagged in the right place, so that if you was sitting down, y'understand, you *knew* you was sitting down, not like some chairs which I seen it in restaurants, Trinkmann, which if you was sitting down, you might just as well be standing up for all the comfort you got out of it."

"The chairs here is comfortable," Trinkmann remarked.

"Sure, I know," Max continued. "Then in this here restaurant was tables which they only got 'em in the old country—big, heavy tables, understand me, which you pretty near kill yourself trying to move 'em at all. A feller sits at such a table, Trinkmann, and right away he thinks he must drink a cup coffee; and not alone that, Trinkmann, but he must got to order coffee for the crowd. He couldn't even help himself, Trinkmann, because such a table makes you feel good to look at it. That's what it is to keep a *gemütlicher* place, Trinkmann."

Trinkmann nodded and sat down at Max's table.

"Furthermore, Trinkmann," Max continued, "everything in the place was the same. The ashtrays was from brass like them there ashtrays you used to got here, Trinkmann."

Max looked meaningly at the burnished brass utensil that stood in the middle of the table.

"That's the same ashtrays which we always got here," Trinkmann retorted.

"Are they?" Max said. "Well, somebody must of done something to 'em on account they don't look so *gemütlich* no longer. That's the same mistake Ringentaub made it, Trinkmann. He ain't satisfied he is got such a big trade there, Trinkmann, but he must go to work and get a partner, a feller by the name Salonkin, which he pays Ringentaub two thousand dollars for a half interest in the business. Salonkin is one of them fellers, understand me, which is all for improvements, Trinkmann. *Gemütlichkeit* is something which he don't know nothing about at all, y'understand, and the first thing you know, Trinkmann, Salonkin says the chairs is back numbers. He fires 'em right out of there, understand me, and buys some new chairs, which actually for a thin man to sit on 'em for five minutes even would be something which you could really call dangerous. Also the tables Salonkin says is junk, so he sells 'em for fifty cents apiece and puts in them marble-top tables like a lot of tombstones in a cemetery."

"Marble-top tables is anyhow clean," Trinkmann declared.

"Clean they may be," Max admitted, "but *gemütlich* they ain't. And anyhow, Trinkmann, do you know what started the whole trouble there?"

Trinkmann shook his head.

"Well, it was the forks," Max said solemnly. "The forks which Ringentaub got it before he goes as partners together with Salonkin always looks like they would be a little dirty, understand me. So what does the customer do, Trinkmann? They take first thing after they sit down the fork in hand, understand me, and dip it in the glass of water which the waiter brings 'em. Then when the time comes which they want to drink the water, Trinkmann, they remember they cleaned the fork in it and they order instead a glass beer. Afterward when Salonkin takes ahold there, y'understand, he raises hell with the waiters they should keep clean the forks, which they done it, Trinkmann, because that feller Salonkin was a regular *Rosher*, understand me, and the waiters is scared to death of him. What is the result, Trinkmann? The sales of beer right away drops to nothing, understand me, and everybody drinks the glass water instead."

At this juncture Trinkmann looked up and observed Albert at work on the tumblers.

"Albert!" he cried. "Leave the glasses alone, d'ye hear me?"

Albert put down the glass he was wiping and commenced to rub the knives and forks, whereat Trinkmann jumped to his feet.

"The forks neither," he yelled. "Instead you should be standing there wasting your time, fill up with water the glasses and tell Louis never mind, he shouldn't polish any more them ashtrays."

II

WHEN Max Maikafer concluded his lunch he proceeded at once to the cashier's desk, over which Trinkmann himself presided.

"Cheer up, Trinkmann," he said, as he paid his check. "You got a face so solemn like a rich uncle just died and left you to remember him by a crayon portrait."

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Maikafer," Trinkmann said, "I got all I could stand today. Not alone my wife goes to work and has twins on me, Mr. Maikafer, but I also got to fire a feller which is working for me here six years."

"What d'ye mean?" Max cried in well-feigned astonishment. "You are going to fire Albert?"

"Not Albert," Trinkmann said; "Louis."

"Why, what did Louis done?" Max asked.

"He done enough, Mr. Maikafer," Trinkmann replied. "Here lately he gets to acting so fresh you would think he owns the place."

"Well, why not?" Max commented. "After all, Trinkmann, you got to give Louis credit; he works hard here and he keeps for you many a customer. Because I want to tell you something, Trinkmann, which I am only saying it for your own good, understand me—there's lots of times you are acting so grouchy to the customers that if it wouldn't be Louis smooths 'em down they wouldn't come near your place at all."

"What the devil you are talking about?" Trinkmann shouted. "If you wasn't such a big fool you would know

"Not Only He Wouldn't Fire You, Louis, but I Bet Yer He Gives You a Raise Even"

I am always polite to my customers. Furthermore, I never lost a customer since I am in business, and if you don't like the way I run my restaurant you don't got to come here. That's all."

Maikafer nodded as he pocketed his change.

"All right, Trinkmann," he said. "But you know what happens when a concern lets a salesman go. He easy finds a partner and starts to do business with his old firm's customers on his own account."

Trinkmann laughed aloud.

"That *Schnorrer* ain't got money enough to stock a pushcart, let alone a restaurant," he jeered.

"That's all right," Maikafer retorted. "I know a feller which runs for years a place in East New York—Brownsville—Trinkmann, and when he hears Louis ain't working, not only he would be glad to give him a job as waiter, but he would stake him to an interest in the restaurant yet."

Trinkmann flapped his right hand at Maikafer in a gesture of derision.

"*Schmooes!*" he cried.

"No *Schmooes* at all," Max said, as he passed out of the door. "He's the feller I am talking to you about by the name Ringentaub, and across the street is plenty vacant stores."

Ten minutes after Max had departed Simon Feinsilver entered.

"Say, Trinkmann," he asked, as he paused at the cashier's desk on his way to one of Louis' tables, "did you seen it Max Maikafer this morning?"

Had Trinkmann scrutinized Simon's face with any degree of care he might have observed a mischievous gleam in Simon's eyes; but at the mere mention of Maikafer's name Trinkmann exploded.

"What d'ye mean, did I seen it Maikafer?" he demanded.

"Why, I just asked you," Simon said calmly, "on account he was to meet me at my office and he ain't showed up at all."

"Well, I ain't surprised to hear that, Mr. Feinsilver," Trinkmann rejoined less viciously. "Because even if Maikafer is such a good friend of yours the feller is so busy with other people's business, what he ain't got no business to butt in at all, that his own business he lets go to the devil. Am I right or wrong?"

Simon nodded and sat down at one of Louis' tables.

"Albert," Trinkmann cried, "wait on Mr. Feinsilver."

"That's all right," Feinsilver declared; "I got plenty time."

"Albert," Trinkmann repeated, "take Mr. Feinsilver's order."

Albert left his station on the opposite side of the room and approached Feinsilver with a conciliatory smile.

"What would you like today, Mr. Feinsilver?" he said.

"I would like Louis," Feinsilver replied; "so go ahead, Albert, and tell Louis when he gets through serving those two fellers over there to wait on me."

"What's the matter you ain't giving your order to Albert, Mr. Feinsilver?" Trinkmann asked.

"Albert is all right," Feinsilver replied, "but Louis knows just how I want things, Trinkmann. You ain't got no objections to me waiting for Louis?"

"Why should I got objections, Mr. Feinsilver?" Trinkmann protested.

"I don't know why you should got objections, Trinkmann," Feinsilver said, "and if you did got 'em I would wait for Louis anyway."

He closed the discussion by spearing half a dill pickle with a fork and inserting it endwise in his mouth. Hardly had the metal tines touched his lips, however, than he hastily disgorged the pickle and uttered a resounding "T'phoo-ee!"

"What are you trying to do here to me, Trinkmann?" he demanded. "Poison me?"

He dipped his napkin into the glass of water that stood on the table and performed an elaborate prophylaxis about his mouth and teeth.

"What d'ye mean, poison you?" Trinkmann cried.

"Why, there is something here on the fork," Simon declared.

"Let me see," Trinkmann said, advancing to the table; "might it is some Bismarck herring, maybe."

"Bismarck herring ain't poison," Feinsilver said, examining the fork closely. "Bismarck herring never harmed nobody, Trinkmann; but this here fork has got poison onto it."

He turned it over in his hand and sniffed at it suspiciously.

"Why, bless my soul," he roared. "Somebody has been cleaning it with polishing powder."

"Well, suppose they did?" Trinkmann said calmly.

"Suppose they did!" Simon exclaimed. "Why, don't you know you should never clean with polishing powder something which it could touch a person's lips? A friend of mine, by the name Lambdan, once puts his cigar onto an ashtray which they are cleaning it with this powder, and the widder sues in the courts the feller that runs the restaurant for ten thousand dollars yet. From just putting the cigar in his mouth he gets some of the powder on his tongue, Trinkmann, and in two hours, understand me, he turned black all over. It ruined the restaurant man—a decent, respectable feller by the name Lubliner. His mother was Max Maikafer's a cousin."

Trinkmann grew pale and started for the kitchen.

"Albert," he said huskily, "take from the tables the ashtrays and the forks and tell that pantryman he should wash 'em off right away in boiling water."

He followed Albert, and after he had seen that his instructions were obeyed he returned to the desk. In the meantime Simon had engaged Louis in earnest conversation.

"Louis," He Said, "Tell These Gentlemen Didn't I Told You You Should Ring Up Sure Tomorrow Morning Greenberg & Company About the Cigars?"

"Louis," Simon said, "I am just seeing Max Maikafer, and he says you shouldn't worry because you wouldn't lose your job at all."

"No?" Louis replied. "What for I wouldn't? I am going to get fired this afternoon sure, three o'clock."

"Never mind," Simon declared, "you shouldn't let him make you no bluffs, Louis. Not only he wouldn't fire you, Louis, but I bet yer he gives you a raise even."

Louis nodded despairingly.

"A couple of kidders like you and Mr. Maikafer ain't got no regards for nobody," he said. "Maybe it is a joke for you and Mr. Maikafer that I get fired, Mr. Feinsilver, but for me not. I could assure you."

"I ain't kidding you, Louis," Simon declared. "Keep a good face on you, Louis, and don't let on I said something to you. But you could take it from me, Louis, comes three o'clock this afternoon you should go to the boss and say you are ready to quit. Then the boss says no, you should stay."

"Yow! He would say that!" Louis said bitterly.

"Surest thing you know, Louis," Simon rejoined solemnly. "Me and Max will fix it sure. And after the boss says you should stay you tell him no, you guess you wouldn't. Tell him you know lots of people would hire you right away at two dollars a week more, and I bet yer he would be crazy to make you stay; and if he wouldn't pay you the two dollars a week more I would, so sure I am he would give it to you."

It was then that Trinkmann returned to the cashier's desk, and Louis moved slowly away just as the telephone bell rang shurply. Trinkmann jerked the receiver from the hook and delivered himself of an explosive "Hallo."

"Hallo," said a bass voice; "is this Mr. Trinkmann?"

"Yep," Trinkmann replied.

"I would like to speak a few words something to a waiter which is working for you, by the name Louis Berkfield," the voice continued.

Instantly Trinkmann's mind reverted to Maikafer's parting words.

"Who is it wants to talk with him?" he asked.

"It don't make no difference," said the voice, "because he wouldn't recognize my name at all."

"No?" Trinkmann retorted. "Well, maybe he would and maybe he wouldn't, Mr. Ringentaub; but people which they got the gall to ring up my waiters and steal 'em away from me in business hours yet, Mr. Ringentaub, all I could say is that it ain't surprising they busted up in Brownsville. Furthermore, Mr. Ringentaub, if you think you could hire one of them stores acrosst the street and open up a *gemütlicher* place with Louis for a waiter, y'understand, go ahead and try, but you couldn't do it over *my* phone."

He hung up the receiver so forcibly that the impact threw down eight boxes of the finest cigars.

"Louis," he shouted, and in response Louis approached from the back of the restaurant.

"I am here, Mr. Trinkmann," Louis said, with a slight tremor in his tones.

"Say, lookyhere, Louis," Trinkmann continued, "tomorrow morning first thing you should ring up Greenberg & Company and tell 'em to call and fetch away them eight boxes cigars. What, do them people think I would be a sucker all my life? They stock me up *mit* cigars till I couldn't move around at all."

"But, Mr. Trinkmann," Louis protested, "this afternoon three o'clock you are telling me ——"

"*Koosh!*" Trinkmann roared, and Louis fell back three paces; "don't you answer me back. Ain't you got no respect at all?"

Louis made no reply, but slunk away to the rear of the restaurant.

"*Schlemiel!*" Simon hissed, as Louis passed him. "Why don't you stand up to him?"

Louis shrugged hopelessly and continued on to the kitchen, while Simon concluded his meal and paid his check.

"You didn't told me if you seen Max Maikafer today?" he said, as he pocketed a handful of toothpicks.

"I didn't got to told you whether I did *oder* I didn't," Trinkmann replied, "but one thing I *will* tell you, Mr. Feinsilver—I am running here a restaurant, not a lumber yard."

III

ATTEN minutes to three Trinkmann stood behind the cashier's desk, so thoroughly enmeshed in the intricacies of his wife's bookkeeping that not even a knowledge of conic sections would have disentangled him. For the twentieth time he added a column of figures and, having arrived at the twentieth different result, he heaved a deep sigh and looked out of the window for inspiration. What little composure remained to him, however, fled at the sight of Max Maikafer, who stood talking to a stout personage arrayed in a fur overcoat. As they conversed, Max's gaze constantly reverted to the restaurant door, as though he awaited the appearance of somebody from that quarter, while the man in the fur overcoat made gestures toward a vacant store across the street. He was a stout man of genial, hearty manner, and it seemed to Trinkmann that he could discern on the fur overcoat an imaginary inscription reading, "*Macht's euch gemütlich hier.*"

Trinkmann came from behind the desk and proceeded to the rear of the restaurant, where Louis was cleaning up in company with Marcus and Albert.

"Louis," he said, "I want you you should go into the kitchen and tell that pantryman he should wash again the forks in hot water, and stay there till he is through. D'ye hear me?"

Louis nodded and Trinkmann walked hurriedly to the store door. He threw it wide open, after the fashion of the lover in a Palais Royal farce who expects to find a prying maid-servant at the keyhole.

Maikafer stood directly outside, but, far from being embarrassed by Trinkmann's sudden exit, he remained completely undisturbed and greeted the restaurateur with calm urbanity.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Trinkmann," he said, "ain't it a fine weather?"

Trinkmann choked in mingled rage and indignation, and before he could sufficiently compose himself to sort out an enunciable phrase from all the profanity that surged to

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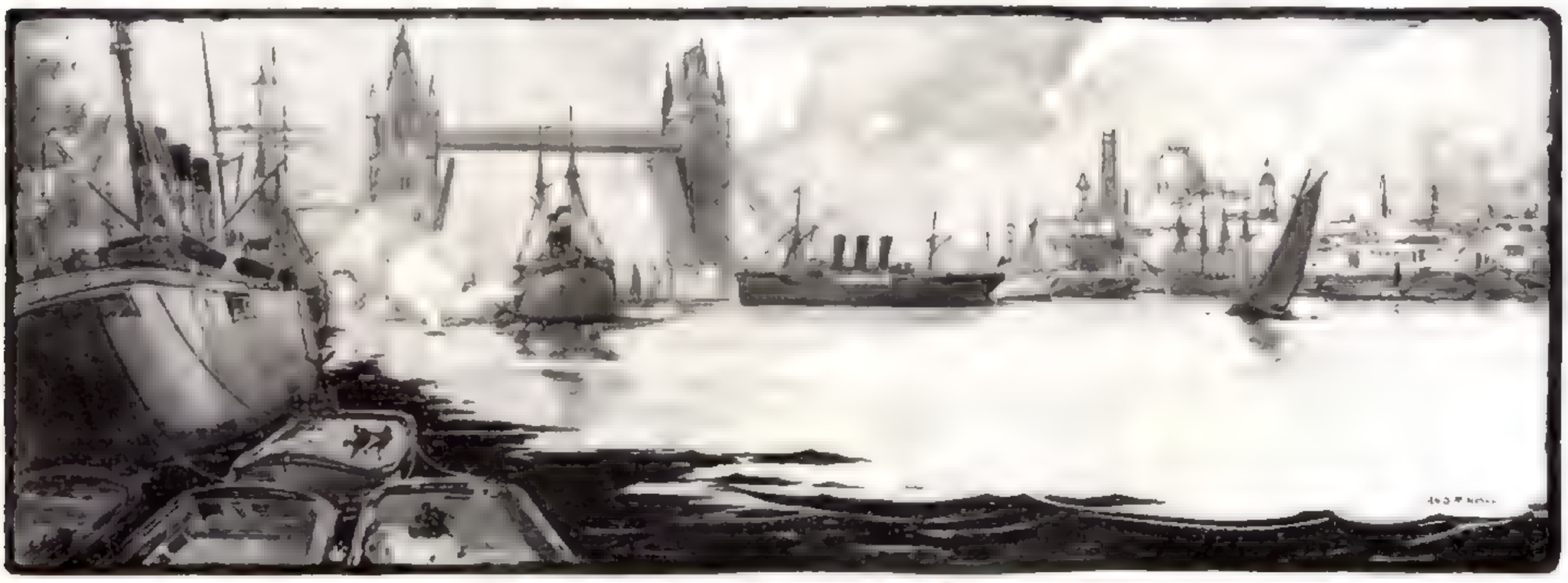
WHY LONDON IS THE CENTER

John Bull's Export-Trade Machinery



By JAMES H. COLLINS

DECORATION BY JOHN R. NEILL

SOME years ago a machine-building concern in Connecticut brought out a new device for the clothing trade—a machine that worked the seams in a certain class of garments, trimming away surplus material at the same time, leaving a seam that was almost imperceptible. It went so far ahead of anything known before that the demand for it in our clothing centers was immediate.

The demand was so good, in fact, that one of the directors, a fine, elderly New England Yankee, who had been selling goods all his life, went over to London to see what could be done in the clothing trade there. He had no difficulty in getting the London manufacturers around to see his machine, but none of them would take it up. They said their present equipment did that kind of work pretty well—not so neatly, perhaps; but tolerably. If they put in the new machine that meant scrapping the old ones. Then they objected to the royalty basis upon which the device was offered. In our clothing, shoe and other industries it is the practice to lease machines on royalties. By paying a small amount on each garment he produces, the manufacturer gets the latest apparatus without heavy investment of capital. The London manufacturers seemed to suspect a trap behind the agreement.

After nearly two years' work this American shut up shop and came home, without having made any impression on the British industry.

While he was in London, though, a canny Yorkshireman had visited the showroom repeatedly, examined the device, thought about it silently and solemnly, and had gone away—to come back a few days later. He was not a clothing manufacturer or in any way connected with the trade. He came from up in the North Country, where a great deal of textile machinery is made, and his interest seemed to be chiefly mechanical.

The English Appetite for Samples

WHEN the New Englander shut up the showroom this Yorkshireman said he thought there was still some chance. English business could eventually be got on profitable terms, but took time to develop. He asked that the machines be left with him. When the American had gone home the Yorkshireman began showing them to the textile and clothing manufacturers who came in hundreds every year to buy British spinning, knitting and weaving machinery. Naturally, when a manufacturer came from some distant colony or foreign country he was one of the most progressive men in his own land, open to conviction. The Yorkshireman made splendid headway. In a year he was shipping machines to South America, Australia and various European and Oriental countries. Eventually this export business formed the entering wedge to the British home market.

In another instance an American was sent to London to open up a selling branch for office supplies. For six months he worked hard to establish agencies in the United Kingdom, with a single eye to John Bull's home demand.

"How are you getting on with the indent houses?" asked a friend one day.

"Indent houses!" said the American. "What are indent houses?"

"Why, aren't you doing something with the export trade?" the other said, in surprise. "That's one of the big advantages of this market. Better get acquainted with it."

On advice, this office-supply man gave the title of "Manager of the Export Department" to one of his English salesmen. The effect was notable. This man had been content to plug along for fifteen dollars a week up to that time; but now he appeared in a new silk hat and had some cards engraved with his title—and began to circulate among the export houses. For three months he sold hardly anything, but seemed to be occupied chiefly in furnishing samples. The indent houses wanted samples, the exporters wanted samples; and the appetite of London generally for samples, samples, samples was such that it looked at one stage of the game as though the whole stock in trade would fall short of satisfying it; but by-and-by the manager of the export department began to get orders. They came from South America, South Africa, Australia, India and other distant countries—and also from cities across the Channel, in France, Germany, Belgium and Holland. Soon the export department was not only producing as much business as the best agencies in England and Scotland, but was the means of making agency connections on the Continent.

London is full of exporting machinery which works so silently, and covers the earth so completely, and is so different from anything we have here at home, that many an American with a good grasp of the British home market knows little about it. Indeed, few Londoners understand all its ramifications; for each trade, industry and firm has methods peculiarly its own.

A New York contractor wanted Portland cement for a job in Cuba. Specifications were sent to a London agent, who bought a cargo of the stuff from the London agent of a Belgian cement firm. Then a British ship was engaged through a London shipbroker to take the material to Havana. The sale and shipment were not only completed right in London, by telephone, but the Belgian firm refused to deal with the New York contractor direct because it knew nothing about his credit and felt safe only so long as it could hold responsible a Londoner, doing business with no capital, no connections, and only a little box for his office.

Down near the London docks there will be another firm, with an office so small and dingy that a Yankee would wonder how the rent was paid; but this firm will have agents all over the Orient and be dealing in shiploads of merchandise of every character. If a Hindu merchant wants a lot of hurdy-gurdies for the native trade it will supply them; and if the Government of India needs several shiploads of structural steel this firm may have anticipated the need and be able to give quick deliveries.

Big London export houses deal in their own goods. Others show samples of British and foreign lines to the thousands of buyers who flock to the metropolis yearly from all over the world. London is the center for countless branches, selling agencies, merchandise brokers and other representatives of every business and country.

For illustration, a wholesale merchant in South Africa received a large bundle of trade journals from the United States. As he read them at home evenings he clipped out advertisements of articles that seemed to be suited to his own trade. Presently there were several hundred of these clippings. He sent them to his indent house in London, with directions to buy some of the things and get samples of others. The indent house wrote to each concern in the United States and in more than half the cases was referred to some London office or agent that could supply the goods. This availability is what the Londoner has in mind when he assures you that it is possible to obtain literally anything in London.

Houses That Handle Hindu Customers

IT IS usually through the indent houses that a Yankee gets his introduction to the vast oversea trade centering in London.

The indent house owns no goods, but is purely a brokerage office—with a partner out in India, say. The Yankee who has lately come to London with a new safety razor sends circulars or samples to the indent house whose representative in India brings the novelty to the attention of merchants. If a customer finds this new device suited to his clientele he orders a dozen from the indent house, specifying the precise make. This sort of order is called an indent; and the London house follows it to the letter, buying that make of safety razor and no other. It also buys staple goods by indents, specifying price, color, width and so on. The Hindu customer commonly sends a considerable order for miscellaneous stuff; the indent house assembles this from all over England, packs it in a single shipment and sends it off. It carries the India customer on credit, but pays the people it buys of promptly each month, taking off a commission of from two to five per cent for its service. As these houses are the readiest channel of the old-fashioned export trade for making novelties known in distant countries, the American who goes to London to promote some characteristic "Yankee notion" deals with them first of all in getting foreign customers.

Even export packing is a distinct business. The export or indent house, after assembling a pile of diverse goods for a South American customer, can call in a contractor who specializes in packing and takes measurements for a case or attends to all details. For various countries, different packing is needed. Some require tin-lined cases to resist insects and climate. Others call for tarpaulin-covered bales for carrying through surf. If Mohammedan porters are to handle the bales oilskin must be used instead of tarpaulin, for the animal fat in the latter outrages the Mohammedan porter's religious principles. Again, goods may have to be broken up into small packages convenient for transport on mules over mountains or on camels across the desert. The packing contractor knows all conditions.

Fabrics are often compressed into bales by hydraulic power. There are contractors who specialize in heavy shipments and undertake the safe transport of machinery, locomotives, power launches and similar goods.

Mailing, too, is skillfully done in London.

The average American posts a foreign letter hardly once a month. The average American office boy posts foreign letters with such strict impartiality between the different countries that a large proportion of those sent out bear just enough postage to carry them at home. All the Christmas parcels from America arrive in London and Paris about the middle of January. The London branch of a large American corporation used to pay fifty dollars a year in insufficient postage on mail sent from its own company's New York office before the two-cent rate went into effect between this country and Great Britain; and what that New York office did to its own branch it was doing to other correspondents in foreign countries. As the foreigner is usually fined double the shortage by his own post-office, American mailing is rather a tender subject everywhere abroad.

London, however, thinks in terms of mail steamers. It is constantly dispatching letters and parcels to every country in the world. The Londoner looks up arriving and departing mails in the newspaper before calling on his friend in business and goes on a day when he has no mail to deal with. "Catching the mails" excuses everything. If a Londoner is a trifle slow in paying a bill he can often be stimulated by sending round word that his creditor is anxious to catch a departing mail. The true Londoner is immediately infected with the suspense and importance of the thing, as it were, and pays up quickly—if it is done tactfully. A Yankee heard of this amiable trait and tested it by calling a slow debtor on the telephone, asking for settlement of account to catch a steamer. His British debtor sent the money in time, but objected to the indecent haste of the telephone and wrote next day to protest that such a shocking thing had never happened to his house within the recollection of the oldest persons there.

More than one American concern nowadays maintains its export department in London.

The export manager of a large New York manufacturing concern, after several years' effort to conduct the business from the home office in New York, got permission to take it over to London; and he says that the difference in growth has been most marked. The reasons are plain enough. Export trade forms part of every Londoner's thinking. There is machinery for carrying out every expert operation. The best buyers of merchandise, machinery and supplies come to London from all over the earth, select from the great assortment in every line assembled there and pay no attention to nationality so long as they get what their demand wants. One article often comes into an immediate market as part of the regular London demand for another. In New York it is often difficult to get credit information on foreign customers, so that the American manufacturer often offends his customer in countries where long credits prevail, by demanding cash with order. American banks are not yet well equipped to finance exchange; but in London bankers purchase the bills of exchange behind each foreign sale, giving the seller cash, extending the foreigner's term of payment and saving his feelings.

London's bill-discounting machinery is an endless study.

A British manufacturer sells a lot of goods to a merchant in his own country. The seller wants cash. The buyer wants as long credit as he can get. Ordinarily the seller probably could not allow more than a month; but the manufacturer draws up a three-months' bill of exchange covering the amount of sale, the merchant indorses this as an acknowledgment of his debt, the manufacturer adds his signature—signifying that he will pay it if the merchant doesn't—and the bill is then taken to a banker or bill-discounter, who advances the amount, less a reasonable discount based on the current price of money at the Bank of England. Thus the seller gets his cash and the buyer gets the three months' time he wanted. The bank

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The Care of the Delicate Child

DUCKLINGS THAT TURN OUT SWANS

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

THOUGH we worship principles and have a profound admiration for rules, our real interest is in exceptions. If we had some way of foretelling in advance exactly what was going to happen half of us would commit suicide out of sheer boredom. We know that everything proceeds along the remorseless sequence of cause and effect, and that it is vanity or worse to expect grapes of thorns or figs of thistles; but we can't help hoping that logic will prove a liar this time, and so we live largely in the hope of the unexpected thing happening. Our principles and our hopes are as deliciously inconsistent as the Irishman who, after weighing his long-fatted pig for market, regretfully announced that "the cratur didn't weigh as much as he expected—an', faith, he never thought it would!"

Two and two we know make four - but perhaps some day they will make four and a half or even five; and this may be the time. This is the charm of gambling: that somehow, sometime, the good luck, which we know we have done nothing to deserve and have no logical right to expect, will come to us. Most of us would rather make a hundred dollars on a long shot or a lucky throw than a thousand in the ordinary course of trade or service rendering, not so much because we object to the greasy drudgery of labor or slow monotony of business, but chiefly for the inherent charm of getting money "like finding it." The unexpected, the exceptional, has a peculiar and never-failing attraction and charm for us. That's why we take such an apparently morbid and abnormal delight in stories of murder and bloodshed and crime—because they so seldom happen. Most of us will live patiently through a long life without seeing one really soul-satisfying and dramatic killing. We get so desperately sick and tired of the dull monotony of respectability and morality and propriety that we become as ravenous for the sensational and the gruesome as colts in a clover pasture are for salt. Like the angel child, Toddy, we croon to ourselves over and over again, with ghoulish delight: "And Bliaff's head was bluggy—bluggy as ev'ryfink!"

The Mania for Standardizing Children

ABSURD, irrational and, to the moralist and proverb-maker, lamentable, there is something sound and sane at the bottom of this instinct. Nature, like wisdom, is justified of her children. We do well to be keenly interested and to waste much time in speculating over the exceptional, for here is the seedbed of new discoveries, the starting-point of new conquests. Here is the fault in the mountain chain that lets us see how the rest of the solid, level earth is built and planned; here is the gash in the smooth and unbroken skin of circumstances that exposes to view nerves and arteries and muscles beneath; here is the crack in the dull mask of familiarity that gives us a glimpse of volcanoes behind it. It is the study of the abnormal that often gives our first clew to the mystery of the normal. All our knowledge of the wonderful perfection of the human machine began with the study of its breakdowns. Here is one reason why we should not destroy the weaklings or be in too great haste painlessly to eliminate the unfit.

His Abnormal Craving is a Mark of Sugar Starvation

Nowhere is our study of and interest in the exceptional better justified than in that wonderful little bundle of explosive complexities, the child. We know, of course, and have known in a general way for centuries, that what we as parents ought most to desire, and as teachers to be interested in, is the child who weighs between eight and ten pounds at birth; who doubles his weight the first year and sprouts two inches farther up the yardstick every successive birthday; who begins to walk at fifteen or sixteen months, and to talk at eighteen or twenty; who is of just the right size and intelligence to be dropped into the hopper of our educational mill at five years of age and to be ground along through the successive years with the rest of the human grist, surviving the process without apparent harm

Fortunately, such is the directive power of heredity, somewhere from eighty-five to ninety-five per cent of each year's annual crop of children are born like this and grow like this; and it is well for the stability and prosperity and comfort of the community that it is so. A good, rock-ribbed, substantial foundation of honest mediocrity, of brainless industriousness, of monotonously uninteresting sanity, even of wholesome stupidity, is necessary for the continuation of the race and of civilization. Our great systems of education, with their worship of routine and luck of imagination, have decided that, since at least eighty-five to ninety-five per cent of children are like that, this is the only kind of children that exists for practical purposes, the only kind they need bother their heads about. Hence our educational mill is built upon the admirable and ingenious system known in our factories as "standardization" and "interchangeable parts," illustrated in most striking form a few years ago by one of our great watch companies. They poured out into a tray the wheels, pinions, cases, hands, and so on of five thousand watches, shook them up together thoroughly, and then set a mechanic to pick out of the tangled heap at random the parts required for a watch and put them together. The resulting haphazard watch ran perfectly and kept within a minute a day of accurate time.

Does the Exception Prove the Rule?

ACCORDING to the rules of our educational system, every child at a given age is exactly like every other child of the same age and size—or if it is not it should be made so; and the same methods, measures and standards are to be applied impartially to all. The system acts badly enough upon even the eighty-five per cent of average, commonplace, normal children; but when it comes to the exceptional child, whether the exceptionally gifted or the unusually defective, then the result is most disastrous, either to the system or to the child, and sometimes to both.

Usually the child gets the worst of it, and for the simple and significant reason suggested by the famous Stephenson, inventor of the locomotive, who, when appearing before a Parliamentary committee for permission to open his first railroad, eleven miles in length, was pompously asked by a local big-wig: "But what, pray, Mr. Stephenson, would be the consequences supposing that a cow got on the track?" "Well," said Stephenson in his Lancashire brogue, "it would be soa much t' worse for t' coo!"

Mothers, God bless them! know better and have always known better. With the beautiful instinct of maternity that, though we sometimes deprecate it in our superior way as irrational and even regrettable, we cannot help

Give Nature All the Time She Wants, So That She Can Make a Complete and Permanent Cure!

admiring, it is the unusual child in the family who has always come in for the greatest dower and heritage of affection and of tender care. Whether the exceptionalness be plus or minus, so to speak, the little one endowed with rare and special gifts or pitiably deficient in some of his senses and powers, the result has been ever the same—the weakliest child is the best beloved and receives the warmest affection. And this singular sentiment, which has been so often commented on and even stigmatized as unjust and morbid, is now found to be abundantly justified. First, because normal children will to a large extent, if given kindly treatment and good surroundings, grow up of themselves and become pretty much what they are born to be, regardless of punishments and scoldings and so-called instruction. Second, because many of these ugly ducklings, so dear to the mother's heart, will turn out, when finally they have reached the full zenith of their powers, which may take longer than the shorter flight of the average child, birds of rarest plumage or brilliant song.

On the other hand, though those children born normal will grow and develop healthfully and normally—I had almost said inevitably and irrepressibly—under the ordinary favorable environment, those who are born abnormal by defect have little or no such tendency. Without special and expert care and attention they may remain practically as childish and as incapable of caring for themselves at fifteen as at five; but, by proper special training and care, two-thirds of them may be caused to develop fairly normally up to the fifteen-year level; which means that they are capable of supporting and caring for themselves and, to a reasonable degree, of enjoying life.

Don't on any account neglect the average "common or garden" child. He is well worth all the time and care you can spend on him; but put your ablest intellects, your divinest patiences, at work on the problem of the exceptional—yes, even of the abnormal—child; for among those brambles and tares you will reap some of the finest and most perfect of the wheat. Havelock Ellis, for instance, found in his brilliant Study of British Genius that no less than fifteen per cent of the great men of English history were recorded by their biographers as "of notably feeble physical constitution" in childhood.

It is when we find ourselves confronted with one of these problem children, one of these frail, quaint, dreamy, hypersensitive little beings, who "lacks stamina," who has no desire to eat with both hands and the whole surface of his face back to his ears, and, in Choate's quaint phrase, "has no constitution to speak of, but is living under the by-laws," that we really have to call our brains into play and show what stuff we are made of.

Miracles Wrought by Care and Kindness

WE HAVE a somewhat curious idea of what constitutes strength or a good constitution in a child. In itself, of course, the strongest and sturdiest baby is a tiny, feeble, puny creature. The secret of its strength, the trick of its success in life, consists in its ability to absorb energy from its environment and turn it to its own use. A baby is simply a sponge in mannikin form, capable of sucking up the sun power of the universe and turning it into growth, action and thought. How far that process of suction will go, how complete will be its success, is as impossible to prophesy, during infancy or early childhood, as it is to tell what kind of a crop a young apple tree is going to bear from inspecting it when it is eighteen inches high.

A great many so-called delicate children are so only in appearance and have really exceedingly good and enduring constitutions, but they have difficulty in getting the first beginnings of this suction process properly established. That's what maternal love was invented for and where the new doctor comes in. We used to have the idea, even in the medical profession, that children were born either with or without a definite something known as "a good constitution"; and that, if they did not have it, it was hardly worth while trying to raise them. Our attitude was about as rational as that of the dear old lady of ninety who, on receiving the announcement of the death of her eldest son at the age of seventy-two, ejaculated: "Dear, dear, dear! I always told Josiah we never would be able to raise that child."

Many and many a delicate child, if he can be steered and nursed and coaxed through the stormy first period of adjustment to his environment, grows up into a vigorous, able, long-lived man or woman. One of the most desirable faculties in catching and drinking in the sun power is quick, active response to all the influences that come from the environment. In the average elastic, happy-go-lucky, thick-skinned youngster, this response is just keen enough to serve its purpose and never becomes overmasteringly powerful; but in the delicate child the response to certain kinds of stimuli is so intense, so vivid and overwhelming, that it throws him off his balance and prevents his proper reaction to other messages. He is so fascinated by books and make-believe and pictures that he forgets to eat. His memories of what he has seen and heard are so vivid and overmastering that he cannot get to sleep at night, or his dreams rob his slumbers of their proper refreshment.

Just keep that young dreamer firmly in contact with mother earth for ten or fifteen years by playing in the dirt nine hours of the day, eating for three and sleeping the other twelve; use all your ingenuity to make his food more interesting to him than his books and pictures—and out of the same stuff of which his dreams are made he will build great buildings, carve out a fortune for himself, paint pictures to gladden the world, and win new discoveries in science or inventions in industry. Many a so-called delicate child is delicate simply because he needs hatching, not merely for the customary period but from nine to nineteen years.

There are, of course, a certain number of abnormal children who—poor innocents—are abnormal by reason of some form of definite physical or mental defect; but they are happily in a very small minority. The best and most careful estimates now find barely one-half of one per cent of all children in such state. The overwhelming probability is that the delicate or, as we now sometimes term it, the atypical child is so on account of some lack of proper adjustment, either delayed or precocious, to the ordinary environment; and our problem as parents, physicians and teachers is diligently to hunt for the point or points of maladjustment and correct them. The more experience we have, the more the wonder grows at the cheering and admirable results that may be obtained from even the most apparently unpromising material by

patient intelligence and unwearying kindness.

The delightful difference between a child and a machine is that, the moment you find and remove one point of maladjustment, you start an upward and improving impulse which runs through the whole circle of its activities. You remove adenoids, for instance, and improve the child's hearing; thereby you promptly release him from the false reproach of stupidity or even disobedience because he can't hear what's said to him, and he regains his place in his classes—his self-respect. He is no longer kept in after school—and thus gets his full playtime; his appetite is improved, his sleep is better and he is started toward a higher level all along the line. Straighten his crooked teeth or fill the decaying ones and you improve both his appetite and his digestion; you increase his weight, increase his vigor and power of attention both in the schoolroom and outdoors; increase his resisting power to the colds and sore throats and stomach troubles, whose germs are perpetually wandering about seeking whom they may devour—and your ailing, backward, cold-catching child is improved twenty-five per cent.

Some delicate children are weakly and deficient in vigor on account of the sins, voluntary or involuntary, of their parents. If the mother has been underfed or overworked during that wondrous, sacred period of the creation of a new life, when every energy and every power that she possesses ought to be bent and turned solely to this one great end, her child is liable to be born weakly and to die, within the first few months or years, of either what we politely and pompously term "inanition" or "marasmus," both of which really mean that the child was starved to death before it was born, if the Hibernicism be pardoned.

Nature is far more careful of the new life than of the old. If there is any nourishment to be had the baby will get it from the mother and grow like a parasite within her body at her expense; but she cannot work miracles and, in spite of all her favoritism, from one-third to two-fifths of the deaths that occur during the first year of life among the children of our laboring and manufacturing classes are due to this form of prenatal starvation. The best way to feed the child, not merely during its period of prenatal life but also during its first year of mundane existence, is through the mother. An effective way of preventing one class—and not a small one of delicate children would be by a formal endowment of maternity, securing to every prospective mother, in whatever rank of life, the best and most abundant of food, the wholesomest of surroundings and the completest of rest; and no other money spent by the state would pay such an abundant return on the investment.

How Heredity May be Overcome

ANOTHER cause of delicacy in childhood, not a very common one but sadly far from rare, is the Plague of the First-born. This setting of the children's teeth on edge because the fathers have eaten sour grapes may crop up in every grade of society and, thanks to our idiotic and ostrichlike policy of concealment of the all-important facts about it, in homes of the purest morality and highest refinement; in fact, it is the peculiar blight of royal families and aristocracies, and is a possibility for which we should always be on the sharpest and keenest lookout from the earliest week of life. Not more than one innocent babe in two hundred is born doomed with this plague, but the transformation that is wrought by a few grains of God's second greatest remedial gift to man, mercury, is little short of magical, changing the snuffling, pasty-faced, ailing, wrinkled-skinned baby into a plump, comfortable, pink-and-white youngster—to say nothing of preventing him from growing up stunted, blear-eyed, broken-toothed, with the arteries and nervous system of an old, old man. Any baby with a reasonable or even the faintest suggestion of this taint should be given the benefit of the doubt and a course of the remedy, no matter what the social and moral standing of either or both parents.

It is a mercifully fortunate coincidence that the only common disease in which the iniquities of the fathers are visited directly upon the children is the one for which we have the surest specific cure. Thanks to mercury, even the infant so tainted has a fair chance to "break even."

For the most part, in dealing with the delicate or unusual child, the bugaboo of heredity need not very seriously disturb us. Complex and wondrous and conceited as we are, we are little but carriers for the germ plasm, lanterns to protect from the ruder gusts of circumstance

He is No Longer Kept In After School

the torch of the life of the race within us. Very, very few acquired characteristics are transmitted; and almost the only way in which we can possibly affect the next generation is either to starve or poison by the toxins of infectious disease, or by external poisons like alcohol or lead, the blood which nourishes the germ cells within our bodies.

If you have avoided chronic starvation, alcohol to the point of saturation, and the race plague, you may face the future of your children with a conscience fairly clear of misgivings as to any handicaps they may have inherited from you. So unbroken has been the continuity of the germ plasm, so little affected is it by the series of bodies, the successive temples in which its light has been shrined, that ninety per cent of the characteristics of your child date back at least to the Norman conquest or the wars of Charlemagne; and your personal contribution to or influence upon his heredity is probably less than five per cent, which is a humiliating but perhaps a consoling reflection.

The few hereditary diseases which survive—such as epilepsy, certain forms of insanity, sick headache and possibly alcoholism—are now regarded rather as unbalanced or defective states of certain parts of the nervous system that render them liable to break down or to react unfavorably to ordinary strains, but are eight times out of ten capable of being trained and fed into normal vigor and resisting power, rather than as specific tendencies toward the development of any special form of vice or defect. Under ordinary surroundings, half and often two-thirds of the offspring of even the drunkard or the epileptic will probably grow up normal, unless he has mated with another victim of his own defect. So that, in the overwhelming majority of cases, the future of your child lies almost absolutely in your own hands, with odds of twenty to one in favor of his growing up normal and wholesome and vigorous, if you only avoid doing anything positively injurious or obstructive.

Don't worry about your gout, or your neurasthenia, or your New England conscience, or your quick temper; your child will probably never know there is such a thing—unless you give him too many illustrations and examples.

It is really surprising how large a share of so-called delicacy and backwardness in children is due to a perfectly preventable group of causes—namely, the acute infectious diseases. Exceedingly few children, for instance, are born deaf or dumb, or with defective sight, and very few either crippled or deformed. Ninety per cent of these conditions are emphatically acquired; in other words, a cripple, a blind child, a hunchback, a deaf-mute, is nine times out of ten a manufactured product and it is perfectly possible to stop this branch of the manufacturing industry.

The little fevers of infancy, the diseases of childhood, are by no means the trifling and unimportant things which we were at one time inclined to regard them. Their death-rate, though low, totals nearly fifty thousand deaths a year in the United States alone; and, though this is bad enough, we are becoming more and more convinced that their most serious effect upon the race is the scars and the marks and the damages that they leave upon the survivors. Many and many a case of delicacy and feebleness and lack of thrift and vigor is due to the mark left upon the little sufferer's kidneys, or heart, or liver, or nervous system by an imperfect recovery from an attack of one of these trifling disorders. Eight-tenths of all our so-called chronic degenerations of the kidneys, heart, bloodvessels, liver and nervous system are now attributed chiefly to after effects of one of these acute infections, either in infancy or childhood or in early adult life.

Fortunately one simple method is the best-known preventive and the nearest thing to a certain cure for these after effects and "hangovers"; and that is complete and absolute rest during the period of convalescence, and until full recovery, not merely of the former weight but of normal vigor and bounce and elasticity, has occurred. Keep your child at home from school, keep him from engaging in the more violent competitive plays, keep him out-of-doors, and, if possible, send him to the country for four, eight or twelve weeks after an attack of measles, of scarlet fever, of diphtheria, of whooping-cough, of mumps yes, even of tonsilitis and of a severe cold, which is an infection like the others and probably permanently damages as many kidneys, nervous systems and hearts as any one of them—and you will have taken a long step toward warding off the risk of a childhood of invalidism and of an early decay of his arteries or his nervous system. Give Nature all the time she wants and every possible advantage in the way of surroundings, so that she can make a complete and permanent cure, and you will have wiped out one of the commonest causes of invalidism in later life.

The same may be said in regard to the prevention and cure of most forms of crippling in childhood; in fact, one of the most cheering results of modern medicine is the extent to which, even in the slums of our largest cities, crippled, hunchbacked, clubfooted, bow-legged children have almost disappeared. If medical science had done nothing else for humanity this would have well repaid all the time and labor that have been expended upon it. It practically has come to the point that there is no excuse for a child's being or remaining crippled or deformed, save in a few of the rarest and severest congenital defects or after prolonged and desperate suppurating disease or crushing and maiming accidents. All cases of clubfoot, for instance, if taken in hand promptly and intelligently, may be cured so that the child has a thoroughly useful and in most cases a perfect foot; and this, too, often without even needing to use the knife.

Nine-tenths of all cases of hunchback are due to tuberculosis of the bones of the spinal column. Eight-tenths of all cases of hip-joint disease and a large share of all crippling inflammations and abscesses in bones and joints all over the body are due to the same cause. Many cases of wasting diarrhea—particularly those with a protuberant abdomen—and a large majority of suppurating glands, or "kernels," in the neck, throat and armpit, are due to either tubercule or the pus-forming germs of wound infections, besides many backward and wasting and undernourished conditions in children, for which it is difficult to discover any positive cause.

Wipe out the great white plague alone, as is perfectly practicable, by preventing the spread of its contagion from advanced cases to others in the same household and family with them; send all children found or even suspected to be affected with it out into the country for a course in Nature's great hospital, the open air—and you will within a single generation have wiped out of existence all this pitiful army of cripples and hunchbacks and scarred and stunted and wasted children.

When we further remember that from ten to thirty per cent of all cases of blindness are due to one infectious disease, the contagion of which gets into the eyes of the child at birth; that another large share of the inmates of our blind asylums, and a still larger of those in schools for the deaf and dumb, are there on account of a preventable disease, cerebro-spinal meningitis; that a considerable proportion of the lamings and paralyses of childhood are due to another preventable infection for which science is just now beginning to find a cure, infantile paralysis—it can be seen what a tremendous amount of torturing disability and pitiful handicappings and cripplings of innocent children is going to be swept out of existence when science, with the assistance of an intelligent public, gets these infectious diseases under control. That day is already in sight, thanks to the patient, self-sacrificing, devoted labors of our world army of laboratory workers—the real working priests or lay brothers of the religion of the future.

Another field of wondrous promise in the building up of weakly and delicate children is only just beginning to open up and can barely be touched upon here—that is, the succession of discoveries which we are steadily making as to the influence upon growth and health exercised by certain structures of the body known as the ductless glands, from the fact that they have no open duct or discharge-tube emptying into any of the body cavities, but pass their secretions directly into the bloodvessels

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If You Once Succeed in Making Your Delicate Child Fat and Plump You Have Solved Three-Fourths of Your Problem

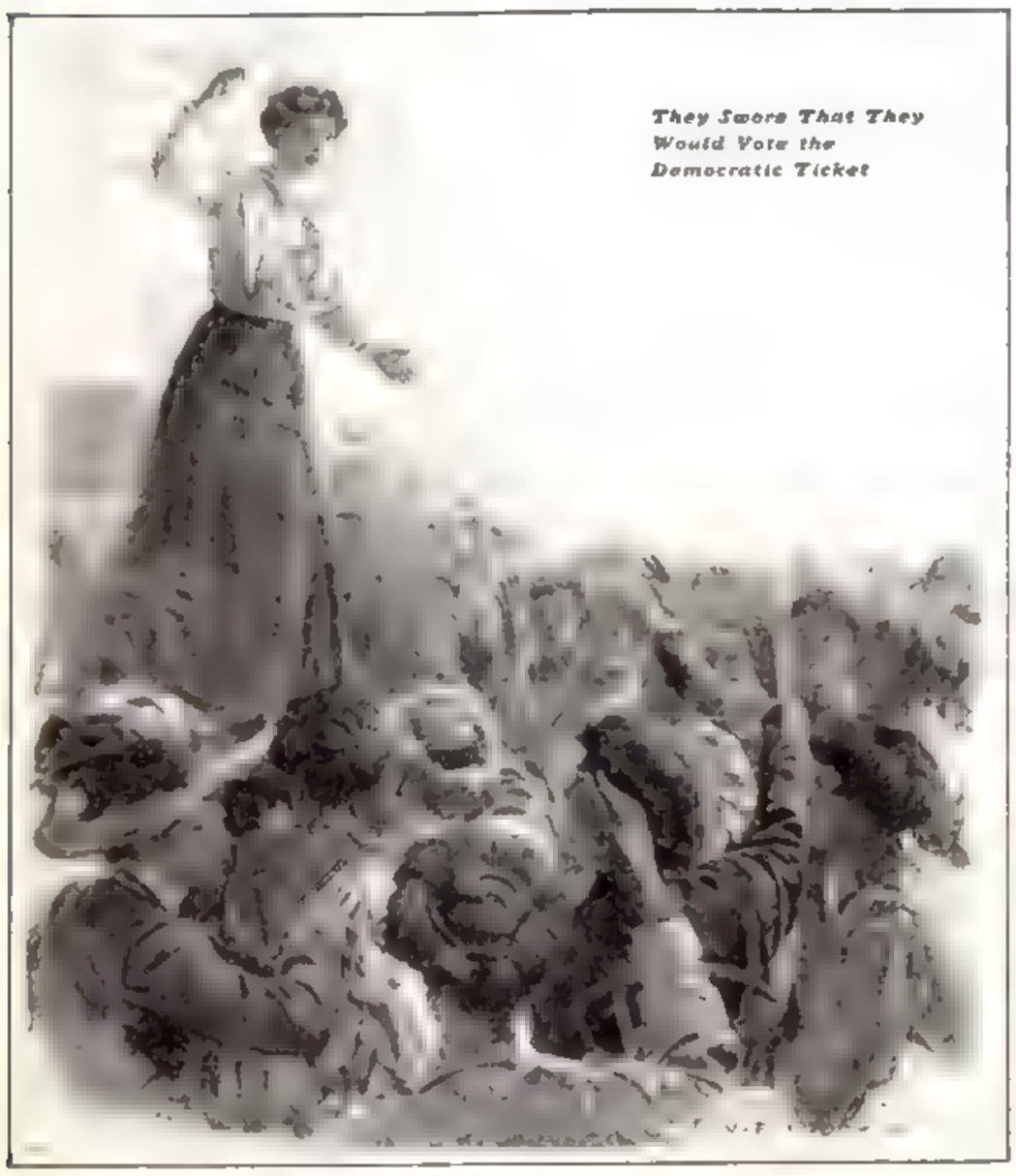
A Growing Child Should Have All the Food, All the Rest and All the Sunshine and Fresh Air He Can Utilize

A WOMAN PIONEER

The Country of the Dry Farms

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY P. V. E. IVORY



They Swore That They Would Vote the Democratic Ticket

A NEW ENGLAND spinster is not given to worrying over how livings will be earned by the five hundred millions of inhabitants, exclusive of immigrants, who will be occupying the United States in a hundred years. Suppose, however, that I had been given to such altruistic speculation, I should certainly have abandoned it after I had learned by observation and somewhat by experience what can be done with dry farming. The desert, barren enough when other lands are teeming, will give life as needed to the coming millions whom the Eastern and Middle Western states can no longer support.

My experience came about through John Clayton. It was while we were waiting for our land in Idaho to be irrigated. John and Lucy had married. Lucy could easily do all the housework; and, though I could help John, who was using my horses and tools to clear sagebrush, still my time was by no means fully occupied. John had a cousin—a Mrs. Findley—who lived on a dry farm near Salt Lake City. She wanted a strong woman, with some knowledge of farming, as a general helper and companion for a few weeks while she was convalescing from typhoid fever. Through John she offered me the position and I accepted. I went, with the prejudice we irrigated people have against dry farming; but I intended to study the subject with an open mind.

First Impressions of Utah

MY KNOWLEDGE of dry farming was meager. I knew that it was an occupation of the ancients that is going on in many countries today, and that it has been tried sporadically in Utah since before 1870 and more or less continuously since 1899. In that year there were more than fifty-eight thousand acres under cultivation—an acreage that has increased twentyfold. I knew, too, that dry farming is not at all the growing of crops without water, but is the attempt to conserve the moisture that does fall instead of allowing it to evaporate from the soil into the air or seep far below the roots of the crop, thus being wasted so far as agriculture is concerned.

Mrs. Findley met me at the train in Salt Lake City—a middle-aged, tall, stout woman—alert, and given, as I found out, to long fits of silence and equally long fits of monologue, when she poured out her soul with serene carelessness as to the impression her words might be making. When we were on the train on the way to her farm, Mrs. Findley told me instances of how the railroad had inconvenienced passengers by failing to stop on signal, as their schedule promised. On one occasion it had, she said, lost her a valuable appointment and consequently money, to say nothing of time—and had given her no redress. My own withers being at the time unwrung, I looked out on the mountains that seemed close enough to touch—great huddled folds of purple and lavender, with here and there glints of green or rust-red. We passed through a community where many of the houses had been built for thirty or forty years. They seemed to be mostly of red brick and without porches, though some of the new ones showed porches and were built of frame. All along our route were splendid, heavy old poplars. The country did not look so new as the Idaho country, and it did not look so hopeful. Many of the people I saw then and later had stolid or dull or impassive faces—not the city people so much as those in the country. Except for a certain "born-in-America" stamp, they seemed a good deal like immigrants who had been over here long enough to have lost their first illusions. Many of them were of Scandinavian, German and English stock, which may account in part for their stolidity.

As I look back on my experience now, so far as it affected me humanly, I find that my mind is full of clear-cut impressions and memories, not only of the dry farms but also of the politics and religion of the place. Mrs. Findley and I, and her neighbor, Mr. Ritchie, were the only Gentiles in a Mormon community—somehow I never can get used to the term "Gentile" as opposed to "Mormon." Mr. Ritchie belonged to the new American party of Salt Lake City—again an unfortunate name; as though we weren't all Americans! Mrs. Findley was a Democrat and I was a Republican—and so new to my citizenship, since I had only recently had the power to vote, that I was by way of taking politics pretty seriously. The Mormon neighbors of whom we saw the most were Mr. and Mrs. Worden, Republicans.

In the beginning I had chiefly a strong feeling of personal interest in Mrs. Findley's farm. Since her husband's death, several years before, she had owned and worked some two hundred acres of land, forty of which were irrigated. She had a good house and barn, well-built outhouses, a cow, four pigs, three splendid horses, a sulky plow, which she ran herself, a drill to drop the seed, a disk for weed extermination, a header, a binder, three sets of harness, a buggy—and a pocketful of money. She burned soft coal, for which she paid five dollars a ton, and wood that she got for nothing from the mountains, eight miles away. Like almost every one else who is old enough to attempt a little thinking, or perhaps who is old enough to have a habit of criticism, she believed that something was wrong with the country. Her solution was dry farming. She could talk about it like a professor of agriculture.

Dry-Farm Bookkeeping

TWENTY years before, she and her husband had bought her present farm at a cost of twenty dollars an acre; today she would not sell an acre for less than one hundred and twenty-five. While her husband lived they made various experiments at putting in different crops, such as potatoes and alfalfa, and also at raising as many as twenty cows and horses. But during the twelve years since her husband's death Mrs. Findley had simply put fifteen acres in lucerne, to feed her three horses, and the rest in wheat. She had kept an account of all her profits, charging up everything against her farm. She did not enter the original cost of the land, barn, tools, and so forth, or the cost of repairing these, or the taxes; nor did she include her own work and the cost of food and clothes. But she did count everything else, such as the cost of plowing, harrowing, disking, drilling, seeding, the cost of the seed, the cost of dressing wheat, of pulling weeds, of heading, of threshing, of boarding headers and threshers, and of hauling the grain to warehouse or market. The cost had varied from two dollars and thirty cents to seven dollars and fifty-five cents an acre, and she had cleared from nine to nineteen dollars an acre on the one hundred and twenty acres she

To Do the Same Work With Horses Would Require Twenty or Twenty-Five Teams and Nearly as Many Men

worked each year; but her average profit amounted to about twelve dollars and fifty cents.

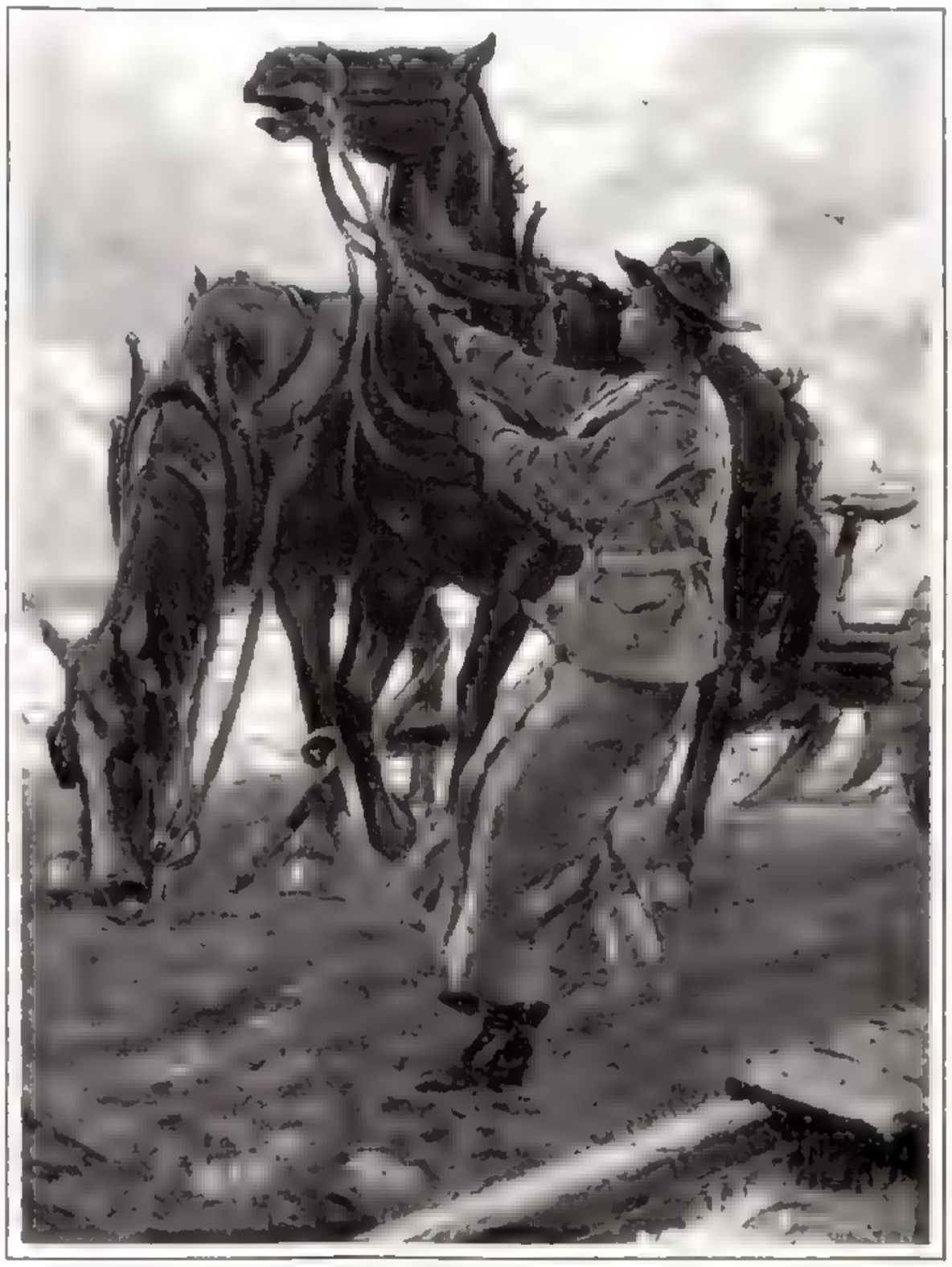
To my notion a good deal of Mrs. Findley's comfort depended on her irrigated forty. Without it she could have had no garden unless she had a good well; and there is no telling whether you can sink a well or not on a dry farm, at least on the spot where you first try it—for even if you are on the right spot there is no telling how deep you will have to go for water.

Without her irrigating ditch she would have had trouble in watering her cattle, and she and her husband could never have raised the cows and horses they did; besides, they would have had no trees. Yet, when Mrs. Findley talked about her irrigated forty she alluded to it with the animus she would show toward a poisonous enemy.

"If you want to raise flowers," she would say contemptuously, "I suppose irrigation is all right; but I have always found out that my irrigated crops cost me more than my dry crops and I have to work twice as hard on the irrigated ones. On the wet farm there is more cultivating, and more hoeing to do on the weeds, for they grow so much faster there than on the dry farm because the water naturally seeds your land with weeds from the other ditches. As our water is arranged here, we get it every six days for a day and a night. You have to sit up with it that night as if it were a sick child—only you have to pet it more—and generally you get the land too wet. Sometimes some other fellow at the top of the ditch raises the headgate and steals the water—and the ditch rider can't do anything about it."

Where Doctors Disagree

I HAD gone to Utah prepared to do farmwork, housework or nursing, as circumstances demanded. I did do some of the August planting and wished to do more; but Mrs. Findley was a sociable person and restless after many years of hard work. She wanted, like Satan, to roam up and down the world; and she took my interest in my new work as an excuse to drive over the country with me visiting dry farms, beginning with our Gentile neighbor, Mr. Ritchie, and our Mormon neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Worden, and ending with people as much as fifty miles away. I realized that one who wants to carry on dry farming must provide herself with a good deal of information before she begins her experiments. There are two good sources: the talk of farmers, which is not safe as generalization because it refers to their own peculiar localities; and the excellent publications of the Dry-Farming Congress, which are chiefly educational, but work also to secure a more liberal appropriation for the development of dry-farming experimental work and for demonstration farms. In Utah there are at present six experimental farms, which have been established some seven years.



I Had Gone to Utah Prepared to Do Farmwork, Housework or Nursing, as Circumstances Demanded

I soon discovered the crux of the problem of dry farming to be moisture. In Germany, and in at least one experimental station in Utah, it has been demonstrated that a certain amount of water is indispensable. To produce a single pound of dry plant substance in wheat, twelve hundred pounds of water is necessary—some experts put the figure higher. A little arithmetic shows that it would be impossible to produce a crop year after year on the same dry area. The question is not one of fertility of soil, but of conservation of moisture. The only successful solution seems to be the summer fallowing of land, which means resting half of the land every year. Therefore, a person with a two-hundred-acre farm has really only the use of one hundred acres. A crop every year on all the land would hopelessly dry up the soil. Experts admit that in some parts of the state it might be possible for the ground to be summer fallowed only once in two or three years; but in most parts of the state it is essential to summer fallow every year. The normal annual precipitation of Utah is 12.29 inches; it not only varies in different parts of the state from five to nineteen inches but it also varies considerably from year to year.

So far as American agriculture is concerned, effective summer fallowing became possible only with the use of the disk harrow. This, with a few other implements, makes tillage for moisture conservation quite practicable. The highest development of summer fallowing has probably been obtained in the region west of the Rockies, where the greater part of the annual rainfall comes during the colder months when evaporation is at its lowest point and the greatest penetration of the rain into the soil is possible. A thorough summer fallowing, established as soon as possible after the spring rains have ceased, can be cheaply maintained throughout the summer. Only the heavier soils are capable of holding enough water to justify the expense of summer fallowing.

All dry farmers, I discovered, were at one on the necessity of moisture conserving, of summer fallowing and of deep plowing, though they differed as to the depth of the plowing, varying from five to eleven inches—nine or ten, however, seemed the popular figure. They agreed, too, on the question of sparse seeding, of maintaining the soil mulch and of using clean tillage. The majority of the farmers were in favor of autumn plowing and spring cultivating, on the theory that all the moisture that falls in autumn, winter and spring soaks into the soil, being taken out only as the crop needs it. Besides, in the autumn more surface is exposed to the action of the snow. The advocates of late plowing contended that the land so handled produced nine bushels of wheat to the acre more than it did under any other kind of management. On the other hand, there were many who believed in fall disking and spring plowing, asserting that an area plowed late in the spring would have as much moisture content as any other area.

There were men who advocated deep plowing and subsoiling; others who held to deep plowing without subsoiling; some who said shallow cultivation produced better results in retaining the moisture than deep cultivation, and others who said that only by deep cultivation would the land pay. Some farmers said the soil must be packed after plowing; others, that if it were not loose results would be poor. Many believed that success depended largely upon the way the moisture was distributed throughout the season; while some prayed for heavy showers in May, others said that under such circumstances, instead of going down deep, the roots of the plants spread out too near the surface.

I concluded that different counties and different farms have individualities of their own; that what suits the mood of one land will not suit that of another, and that when a man has patiently trained seed to respond to one sort of condition he is chary of forcing on it any other kind of adaptation.

Three points upon which there is a good deal of discussion are: the question of wheat growing versus diversity of crops; the question of engine-power versus horse-power; and the question of the size of farm that it pays to work. Many specialists plead with the farmers to try alfalfa and cultivate crops such as corn, potatoes, beans and field roots, instead of specializing on wheat. They argue that the farmer needs fodder; needs to enlarge his market and to enrich his soil. However much the farmers agree to this, they prefer to raise winter wheat, because it sells well, yields on an average not less than twenty-five bushels an acre, has been known to yield as many as sixty bushels, and even in the year of drought, 1910, did not fail. They maintain that so far the soil has not suffered from lack of rotation. These large yields are due to the rich elements in the soil, to the maturing of the wheat before it is impaired by drought, and to the power that inheres in winter wheat. Consequently the farmers go on experimenting with wheat in spite of the insistence of the experiment-station specialists on diversity and rotation of crops.

The matter of machinery versus horses is important. It is easy to blunder with machinery. In the first place, the machinery for dry sections is not the same as that used in humid or in irrigated countries. Moreover, there is no definite rule that holds for all the conditions and all the phases of dry farming. Hard lands must be handled differently from sandy lands; and lands receiving the greatest proportion of moisture in the autumn must be handled differently from those that receive the moisture in the spring or summer. It is possible to have the proper machinery and to use it at the wrong time and in the wrong way. A man with a small farm, who is perfectly equipped, will have a breaking plow, a disk harrow, a smoothing harrow, a pulverizer, a packer, a cultivator and a seed drill. If he has a great farm he needs, besides, a mould-board plow, a gangplow, a diskplow, a roller, a weeder and a lister.

Problems in Horse-Power

THOUGH there has been in the past considerable failure in the use of power machinery, it is popular in some parts of Utah. Three men and a team will, with a traction engine, plow from twenty-five to fifty acres a day; to do the same work with horses would require twenty or twenty-five teams and nearly as many men. One farmer stated that his plowing with a twenty-horse-power engine cost him seventy-five cents an acre, but this did not include the cost of the engine or its wear. Another man, after various failures, got for his two thousand acres, set in grain, a one-hundred-and-ten-horse-power engine, with a wheel the tire of which was five feet wide. In twenty-four hours he had plowed eighty acres—work that would take one man, with four horses, from thirty to thirty-five days to accomplish. He had two sets of engineers and two sets of water-haulers—and the engineers were experts. He had no patience with the type of locomotive engineer who is accustomed, when anything goes wrong with his engine, to run it down to the shop for repairs. He had no mind to have his farmwork stop while his machinery was repaired at a town several miles away. He estimated that it cost him only fifty cents an acre to plow and sixty cents an acre to cut, thresh and sack the grain; whereas, in the unregenerate days of horses, the cost of each operation was one dollar and a quarter.

On the other hand, a farmer with seventeen hundred acres, provided with plenty of water, used horses and mares; and with the money derived from the sale of the colts he paid his hired hands. He objected to an engineer, who would cost seventy dollars a month, and the helpers, who would cost fifty or sixty dollars. Animal-power may do the work during the year, but it has to be fed at the cost of about ninety dollars a horse. Steam-driven machinery consumes nothing when it is not employed, requires less manual help and produces a more thorough tillage. Its disadvantage is the vast amount of power it must

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A SON OF THE SUN

By Jack London

ILLUSTRATED BY H G WILLIAMSON

"White Marster Stop Along Gooma Boy"

THE Willi-Waw lay in the passage between the shore reef and the outer reef. From the latter came the low murmur of a lazy surf; but the sheltered stretch of water, not more than a hundred yards across to the white beach of pounded coral sand, was of glasslike smoothness. Narrow as was the passage, and anchored as she was in the shoalest place that gave room to swing, the Willi-Waw's chain rode up and down a clean hundred feet. Its course could be traced over the bottom of living coral. Like some monstrous snake, the rusty chain's slack wandered over the ocean floor, crossing and recrossing itself several times and fetching up finally at the idle anchor. Big rock-cod, dun and mottled, played warily in and out of the coral. Other fish, grotesque of form and color, were brazenly indifferent, even when a big fish-shark drifted sluggishly along and sent the rock-cod scuttling for their favorite crevices.

On deck, for'ard, a dozen blacks pottered clumsily at scraping the teak rail. They were as inexpert at their work as so many monkeys. In fact, they looked very much like monkeys of some enlarged and prehistoric type. Their eyes had in them the querulous plaintiveness of the monkey, their faces were even less symmetrical than the monkeys' and, hairless of body, they were far more ungarmented than any monkey, for clothes they had none. Decorated they were, as no monkey ever was. In holes in their ears they carried short clay pipes, rings of turtle shell, huge plugs of wood, rusty wire nails and empty rifle cartridges. The caliber of a repeating rifle was the smallest hole an ear bore, some of the largest holes were inches in diameter, and any single ear averaged from three to half a dozen holes. Spikes and bodkins of polished bone or petrified shell were thrust through their noses. On the chest of one hung a white doorknob, on the chest of another the handle of a china cup, on the chest of a third the brass cog-wheel of an alarm clock. They chattered in queer falsetto voices, and combined did no more work than a single white sailor.

Aft, under an awning, were two white men. Each was clad in a sixpenny undershirt and wrapped about the loins with a strip of cloth. Belted about the middle of each were a revolver and tobacco pouch. The sweat stood out on their skin in myriads of globules. Here and there the globules coalesced in tiny streams that dripped to the heated deck and almost immediately evaporated. The lean, dark-eyed man wiped his fingers wet with a stinging stream from his forehead and flung it from him with a weary curse. Wearily and without hope he gazed seaward across the outer reef and at the tops of the palms along the beach.

"Eight o'clock, an' hell don't get hot till noon," he complained. "Wisht to Heaven for a breeze. Ain't we never goin' to get away?"

The other man, a slender German of five and twenty, with the massive forehead of a scholar and the tumble-home chin of a degenerate, did not trouble to reply. He was busy emptying powdered quinine into a cigarette paper. Rolling what was approximately fifty grains of the drug into a tight wad, he tossed it into his mouth and gulped it down without the aid of water.

"Wish I had some whisky," the first man panted, after a fifteen-minute interval of silence.

Another equal period elapsed ere the German enounced, relevant of nothing:

"I'm rotten with fever. I'm going to quit you, Griffiths, when we get to Sydney. No more tropics for me. I ought to have known better when I signed on with you."

"You ain't been much of a mate," Griffiths replied, too hot himself to speak heatedly. "When the beach at Guvutu heard I'd shipped you, they all laughed. 'What? Jacobsen?' they said. 'You can't hide a squareface of trade gin or sulphuric acid that he won't smell out.' You've certainly lived up to your reputation. I ain't had a drink for a fortnight, what of your snoopin' my supply."

"If the fever was as rotten in you as me, you'd understand," the mate whimpered.

"I ain't kickin'," Griffiths answered. "I only wisht the Lord'd send me a drink, or a breeze of wind, or something. I'm ripe for my next chill tomorrow."

The mate proffered him the quinine. Rolling a fifty-grain dose, he popped it into his mouth and swallowed it.

"God! God!" he moaned. "I dream of a land somewheres where they ain't no quinine. I've scoffed tons of it in my time."

Again he quested seaward for signs of wind. The usual trade-wind clouds were absent, and the sun, still low in its climb to meridian, turned all the sky to heated brass. One seemed to see as well as feel this heat, and Griffiths sought vain relief by gazing shoreward. The white beach was a searing ache to his eyeballs. The palm trees, absolutely still, outlined flatly against the unrefreshing green of the packed jungle, seemed so much cardboard scenery. The little black boys, playing naked in the dazzle of sand and sun, were an affront and a hurt to the sun-sick man. He felt a sort of relief when one, running, tripped and fell on all-fours in the tepid sea water.

An exclamation from the blacks for'ard sent both men glancing seaward. Around the near point of land, a quarter of a mile away and skirting the reef, a long black canoe paddled into sight.

"Gooma boys from the next bight," said the mate.

One of the blacks came aft, treading the hot deck with the unconcern of one whose bare feet felt no heat. This, too, was a hurt to Griffiths, and he closed his eyes. But the next moment they were open wide.

"White marster stop along Gooma boy," the black said.

Both men were on their feet and gazing at the canoe. Aft could be seen the unmistakable sombrero of a white man. Quick alarm showed itself on the face of the mate.

"It's Grief," he said.

Griffiths satisfied himself by a long look, then ripped out a wrathful oath.

"What's he doing up here?" he demanded—of the mate, of the aching sea and sky, of the merciless blaze of sun, and of the whole superheated and implacable universe with which his fate was entangled.

The mate began to chuckle.

"I told you you couldn't get away with it," he said.

But Griffiths was not listening.

"With all his money, coming around like a rent collector," he chanted his outrage, almost in an ecstasy of anger. "He's loaded with money, he's stuffed with money, he's busting with money. I know for a fact he sold his Yringa plantations for three hundred thousand pounds. Bell told me so himself last time we were drunk at Guvutu. Worth millions and millions, and Shylocking me for what he wouldn't light his pipe with." He whirled on the mate. "Of course you told me so. Go on and say it, and keep on saying it. Now just what was it you did tell me?"

"I told you you didn't know him, if you thought you could clear the Solomons without paying him. That man Grief is a devil, but he's straight. I know. I told you he'd throw a thousand quid away for the fun of it, and for sixpence fight like a shark for a rusty tin. I tell you I know. Didn't he give his Balakula to the Queensland Mission when they lost their Evening Star on San Cristobal?—and the Balakula worth three thousand pounds if she was worth a penny? And didn't he beat up Strothers till he lay abed a fortnight, all because of a difference of two pound ten in the account, and because Strothers got fresh and tried to make the gouge go through?"

"God strike me blind!" Griffiths cried in impotency of rage.

The mate went on with his exposition.

"I tell you only a straight man can buck a straight man like him, and the man's never hit the Solomons that could do it. Men like you and me can't buck him. We're too rotten, too rotten all the way through. You've got plenty more than twelve hundred quid below. Pay him, and get it over with."

But Griffiths gritted his teeth and drew his thin lips tightly across them.

"I'll buck him," he muttered—more to himself and the brazen ball of sun than to the mate. He turned and half started to go below, then turned back again. "Look here, Jacobsen. He won't be here for a quarter of an hour. Are you with me? Will you stand by me?"

"Of course I'll stand by you. I've drunk all your whisky, haven't I? What are you going to do?"

"I'm not going to kill him if I can help it. But I'm not going to pay. Take that flat."

Jacobsen shrugged his shoulders in calm acquiescence to fate, and Griffiths stepped to the companionway and went below.

II

JACOBSEN watched the canoe across the low reef as it came abreast and passed on to the entrance of the passage. Griffiths, with inkmarks on right thumb and forefinger, returned on deck. Fifteen minutes later the canoe came alongside. The man with the sombrero stood up.

"Hello, Griffiths," he said. "Hello, Jacobsen." With his hand on the rail he turned to his dusky crew. "You fella boy stop along canoe altogether."

As he swung over the rail and stepped on deck a hint of catlike litheness showed in the apparently heavy body. Like the other two, he was scantily clad. The cheap undershirt and white loincloth did not serve to hide the well put-up body. Heavy-muscled he was, but he was not

lumped and hummocked by muscles. They were softly rounded and, when they did move, slid softly and silkily under the smooth, tanned skin. Ardent suns had likewise tanned his face till it was swarthy as a Spaniard's. The yellow mustache appeared incongruous in the midst of such swarthiness, while the clear blue of the eyes produced a feeling of shock on the beholder. It was difficult to realize that the skin of this man had once been fair.

"Where did you blow in from?" Griffiths asked, as they shook hands. "I thought you were over in the Santa Cruz."

"I was," the newcomer answered. "But we made a quick passage. The Wonder's just around in the bight at Gooma, waiting for wind. Some of the bushmen reported a ketch here, and I just dropped around to see. Well, how goes it?"

"Nothing much. Copra sheds mostly empty, and not half a dozen tons of ivory nuts. The women all got rotten with fever and quit, and the men can't chase them back into the swamps. They're a sick crowd. I'd ask you to have a drink, but the mate finished off my last bottle. I'd give something for a breeze of wind."

Grief, glancing with keen carelessness from one to the other, laughed.

"I'm glad the calm held," he said. "It enabled me to get around to see you. My supercargo dug up that little note of yours and I brought it along."

The mate edged politely away, leaving his skipper to face his trouble.

"I'm sorry, Grief," Griffiths said, "but I ain't got it. You'll have to give me a little more time."

Grief leaned up against the companionway, surprise and pain depicted on his face.

"It does beat all," he communed, "how men learn to lie in the Solomons. The truth's not in them. Now take Captain Jensen. I'd sworn by his truthfulness. Why he told me only five days ago—do you want to know what he told me?"

Griffiths licked his lips.

"Go on."

"Why he told me that you'd sold out—sold out everything, cleaned up, and were pulling out for the New Hebrides."

"He's a liar!" Griffiths cried hotly.

Grief nodded.

"I should say so. He even had the nerve to tell me that he'd bought two of your stations from you—Mauri and Kahula. Said he paid you seventeen hundred gold sovereigns, lock, stock and barrel, good-will, trade goods, credit and copra." Griffiths' eyes narrowed and glinted. The action was involuntary, and Grief noted it with a lazy sweep of his eyes.

"And Parsons, your trader at Hiekimavi, told me that the Fulcrum Company had bought that station from you. Now what did he want to lie for?"

Griffiths, overwrought by sun and sickness, exploded. All his bitterness of spirit rose up in his face and twisted his mouth into a snarl.

"Look here, Grief, what's the good of playing with me that way? You know, and I know you know. Let it go at that. I *have* sold out and I *am* getting away. And what are you going to do about it?"

Grief shrugged his shoulders, and no hint of resolve shadowed itself in his own face. His expression was as of one in a quandary.

"There's no law here." Griffiths pressed home his advantage. "Tulagi is a hundred and fifty miles away. I've got my clearance papers and I'm on my own boat. There's nothing to stop me from sailing. You've got no right to stop me just because I owe you a little money. And you can't stop me! Put that in your pipe."

Pained surprise showed on Grief's face.

"You mean you're going to cheat me out of that twelve hundred, Griffiths?"

"That's just about the size of it, old man. And calling hard names won't help any. There's the wind coming. You'd better get overside before I pull out, or I'll tow your canoe under."

"Really, Griffiths, you sound almost right. I can't stop you." Grief fumbled in the pouch that hung on his revolver-belt and pulled out a crumpled, official-looking paper. "But maybe this will stop you. And it's something for *your* pipe. Smoke up."

"What is it?"

"An Admiralty warrant. Running to the New Hebrides won't save you. It can be served anywhere."

Griffiths hesitated and swallowed when he had finished glancing at the document. With knit brows he pondered this new phase of the situation. Then abruptly, as he looked up, his face relaxed into all frankness.

"You were cleverer than I thought, old man," he said. "You've got me hip and thigh. I ought to have known better than to try and beat you. Jacobsen told me I couldn't, and I wouldn't listen to him. But he was right and so are you. I've got the money below. Come on down and we'll settle."

He started to go down, then stepped aside to let his visitor precede him, at the same time glancing seaward to where the dark flaw of wind was quickening the water.

"Heave short," he told the mate. "Get up sail and stand ready to break out."

As Grief sat down on the edge of the mate's bunk, close against and facing the tiny table, he noticed the butt of a revolver just projecting from under the pillow. On the table, which hung on hinges from the for'ard bulkhead, were pen and ink, also a battered log-book.

"Oh, I don't mind being caught in a dirty trick," Griffiths was saying defiantly. "I've been in the tropics too long. I'm a sick man, a mighty sick man. And the whisky and the sun and the fever have made me sick in morals too. Nothing's too mean and low for me now, and I can understand why the niggers eat each other, and take heads, and such things. I could do it myself. So I call trying to do you out of that small account a pretty mild trick. Wisht I could offer you a drink."

Grief made no reply, and the other busied himself in attempting to unlock a large and much-dented cashbox. From on deck came falsetto cries and the creak and rattle of blocks as the black crew swung up mainsail and driver. Grief watched a large cockroach crawling over the greasy paintwork. Griffiths, with an oath of irritation, carried the cashbox to the companion-steps for better light. Here, on his feet and bending over the box, his back to his visitor, his hands shot out to the rifle that stood beside the steps, and at the same moment he whirled about.

"Now don't you move a muscle," he commanded.

Grief smiled, elevated his eyebrows quizzically, and obeyed. His left hand rested on the bunk beside him; his right hand lay on the table. His revolver hung on his right hip in plain sight. But in his mind was recollection of the other revolver under the pillow.

"Huh!" Griffiths sneered. "You've got everybody in the Solomons hypnotized, but let me tell you you ain't got me. Now I'm going to throw you off my vessel, along with your Admiralty warrant, but first you've got to do something. Lift up that log-book."

The other glanced curiously at the log-book.

"I tell you I'm a sick man, Grief; and I'd as soon shoot you as smash a cockroach. Lift up that log-book, I say."

Sick he did look, his lean face working nervously with the rage that possessed him. Grief lifted the book and set it aside. Beneath lay a written sheet of tablet paper.

"Read it," Griffiths commanded. "Read it aloud." Grief obeyed; but while he read, the fingers of his left hand began an infinitely slow and patient crawl toward the butt of the weapon under the pillow.

"*On board the ketch Willi-Waw, Bombi Bight, Island of Anna, Solomon Islands,*" he read. "*Know all men by these presents that I do hereby sign off and release in full, for due value received, all debts whatsoever owing to me by Harrison J. Griffiths, who has this day paid to me twelve hundred pounds sterling.*"

"With that receipt in my hands," Griffiths grinned, "your Admiralty warrant's not worth the paper it's written on. Sign it."

"It won't do any good, Griffiths," Grief said. "A document signed under compulsion won't hold before the law."

"In that case, what objection have you to signing it then?"

"Oh, none at all, only that I might save you heaps of trouble by not signing it."

Grief's fingers had gained the revolver and, while he talked, with his right hand he played with the pen and with his left he began slowly and imperceptibly to draw the weapon to his side. As his hand finally closed upon it, second finger on trigger and forefinger laid past the cylinder and along the barrel, he wondered what luck he would have at left-handed snap-shooting.

"Don't consider me," Griffiths gibed. "And just remember Jacobsen will testify that he saw me pay the money over. Now sign, sign in full, at the bottom—David Grief, and date it."

From on deck came the jar of sheet-blocks and the rat-tat-tat of the reef-points against the canvas. In the cabin they could feel the Willi-Waw heel, swing into the wind and right. David Grief still hesitated. From for'ard came the jerking rattle of headsail halyards through the sheaves. The little vessel heeled, and through the cabin walls came the gurgle and wash of water.

"Get a move on!" Griffiths cried. "The anchor's out."

The muzzle of the rifle, four feet away, was bearing directly on him when Grief resolved to act. The rifle wavered as Griffiths kept his balance in the uncertain puffs of the first of the wind. Grief took advantage of the wavering, made as if to sign the paper, and at the same instant, like a cat, exploded into swift and intricate action. As he ducked low and leaped forward with his body, his left hand flashed from under the screen of the table, and so accurately timed was the single stiff pull on the self-cocking trigger that the cartridge discharged as the muzzle came forward. Not a whit behind was Griffiths. The muzzle of his weapon dropped to meet the ducking body and, shot at snap direction, rifle and revolver went off simultaneously.

Grief felt the sting and sear of a bullet across the skin of his shoulder, and knew that his own shot had missed. His forward rush carried him to Griffiths before another shot could be fired, both of whose arms, still holding the rifle, he locked with a low tackle about the body. He shoved the revolver muzzle, still in his left hand, deep into the other's abdomen. Under the press of his anger and the sting of his abraded skin Grief's finger was lifting the hammer, when the wave of anger passed and he recollected himself. Down the companionway came indignant cries from the Gooma boys in his canoe.

Everything was happening in seconds. There was apparently no pause in his actions as he gathered Griffiths in his arms and carried him up the steep steps in a sweeping rush. Out into the blinding glare of sunshine he came. A black stood grinning at the wheel, and the Willi-Waw, heeled over from the wind, was foaming along. Rapidly going astern was his Gooma canoe. Grief turned his head. From amidships, revolver in hand, the mate was springing toward him. With two jumps, still holding the helpless Griffiths, Grief leaped to the rail and overboard.

Both men were grappled together as they went down; but Grief, with a quick updraw of his knees to the other's chest, broke the grip and forced him down. With both feet on Griffiths' shoulder he forced him still deeper, at the same time driving himself to the surface. Scarcely had his head broken into the sunshine when two splashes of water, in quick succession and within a foot of his face, advertised that Jacobsen knew how to handle a revolver. There was no chance for a third shot, for Grief, filling his lungs with air, sank down. Under water he struck out, nor did he come up till he saw the canoe and the bubbling paddles overhead. As he climbed aboard the Willi-Waw went into the wind to come about.

"Washee-washee!" Grief cried to his boys. "You fella make-um beach quick fella time!"

In all shamelessness he turned his back on the battle and ran for cover. The Willi-Waw,

"Now Don't You Move a Muscle"

compelled to deaden way in order to pick up its captain, gave Grief his chance for a lead. The canoe struck the beach full-tilt, with every paddle driving, and they leaped out and ran across the sand for the trees. But before they gained the shelter, three times the sand kicked into puffs ahead of them. Then they dove into the green safety of the jungle.

Grief watched the Willi-Waw haul up close, go out the passage, then slack its sheets as it headed south with the wind abeam. As it went out of sight past the point he could see the topsail being broken out. One of the Gooma boys, a black nearly fifty years of age, hideously marred and scarred by skin-diseases and old wounds, looked up into his face and grinned.

"My word," the boy commented, "that fella skipper too much cross along you."

Grief laughed and led the way back across the sand to the canoe.

III

HOW many millions David Grief was worth no man in the Solomons knew, for his holdings and ventures were everywhere in the great South Pacific. From Samoa to New Guinea and even to the north of the Line his plantations were scattered. He possessed pearling concessions in the Paumotus. Though his name did not appear, he was in truth the German company that traded in the French Marquesas. His trading stations were in strings in all the groups and his vessels that operated them were many. He owned atolls so remote and tiny that his smallest schooners and ketches visited the solitary agents but once a year.

In Sydney, on Castlereagh Street, his offices occupied three floors. But he was rarely in those offices. He preferred always to be on the go among the islands, nosing out new investments, inspecting and shaking up old ones, and rubbing shoulders with fun and adventure in a thousand strange guises. He bought the wreck of the great steamship Gavonne for a song, and in salving it achieved the impossible and cleaned up a quarter of a million. In the Louisiades he planted the first commercial rubber, and in Borabora he ripped out the South Sea cotton and put the jolly islanders at the work of planting cacao. It was he who took the deserted island of Lallu-Ka, colonized it with Polynesians from the Ontong-Java Atoll, and planted four thousand acres to cocoanuts. And it was he who reconciled the warring chief-stocks of Tahiti and swung the great deal of the phosphate island of Hikihu.

His own vessels recruited his contract labor. They brought Santa Cruz boys to the New Hebrides, New Hebrides boys to the Banks, and the head-hunting cannibals of Malaita to the plantations of New Georgia. From Tonga to the Gilberts and on to the far Louisiades his recruiters combed the islands for labor. His keels plowed all ocean stretches. He owned three steamers on regular island runs, though he rarely elected to travel in them, preferring the wilder and more primitive way of wind and sail.

At least forty years of age he looked no more than thirty. Yet beachcombers remembered his advent among the islands a score of years before, at which time the yellow mustache was already budding silkily on his lip. Unlike other white men in the tropics he was there because he liked it. His protective skin pigmentation was excellent. He had been born to the sun. One he was in ten thousand in the matter of sun resistance. The invisible and high-velocity light waves failed to bore into him. Other white men were pervious. The sun drove through their skins, ripping and smashing tissues and nerves, till they became sick in mind and body, tossed most of the Decalogue overboard, descended to beastliness, drank themselves into quick graves, or survived so savagely that war vessels were sometimes sent to curb their license.

But David Grief was a true son of the sun, and he flourished in all its ways. He merely became browner with the passing of the years, though in the brown was the hint of golden tint that glows in the skin of the Polynesian. Yet his blue eyes retained their blue, his mustache its yellow, and the lines of his face were those that had persisted through the centuries in his English race. English he was in blood, yet those that thought they knew contended he was at least American born. Unlike them he had not come out to the South Seas seeking hearth and saddle of his own. In fact, he had brought hearth and saddle with him. His advent had been in the Paumotus. He arrived on board a tiny schooner yacht, master and owner: a youth questing romance and adventure along the sunwashed path of the tropics. He also arrived in a hurricane, the giant waves of which deposited him and yacht and all in the thick of a cocoanut grove three hundred yards beyond the surf. Six months later he was rescued by a pearling cutter. But the sun had got into his blood. At Tahiti, instead of taking a steamer home, he bought a schooner, outfitted her with trade goods and divers, and went for a cruise through the Dangerous Archipelago.

As the golden tint burned into his face it poured molten out of the ends of his fingers. His was the golden touch; but he played the game, not for the gold, but for the game's sake. It was a man's game, the rough contacts and fierce give-and-take of the adventurers of his own blood and of half the bloods of Europe and the rest of the world, and it was a good game; but over and beyond was his love of all the other things that go to make up a South Seas rover's life—the smell of the reef; the infinite exquisiteness of the shoals of living coral in the mirror-surfaced lagoons; the crashing sunrises of raw colors spread with lawless cunning; the palm-tufted islets set in turquoise deeps; the tonic wine of the trade winds; the heave and send of the orderly crested seas; the moving deck beneath his feet, the straining canvas overhead; the flower-garlanded, golden-glowing men and maids of Polynesia, half children and half gods; and even the howling savages of Melanesia, head-hunters and man-eaters, half devil and all beast.

And so, favored child of the sun, out of munificence of energy and sheer joy of living, he, the man of many millions, forbore on his far way to play the game with Harrison J. Griffiths for a paltry sum. It was his whim, his desire, his expression of self and of the sun-warmth that poured through him. It was fun, a joke, a problem, a bit of play on which life was lightly hazarded for the joy of the playing.

IV

THE early morning found the Wonder laying close-hauled along the coast of Guadalcanar. She moved lazily through the water under the dying breath of the land breeze. To the east, heavy masses of clouds promised a renewal of the southeast trades, accompanied by sharp puffs and rain squalls. Ahead, laying along the coast on the same course as the Wonder, and being slowly overtaken, was a small ketch. It was not the Willi-Waw, however, and Captain Ward, on the Wonder, putting down his glasses, named it the Kauri.

Grief, just on deck from below, sighed regretfully.

"If it had only been the Willi-Waw," he said.

"You do hate to be beaten," Denby, the supercargo, remarked sympathetically.

"I certainly do." Grief paused and laughed with genuine mirth. "It's my firm conviction that Griffiths is a rogue and that he treated me quite scurvily yesterday. 'Sign,' he says, 'sign in full, at the bottom, and date it.' And Jacobsen, the little rat, stood in with him. It was rank piracy, the days of Bully Hayes all over again."

"If you weren't my employer, Mr. Grief, I'd like to give you a piece of my mind," Captain Ward broke in.

"Go on and spit it out," Grief encouraged.

"Well, then ——" The captain hesitated and cleared his throat. "With all the money you've got, only a fool would take the risk you did with those two curs. What do you do it for?"

"Honestly, I don't know, Captain. I just want to. And can you give any better reason for anything you do?"

As He Swung Over the Rail a Hint of Catlike Lithemess Showed in the Apparently Heavy Body

"You'll get your bally head shot off some fine day," Captain Ward growled in answer, as he stepped to the binnacle and took the bearing of a peak that had just thrust its head through the clouds that covered Guadalcanar.

The land breeze strengthened in a last effort, and the Wonder, slipping swiftly through the water, ranged alongside the Kauri and began to go by. Greetings flew back and forth, then David Grief called out:

"Seen anything of the Willi-Waw?"

The captain, slouch-hatted and bare-legged, with a rolling twist hitched the faded blue *lava-lava* tighter around his waist and spat tobacco juice overside.

"Sure," he answered. "Griffiths lay at Savo last night, taking on pigs and yams and filling his water-tanks. Looked like he was going for a long cruise, but he said no. Why? Did you want to see him?"

"Yes; but if you see him first don't tell him you've seen me."

The captain nodded and considered, and walked for'ard on his own deck to keep abreast of the faster vessel.

"Say," he called. "Jacobsen told me they were coming down this afternoon to Gabera. Said they were going to lay there tonight and take on sweet potatoes."

"Gabera has the only leading lights in the Solomons," Grief said, when his schooner had drawn well ahead. "Is that right, Captain Ward?"

The captain nodded.

"And the little bight just around the point on this side, it's a rotten anchorage, isn't it?"

"No anchorage. All coral patches and shoals, and a bad surf. That's where the Molly went to pieces three years ago."

"We'll anchor at Gabera," Grief said, "and run in close to the little bight this side. I want you to drop me in a whaleboat as you go by. Also, give me six boys and serve out rifles. I'll be back on board before morning."

The captain's face took on an expression of suspicion, which swiftly slid into one of reproach.

"Oh, just a little fun, skipper," Grief protested, with the apologetic air of a schoolboy caught in mischief by an elder.

Captain Ward grunted, but Denby was all alertness.

"I'd like to go along, Mr. Grief," he said.

Grief nodded consent.

"Bring some axes and bush-knives," he said. "And, oh, by the way, a couple of bright lanterns. See they've got oil in them."

AN HOUR before sunset the Wonder tore by the little bight. The wind had freshened and a lively sea was beginning to make. The shoals toward the beach were already white with the churn of water, while those farther out as yet showed no more sign than of discolored water. As the schooner went into the wind and backed her jib and staysail, the whaleboat was swung out. Into it leaped six breech-clouted Santa Cruz boys, each armed with a rifle. Denby, carrying the lanterns, dropped into the sternsheets. Grief, following, paused on the rail.

"Pray for a dark night, skipper," he pleaded.

"You'll get it," Captain Ward answered. "There's no moon anyway and there won't be any sky. She'll be a bit squally too."

The forecast sent a radiance into Grief's face, making more pronounced the golden tint of his sunburn. He leaped down beside the supercargo.

"Cast off!" Captain Ward ordered. "Draw the headsails! Put your wheel over! There! Steady! Take that course!"

The Wonder filled away and ran on around the point for Gabera, while the whaleboat, pulling six oars and steered by Grief, headed for the beach. With superb boatmanship he threaded the narrow, tortuous channel that no craft larger than a whaleboat could negotiate, until the shoals and patches showed seaward and the boat grounded on the quiet, rippling beach.

The next hour was filled with work. Moving about among the wild cocoanuts and jungle brush Grief selected the trees.

"Chop this fella tree; chop that fella tree," he told his blacks. "No chop that other fella," he said, with a shake of head.

In the end, a wedge-shaped segment of jungle was cleared. Near to the beach remained one lone palm. At the apex of the wedge stood another. Darkness was falling as the lanterns were lighted, carried up the two trees and made fast.

"That outer lantern is too high." David Grief studied it critically. "Put it down about ten feet, Denby."

VI

THE Willi-Waw was tearing through the water with a bone in her teeth, for the breath of the passing squall was still strong. The blacks were swinging up the big mainsail, which had been lowered

(Concluded on Page 45)

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

III

WE HAVE heard much of a man in the Land of Uz whose name was Job. We know that he was perfect and upright, feared God and eschewed evil; and we are told how, on one disastrous afternoon, messenger after messenger came to him to announce one calamity after the other, culminating in the annihilation of his entire family; and how the final scorbutic affliction came shortly afterward—the anticlimax, it must be confessed, of his woes—which drove the patient man to open his mouth and curse his day. Between Job and Doctor Quixtus, I doubt whether the like avalanche of disasters—Pelion on Ossa and Kinchinjinga on Pelion of misfortunes—ever came thundering down on the head of an upright and evil-eschewing human creature.

The tale of these successive misfortunes can only be briefly narrated; for to examine in detail the train of circumstances that led up to them, and the intricate nexus of human motive in which they were complicated, would be foreign to the purpose of this chronicle. Except passively, or negatively, perhaps, Quixtus had no hand in their happening. As in the case of Job, the thunderbolts fell from a cloudless sky. His moral character was blameless, his position as assured and his life as happy as the patriarch's. He had done no man harm all his days, and he had no cause to fear evil from any quarter. A tithe or more of his goods he gave in generous charity; and not only did he not proclaim the fact aloud, like the Pharisee, but never mentioned the matter to himself—for the simple reason that, keeping no account of his expenditures, he had not the remotest notion of the amount of his eleemosynary expenses.

You would have far to go to meet a man more free from petty-mindedness or vanity than Ephraim Quixtus. He was mild, urbane and, for all his scholarly reading, paleolithic knowledge and wide travel, singularly modest. If you contradicted him, instead of asserting himself, as most men do, with increased vigor, he forthwith put back to find, if possible, the flaw in his own argument. When complimented on his undoubted attainments he always sought to depreciate them. The achievement of others, even in his own special department of learning, moved his generous admiration. Yet he had one extraordinary vanity—which made him fall short of the perfection of his prototype in the Land of Uz—the doctorial title which he possessed by virtue of his Ph.D. degree from the University of Heidelberg. Through signing his learned publications "Ephraim Quixtus, Ph.D.," his brethren among the learned who rent him respectfully to pieces in other learned publications, invariably alluded to him as Doctor Quixtus. Through being thus styled by his brethren both in print and in conversation, he began to give his name as Doctor Quixtus to the stentorian functionary at the doors of banquets and receptions of the learned, and derived infinite gratification from hearing it loudly proclaimed to all assembled. From that to announcing himself as "Doctor Quixtus" to the parlormaid or butler in the homes of the worldly was but a step.

Now it may be questioned whether, on the rolls kept by the Incorporated Law Society, there is a solicitor who would style himself "Doctor." It would be as foreign to the ordinary solicitor's notions of professional propriety as to interview his clients in a surplice. The title does not suggest a solicitor any more than Quixtus himself did in person. He was a stranger, an anomaly, a changeling, in the corporation. He ought never to have been a solicitor. He was a very bad solicitor—and that was what the judge said, among other things of a devastating nature, when he was giving evidence at a certain memorable trial, which took place not long after he had reëntered the stormy horizon of Clementina Wing and his portrait had been hung above the presidential chair of the Anthropological Society.

It is but justice to say that Quixtus was a solicitor not by choice but by inheritance and filial affection. His father had an old-fashioned lucrative family practice, into which, as it was his father's earnest desire, his kindly nature allowed him to drift. When his father died suddenly, almost immediately after the completion of his articles and entrance into business, he stared in dismay at the prospect before him. He could no more draw up a conveyance of land or administer a bankrupt estate or prepare a brief for a barrister than he could have steered an Atlantic liner into New York Harbor—and he had not the faintest desire to know how to draw up a conveyance or administer an estate.

"The Property Will Come in Very Handy Though, Won't It?"

Beyond acquiring from textbooks the bare information requisite for the passing of his examinations, he had never attempted to probe deeper into the machinery of the law. His mind attributed far greater importance to the sharp flint instruments wherewith primitive men settled their quarrels by whanging each other over the head than to the miserable instruments on parchment which adjusted the sordid wrangles of the present generation. By entering the profession he had merely gratified a paternal whim. There had been a "Quixtus & Son" in Lincoln's Inn for a hundred years and it was the dearest wish of the old man's heart that "Quixtus & Son" should remain there *in sæcula sæculorum*. While his father was alive, Ephraim had scarcely thought of this desirable continuity; but, his father dead, it behoved him to see piously to its establishment.

The irksome part of the matter was that he had no financial reason for proceeding with an abominated profession. As hunger drives the wolves abroad, according to François Villon, so might hunger have driven him from his paleolithic forest; but there was no chance of his being hungry. Not only did his father and his mother each leave him a comfortable fortune but he was the declared heir of an uncle, his father's elder brother, who possessed estates in Devonshire and had impressed Ephraim from his boyhood up as one in advanced and palsied old age.

Yet "Quixtus & Son" had to be carried on. How? He consulted the confidential clerk, Marrable, who had been in the office since boyhood. Marrable at once suggested a solution of the difficulty which almost caused Ephraim to throw himself into his arms for joy. It was wonderful! It was immense! Quixtus welcomed it as Henry the Eighth welcomed Cromwell's suggestion for getting rid of Queen Catherine. The solution was nothing less than that Ephraim should take him into partnership on generous terms. The deed of partnership was drawn up and signed and Quixtus entered upon a series of happy and prosperous years. He attended the office occasionally, signed letters and interviewed old family clients, whom he entertained with instructive though irrelevant gossip until they went away comforted. When they insisted on business advice instead of comfort he rang the bell and Marrable appeared like a djinn out of a bottle. Nothing could be simpler, nothing could work more satisfactorily. Not only did clients find their affairs thoroughly looked after but they were flattered at having bestowed upon them the concentrated legal acumen and experience of the firm. You may say that, as a solicitor, Quixtus was a humbug—that he ought never to have accepted the position; but show me a man who has never done that which he ought not to have done and you will show me either an irresponsible idiot or an angel masquerading in mortal vesture.

I have my doubts whether Job himself was quite as perfect as he is made out to be before his trials. Quixtus was neither idiot nor angel. At the most, he was a scholarly, ineffectual gentleman of comfortable means, forced by filial tenderness into a distasteful and bewildering pursuit. He had neither the hardheartedness to kill the one nor the strength of will to devote himself to the mastery of the other. He compromised, you may say, with the devil. Well, the devil is notoriously insidious, and Quixtus was entirely unconscious of subscribing to a bargain. At any rate, the devil had a hand in his undoing and appointed a zealous agent of iniquity in the person of Mr. Samuel Marrable.

When Quixtus went to Lincoln's Inn Fields one morning and found, instead of his partner, a letter from him stating that he had gone abroad and would remain there without an address for an indefinite time, Quixtus was surprised. When he had summoned the managing clerk and together they had opened Marrable's safe, both he and the clerk were bewildered; and after he had spent an hour or two with a chartered accountant, for whom he had hurriedly telephoned, he grew sick from horror and amazement. Later in the day he heard through the police that a warrant was out for Samuel Marrable's arrest. In the course of time he learned that Samuel Marrable had done everything that a solicitor should not do. He had misappropriated trust funds; he had made away with bearer-bonds; he had falsified accounts; he had forged transfers; he had speculated in wildcat concerns; he had become the dupe of a gang of company promoters known throughout the city as "Gehenna Unlimited." He had robbed the widow; he had robbed the orphan; he had robbed the firm; he had robbed with impunity for many years; but when, in desperation, he had tried to rob "Gehenna Unlimited" they were too much for him. So Samuel Marrable had fled the country.

Thus fell the first thunderbolt. Quixtus saw the fair repute of "Quixtus & Son" shattered in an instant; his own name tarnished; himself—and this was the most cruel part of the matter—betrayed and fooled by the man in whom he had placed his boundless trust. Marrable, whom he had known since he was a child of five; with whom he had gone to pantomimes, exhibitions and such-like junketings when he was a boy; who had first guided his reluctant feet through the mazes of the law; who had stood with him by his father's deathbed; who was bound to him by all the intimacies of a lifetime; on whose devotion he had counted as unquestioningly as a child on his mother's love—Marrable to be a rogue and a rascal; not a man at his wit's end yielding to a sudden temptation, but a systematic villain—it was all but unthinkable! Yet here were irrefragable proofs as the law took its course.

All through the nightmare time that followed until the trial—for the poor fugitive was soon hunted down and haled back to London—when his days were spent in helpless examination of confusing figures and bewildering transactions, the insoluble human problem was uppermost in his mind. How could the man have done these things? Marrable had sobbed over his father's grave and had put his arm affectionately round his shoulders and led him away to the mourning-coach. Marrable had stood with him by another open grave—that of his dead wife—and had comforted him with affectionate sympathy. To the very end, not a sinister look had appeared in his honest, capable eyes. On the very day of his flight he had lunched with Quixtus in the Savoy grillroom. He had laughed and jested and told Quixtus a funny story or two. When they parted:

"Shall I see you at the office this afternoon? No? Well, goodby, Ephraim. God bless you!"

He had smiled and waved a cheery hand. How could a man shower upon another his tears, his sympathy, his

laughter, his implied loyalty, his blessings, and all the time be a treacherous scoundrel working his ruin? All his knowledge of prehistoric man would not tell him.

"I wonder whether there are many people in the world like Marrable?" he questioned. And from that moment he began to look at all clear-eyed honest folks and speculate in a dreary way whether they were like Marrable.

The family honor being imperiled, duty summoned him to an interview with Matthew Quixtus, his father's elder brother, the head of the family and owner of a large estate at Croxton, in Devonshire, and other vast possessions. He paid him a week-end visit. The old man, nearly ninety, received him with every mark of courtesy. He went out of his way to pay deference to him as a man of high position in the learned world. Instead of the "Mr. Ephraim" which had been his designation in the house ever since the "Master Ephraim" had been dropped in the dim past, it was pointedly as "Doctor Quixtus" that butler and coachman and the rest of the household heard him referred to. Quixtus, who had always regarded his uncle as a fiery ancient, hot with family pride and quick to quarrel on the point of honor, was greatly relieved by his unexpected suavity of demeanor. He listened to his nephew's account of the great betrayal with a kindly smile and wasted upon him bottles of the precious '54 port which the butler, with appropriate ritual, only brought up for the Inner Brotherhood of Dionysus. On all previous occasions Ephraim, at whose deplorably uncultivated palate the old man had shrugged pitying shoulders, had been treated to an unconsidered vintage, put upon the table after dinner rather as a convention than—in the host's opinion—as a liquid fit for human throttle. He was sympathetic over the disaster and alluded to Marrable in picturesquely old-world terms of depreciation.

"It'll cost you a pretty penny, one way or the other," said he.

"I shall have to make good the losses. I dare say I can make arrangements extending over a period of years."

"Fly kites, eh? Well, I sha'n't live forever; but I'm not dead yet. By George! sir, no!" and his poor old hand shook pitifully as he raised his glass to his lips. "My grandfather—your great-grandfather—lived to be a hundred and four."

"It will be a matter of pride and delight to all who know you," said Quixtus, smiling and bowing, glass in hand, across the table, "if you champion the modern world and surpass him in longevity."

"The property will come in very handy though, won't it?" asked the old man.

"I confess," said Quixtus, "that, if I pay the liabilities out of my own resources, I may be somewhat embarrassed."

"And what will you do with yourself when you've shut up the shop?"

"I shall devote myself more closely to my favorite pursuits."

The old man nodded and finished his glass of port.

"A damned gentlemanly occupation," said he, "without any confounded modern commercialism about it."

Quixtus was pleased. Hitherto his uncle had not regarded his anthropological studies with too sympathetic an eye. He had lived, all his life, a country gentleman, looking shrewdly after his estates, building cottages, draining fields, riding to hounds and shooting all things that were to be shot in their season. In science and scholarship he took no interest. It was, therefore, all the more gratifying to Quixtus to hear his studious scheme of life so heartily commended. The end of the visit was marked by the same amenity as the beginning, and Quixtus returned to town somewhat strengthened for the ordeal that lay before him.

Up to the time of the trial he had met with nothing but the kindly sympathy of friends and the courteous addressing of those with whom he came into business relations. His first battering against the sharp and merciless edges of the world took place in open court. He stood in the witness-box a lone, piteous spectacle—a Saint Sebastian among witnesses—unsaved by miraculous interposition, like the lucky Sebastian, from personal discomfort. That he was an upright, sensitive gentleman mattered nothing to judge and counsel—just as the fact of Sebastian's being a goodly and gallant youth did not affect his would-be executioners. At every barb shot at him by judge and counsel he quivered visibly. They were within their rights. In their opinion, he deserved to quiver. At the back of their

Huckaby, Billiter and Vandermeer

legal minds they were all kindly gentlemen, and out of court had human minds like yours and mine; but in their legal minds—judge, counsel for the prosecution, counsel for the defense—all considered Quixtus a fortunate man in being in the witness-box at all; he ought to have been in the dock. There had never been such fantastically culpable negligence. He did not know this; he had not inquired into that; such a transaction he had just been aware of, but never understood; he had not examined the documents in question. Everything brought him by Marrable for signature he signed as a matter of course, without looking at it.

"If Mr. Marrable had brought you a check for twenty thousand pounds, drawn in his favor on your own private bankers, would you have signed it?" asked counsel.

"Certainly," said Quixtus.

"Why?"

"I should not have looked at it."

"But supposing the writing on the check had, as it were, leaped to your eyes?"

"I should have taken it for granted that it had to do with the legitimate business of the firm."

"If that is the case," remarked the judge, "I don't think that men like you ought to be allowed to go about loose."

Whereat there was laughter in court and sudden hellish hatred of judges in the heart of Quixtus.

"Can you give the court any reason why you drifted into such criminal carelessness?" asked counsel.

"It never entered my head to doubt my partner's integrity."

"Do you carry this childlike faith in human nature into all departments of life?"

"Up to now I have had no reason to distrust my fellow creatures."

"I congratulate you as a solicitor on having had a unique experience," said the judge acidly.

Counsel continued: "I put it to you: Suppose two or three plausible strangers told you a glittering tale and one asked you to intrust him with a hundred pounds to show your confidence in him, would you do it?"

"I am not in the habit of consorting with vulgar strangers," retorted Quixtus, with twitching lip.

"Which means that you are too learned and lofty a person to deal with the common clay of this low world?"

"I cannot deal with you," said Quixtus.

Counsel grew red and angry, as there was laughter, in which the judge joined.

"The witness," said the latter, "is not quite such a fool as he would give us to imagine, Mr. Smithers."

Thus, the only blow that Quixtus could give was turned against him. Also, counsel, smarting under the hit, mis-handled him severely, so that at the end of his examination he stepped down from the witness-box less a man than a sentient bruise. He remained in court till the very end, deathly pale, with pain in his eyes and his mouth drawn into the lines of that of a child about to cry. The trial proceeded. There was no doubt of the guilt of the miserable wretch in the dock. The judge summed up and it was then that he said the devastating things about Quixtus that inflamed his newly born hatred of judges to such an extent that it thenceforth blackened his candid and benevolent soul. The jury gave their verdict without retiring; and Marrable, at the age of sixty, was condemned to seven years' penal servitude.

Quixtus left the court dazed and broken. He was met in the corridor by Tommy, who gripped him by the arm, led him down into the street and put him into a cab. He had not been in court, being a boy of delicate feelings.

"You must buck up, you know," he said to the silent, gray-faced man beside him. "It will all come right. What you want now is a jolly stiff brandy and soda."

Quixtus smiled faintly. "I think I do," said he.

A few minutes later Tommy superintended the taking of his prescription in the dining room in Russell Square and eyed Quixtus triumphantly as he put down the empty glass.

"There! That'll set you straight. There's nothing like it."

Quixtus held out his hand. "You're a good boy, Tommy. Thanks for taking care of me. I'll be all right now."

"Don't you think I might be of some use if I stayed? It's a bit lonesome here."

"I have a big box of stuff from the valley of the Dordogne that I haven't opened yet," said Quixtus. "I was saving it up for this evening; so I sha'n't be lonesome."

"Well, be sure to have a good dinner and a bottle of fizz anyway," said Tommy; after which sage counsel he went reluctantly away.

Just as Clementina was sitting down to dinner Tommy rushed in with a crumpled evening newspaper in his hand, incoherent with rage. Had she seen the full report? What did she think of it? How dared they say such things of a high-minded, honorable gentleman? Counsel on both sides were a disgrace to the bar, the judge a blot on the bench. They ought not to be allowed to cumber the earth. They ought to be shot on sight. Out West they would never have left the court alive. Had he lived in a simpler age or in a more primitive society, the young paladin would have gone forth and slaughtered them in the bosom of their families. Fortunately all he could do by way of wreaking his vengeance was to tear the newspaper in half, throw it on the floor and stamp on it.

"Feel better?" asked Clementina, who had listened to his heroics rather sourly. "If so, sit down and have some food."

Tommy declined nourishment. He was too sore to eat. His young spirit revolted against the injustice of the world. It clamored for sympathy.

"Say you think it damnable."

"Anything to do with the law is always damnable," said Clementina. "You shouldn't put yourself within its clutches. Please pass me the potatoes."

Tommy handed her the dish. "I believe you're as hard as nails, Clementina!"

"All right; believe it," she replied grimly. And she would not say more; for, in what she thought was her heart, she agreed with the judge.

IV

QUIXTUS was still bowing his head over the dishonored grave of "Quixtus & Son" when the second thunderbolt fell. The public disgrace drove a temperamentally hermitlike nature into more rigid seclusion. He resigned his presidency of the Anthropological Society. The council met and unanimously refused to accept his resignation. They wrote in such terms that he could not do otherwise than yield, but he gave up his attendance at their meetings. To a man, his friends among the learned

professed their sympathy. It hurt rather than healed. Those who wrote received courteous and formal replies. Those who knocked at his door were refused admittance. Even Clementina, repenting of her harshness and pitying the lonely and helpless man, pinned on a shameless thing that had once resembled a hat and went up by omnibus to Russell Square, only to find the door closed against her. The woman thus scorned became the fury that, according to the poet, is unknown in Hades. She expressed her opinion of Quixtus pretty freely; but Quixtus shrank from her as he shrank from everyone—as he even shrank from his own servants. These he dismissed, with the exception of Mrs. Pennycook, his housekeeper, who since the death of his wife had held a high position of trust in his household, and a vague female of humble and heterogeneous appearance who slept out and had the air of apologizing for inability to squeeze through the wall when he passed by.

In view of he knew not what changes in his immediate financial circumstances, economy, he said, was desirable. He also shut up the greater part of the big house, finding a dim sort of pleasure in such retrenchment. He lived in his museum at the back, ate his meals in the little dark room at the head of the kitchen stairs and changed his luxurious bedroom for a murky, cheerless little chamber adjoining the museum. When a man takes misery for a bride he may be forgiven for exaggeration in his early transports.

Only on Tuesday nights did he throw open dining room and drawing room, where he received Huckaby, Vandermeer and Billiter as in the past. To them his smile and his old self were given. Indeed, he found a newer sympathy with them. He, even as they, had been the victim of outrageous fortune. He, too, had suffered from the treachery of man and the insolence of office. The three found an extra guerdon in their greatcoat pockets.

There were times, however, when the museum grew wearisome through familiarity; when he found no novelty in the Quaternary skull from Silesia or the engraved reindeer on the Neolithic axheads or the necklet of the lady of the bronze age; when he craved things nearer to his own time that could give him some message of modernity. On such occasions he would either walk abroad or, if the weather were foul, take a childish pleasure in exploring the sealed chambers of the house. For, shut up a room, exclude from it the light of day, cover the furniture with dust-sheets, and you will get the semblance of a morgue of strange beasts; forget it for a while, and on reëntering it you will have all the elements of mystery, which gradually and agreeably give place to little pleasant shocks of discovery of the familiar. The neglected pictures that have hung on the walls, the huddled knickknacks on a table, the heap of books on the floor—all have messages of gentle reproach. A newspaper of years ago, wrapped round a cushion, once opened by eager hands and containing in its headlines world-shaking news—now so stale and forgotten—is a pathetic object. In drawers are garments out of date—preserved, Heaven knows why; keepsakes worked by fair hands, unused but negligently treasured; faded curtains which will never be rehung—a thousand odd, stimulating things, down to ends of sealing-wax and carefully rolled bits of twine. Some drawers are empty and from them rises the odor of lavender, poignant with memories of the things that are no more.

It was a large, old-fashioned house, his father's before him, in which he had been born; and it was full of memories. In the recess of a dark cupboard in one of the attics he found a glass jar which had escaped the vigilance or commanded the respect of generations of housemaids, covered with a parchment on which was written in his mother's hand, "Damson Jam." His mother had died a quarter of a century ago.

An old hair trunk in the corner of the boxroom—such a hair trunk as the boldest man during Quixtus' lifetime would have shrunk from having attached to him on his travels—contained correspondence of his grandfather and old daguerreotypes and photographs of stiff, staring, faded people, long since gone to a—let us hope—more becomingly attired world. There was a miniature on ivory, villainously painted, of a chubby, red-cheeked child, on the back of which was written, "My son Matthew, aged two years and six months." Could the shriveled, myriad-wrinkled, palsied old man whom Ephraim had visited but a short while since ever have remotely resembled this? The hair trunk also contained a pistol, with a label, "Carried by my father at Waterloo." That was the old gentleman who had lived to a hundred and four. Why had this relic of family honor remained hidden all his life?

The more he searched into odd corners the more did his discoveries stimulate his interest. Of his own life he found records in unexpected places. A bundle of school-reports—he opened it at random and his eye fell upon the head master's report at the foot of a sheet: "Studious, but unpractical. It seems impossible to arouse in him a sense of ambition or even of the responsibilities of life." He smiled somewhat wistfully and put the bundle in his pocket, with a view to the further acquisition of self-knowledge. A set of Cambridge college bills tied with red tape; a broken microscope; a case of geometrical drawing instruments; a manuscript book of early poems—mimetic echoes of Keats, Tennyson, Shelley, Swinburne, who were all clamoring together in his brain; his college blazer—much motheaten; his Heidelberg student's cap, ditto—*Ah! qu'ils sont loin ces jours si regrettés!*

Of his wife, too, there were almost forgotten relics. An oak chest, opened unexpectedly, disclosed a pair of little pink satin slippers standing wistfully on the top of the tissue-paper that protected the dresses beneath. The key was in the lock. He closed the lid reverently, locked the chest and put the key in his pocket. They had had together five years of placid happiness. She was a sweet, white-winged soul—Angela. Her little boudoir on the second floor had not been used since her death and was much as she had left it. Only the dust-sheets and the gloom invested it in a more ghostly atmosphere than other less sacred chambers. Her workbasket stood by the window. He opened it and found it still contained a reel of thread and a needle-case stuck full of rusty needles.

On the wall hung an enlarged portrait of himself at the age of thirty—he was not quite so lantern-jawed then and his hair was thicker on the top. A watercolor sketch of Angela hung over the oak bureau at which she used to write her dinner notes and puzzle her pretty head over household accounts. He drew up the blind so as to see the picture more clearly. Yes; it was like her. Dark-haired, fragile, with liquid brown eyes. There was just that dimple in her chin—he remembered it so well; but, strangely, it had played no part in his customary mental picture of her. In the rediscovery of the dimple he found a vague melancholy pleasure.

Idly he drew down the slanting lids of the bureau and pulled out the long, narrow drawers that supported it underneath. The interior was empty. He recollected now that he had cleared it of its contents when settling Angela's affairs, after her death. He thrust up the slanting lid; pushed back the long right-hand drawer: pushed the left-hand one. It stuck. He tried to ease it in, but it was jammed. He pulled it out with a jerk and found that

(Continued on Page 61)

Vandermeer Was Weeping Bitterly Because He Had No One to Love Him

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 27, 1911

The Insurgent Senators

LA FOLLETTE, speaking for himself and twelve other Insurgent Senators, said: "The differences which create division in the Republican party are not upon matters of party policy, but relate to the most important subjects of legislation and the gravest problems which confront the American people. These differences represent not merely conflicting personal opinions of individual Senators. They represent fundamental differences in convictions involving the welfare of ninety million people."

On behalf of the thirteen Senators so described, he was demanding larger representation on certain important committees than the Republican majority had granted.

Party coöperation among men holding "fundamental differences in convictions" relating to "the most important subjects of legislation and the gravest problems which confront the American people" must be awkward. Can it be profitable? Can it avoid compromises touching fundamental convictions that ought not to be a subject of caucus and convention dickerings?

It brings to mind Lincoln's famous declaration, in a political situation somewhat analogous, that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." When he added that the nation must finally become all slave or all free he really meant that, confronted by such an alternative, it must become all free. Confronted by the alternative of Standpat or Insurgent, the nation is certain to become Insurgent. We trust the Insurgents, therefore, will continue to insist as sharply as possible upon the difference between themselves and the conservatives. As both the Republican and the Democratic parties are now constituted nominally, party harmony is not what the country needs. It needs still sharper division in both camps, until a new alignment has been formed.

Rubber and Coffee

THE new automobile industry created a tremendous demand for rubber. A year ago there was a wild boom in that article. Para, which had sold at a dollar a pound, rose to three dollars. Last summer the boom collapsed. It has been collapsing by spells ever since. Last January, Para sold at a dollar and eighty cents a pound. In the latter part of April the price had fallen to a dollar and twelve cents.

From the way prices have performed in the last fifteen months, a rubber planter might figure himself a millionaire and a pauper a dozen times over before his trees began yielding at all. One month he might be setting out new trees and the next month cutting down his old ones.

Much of our rubber comes from Brazil—whence, also, comes most of our coffee. Three years ago coffee was so cheap that planters were said to be threatened with wholesale bankruptcy. The Brazilian Government borrowed seventy-five million dollars and took various other steps, such as restricting the planting of coffee trees, for the purpose of controlling or cornering the coffee market. In the winter of 1908 the wholesale price of Rio coffee at New York was six and a half cents a pound. Under the Brazilian "valorizing" or cornering scheme the price rose steadily until it reached thirteen and a half cents last December—an advance of more than a hundred per cent. There have been rumors of late that the Brazilian Government was going to attempt "valorizing" or cornering rubber in much the same way as coffee.

Brazilian producers, of course, are happy over the success of the coffee scheme. Representative Norris, of Nebraska, thinks this Government, on behalf of coffee consumers, ought to attack that scheme. We think everybody who produces a staple article by intelligent methods in the place natural to its production ought to get a fairly profitable price, and that no consumer has a right to the article at less than such a price.

Lincoln and the Socialists

IN HIS message to Congress in December, 1861, Lincoln said: "Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could never have existed if labor had not existed first. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration."

Naturally this would have pleased Karl Marx, who was then an exile in London, engaged in writing Capital and in directing the growing Socialist-Labor movement. Our Civil War bore most disastrously upon England's great cotton industry, and well-to-do opinion there sympathized with the South. In a speech at Newcastle-on-Tyne in October, 1862, Gladstone declared that the Southern leaders "have made an army; they are making a navy; and they have made what is more than either—they have made a nation," which seemed to foreshadow recognition of the Confederacy by the English Government. Before the end of the year, indeed, such recognition was deemed imminent. Now Socialist history asserts that this recognition of the Confederacy, which would have been a hard blow to the North, was defeated only by the protests of English workingmen in mass meetings at London, Manchester and elsewhere, which were astutely instigated by Karl Marx, partly out of admiration for President Lincoln.

Other history may shake its head rather dubiously over this extreme claim; but everybody knows that a great deal of all history is more or less dubious. We like the version that a bold, humane, true word spoken by Lincoln and caroming upon the brain of an exiled enthusiast on the other side of the world—of whose existence perhaps he had never heard—was really what saved the day.

Illinois in the Senate

ONE weighty reason prevents our viewing with great enthusiasm the attempt to unseat the junior Senator from Illinois. That reason is the Illinois legislature. Only the other day the upper branch of that legislature defeated an effort to introduce the Oregon plan of choosing Senators by popular vote. Some sapient members feared the plan was "unconstitutional," because under it, as actually happened in Oregon, legislators belonging to one political party might be compelled to vote for a Senator belonging to the opposite party whom a majority of the people had chosen. Some of the same members, we believe, viewed with the utmost complacency and without a single constitutional qualm the deal whereby Democratic legislators elected Lorimer—Republican—to the Senate. And at nearly the same time the lower branch of the legislature defeated a resolution to submit a constitutional amendment for initiative and referendum.

The legislature of Illinois, in short, is still opposed to popular government. That such a body would elect a Senator who really represented the people of the state is, of course, quite improbable. If a Senator cannot represent the people the only thing left for him to represent is the large and predatory business interests; for they alone, after the people's interest has been eliminated, have anything either to gain or lose through senatorial action. We do not suppose those business interests are especially wedded to Senator Lorimer personally. Any other Senator who could be counted upon always to "vote with Aldrich" would suit them quite as well.

The Congressional Record

VERY few people know what goes on at Washington—even upon the surface. There are four hundred and eighty-three members of House and Senate. It is doubtful if the average newspaper reader could pick out thirty members whose names have any meaning for him. How many inhabitants of the United States, for example, are able to appreciate the force and novelty of the statement that Senator Heyburn has made an admirable suggestion? The meager summaries published in the daily press give only a dim and wavering reflection of the actual proceedings of Congress. No doubt telegraph tolls and space limitations make it wholly impracticable for the daily papers to give more than mere snapshot summaries.

The proceedings are published verbatim, however, in quite convenient form. As the functions of the Federal Government expand, what Congress does becomes increasingly interesting and important to all of us. We doubt if there is a hamlet in the country where the Congressional Record would not be regularly examined if it were available. Any one can get the Record now; but the price is too high. Senator Heyburn suggests that the subscription price be made a dollar a year. This is a good suggestion. Everywhere—in the post-office and the country newspaper office—the Record ought to be on file.

Our Express Friends

UNCLE JOE CANNON says: "One reason why I am against the parcels post is because it is in the interest of strangers. We know the local merchant and the commercial traveler. They belong to our churches and to our clubs. They help make our civilization. But we do not know the mail-order houses."

Those who benefit most from the absence of a parcels post in this country are the owners of the express companies. A recent report by the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that the four principal express companies have thirty-seven directors, of whom thirty-two are residents of New York, two are residents of Chicago and three are residents of San Francisco. These express directors are also directors in twenty-five of the leading railroad systems of the United States.

We do not know how extensive and intimate the personal acquaintance of Uncle Joe's constituents may be among express and railroad directors. We are informed, however, that admission to the Metropolitan Club, of New York—colloquially known as the "millionaires' club"—is guarded with rather jealous care. It seems improbable that many residents of the Danville district are privileged to drop in there and hobnob with the gentlemen who profit most from Uncle Joe's opposition to the parcels post.

Big and Little Banks

A SPECIAL report by the Comptroller of the Currency indicates that big banks, on the whole, are more conservatively managed than little ones. The National banks having capital of five million dollars or more have built up surpluses equal to three-quarters of their capital stock and pay dividends equal to less than five and a half per cent on capital and surplus; but the banks having less than fifty thousand dollars capital have laid by surpluses equal to little more than one-quarter of their capital stock and pay their stockholders dividends equal to more than six and a quarter per cent on capital and surplus—after meeting the legal requirement as to surplus; that is, they pay out nearly all their earnings in dividends. As this is the average for more than two thousand banks of this class, there must be many cases in which the pantry is practically scraped bare in order to feed the stockholders with dividends. More than seven hundred banks of this class in a western group of states, in fact, average only twenty-one per cent as to surplus and over seven per cent as to dividends; while another group of more than six hundred banks averages only twenty-seven per cent as to surplus and more than thirteen per cent as to dividends. There is here evidently an excessive regard to dividends.

We mean to point out merely that eagerness for quick profits is not a fault that characterizes Wall Street alone or those larger financial units which are supposed to be dominated by a sinister money power.

Driving Capital Out of New York

LAST July a new inheritance-tax law became effective in New York. All bequests for religious, educational, charitable and benevolent purposes are exempt. Estates between twenty-five and a hundred thousand dollars pay two per cent if bequeathed to father, mother, wife, husband, son, daughter, sister, brother, son-in-law or daughter-in-law; and ten per cent if going to remoter relatives. The tax gradually rises until estates exceeding a million dollars pay five per cent if going to near relatives and twenty-five per cent if going to others.

Governor Dix and some commercial bodies have demanded the repeal of this tax, alleging that since it went into effect more than five thousand safe-deposit boxes in New York have been surrendered and more than four hundred million dollars of securities have been withdrawn from the state; also that the law frightens capital away from investment in New York corporations.

Obviously only multimillionaires are able to indulge the pleasant exercise of bequeathing large sums to persons who are not near to them in relationship; and it is only upon such bequests that the tax falls heavily. A procession of multimillionaires indignantly toting their bonds over to Jersey City may be a heartrending spectacle; but it is not one that the legislator need pause to weep over. The great investors in New York are the savings banks, with one and a half billion dollars of deposits, and the life insurance companies, with over two billions of assets. This vast stable investment fund belongs almost wholly to people who have no personal reason for feeling alarmed over a tax of twenty-five per cent upon a bequest exceeding one million dollars to a remote relative. Inheritance taxes alarm only the manipulators of capital, not the owners.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Ambassador Polyglot

WHEN Curtis Guild—pronounced Guyld, not Gild, but being neither a guy nor especially gilded—gets to Russia as our ambassador and has his first interview with the Czar he will pat the Little Father on some convenient portion of his ermine robe, brush a speck of dust or two from the imperial diadem, and say, in purest Russian: "Hello, Nick, old top; how goes it?" Then, unless they stop him, the new ambassador will take the crown, the scepter and the uniform off the Czar, and, before he has been dragged away, will undoubtedly make a speech—also in purest Russian.

Guild has been making speeches ever since he was three years old. He has spoken in every known language on every known subject. Only recently he addressed a large and cultured gathering of Bostonians on "Codfish and Coordination" in Esperanto, which is a combination of all languages. You see, Guild, in addition to being a natural-born orator, is a natural-born linguist. It is no trick at all for him to learn a new tongue while shaving; and he can commit a declension to memory while eating his morning egg, and frequently does. Not, to be sure, that he learns all there is to a language—a highly unnecessary proceeding. What Guild does is to learn the vital parts of a language, not encumbering himself with too much of the detail. Then, when the occasion arises, he uses any particular language adroitly—as a stage manager uses a stage army, by marching the men around and around, back of the scenes and on again.

Other languages are but incidental with him, however. The real gift he has is the gift of English or the Boston variant thereof—and oratory. He is the boy who always bumps against the burning stars when he is orating. He is the human aeroplane. Usually an orator is content with one peroration. Especially oratorical ones stick in two. But Guild's speeches are a succession of perorations from start to finish. He begins as an ordinary orator would finish, culling fancy blossoms from the garden of rhetoric and presently throwing a bouquet of all the gaudiest flowers of speech at his hearers. This done, he might well be expected to quit; but the bright lexicon of C. Guild knows no such word as quit when he is talking. He is just getting good at this point. Stepping forward one pace, he exhorts his audience to follow him and away they go, up and up, until the whole kit and boodle are gyrating about in the circumambient ether, reaching a higher level each moment, then suddenly he explodes into a vast constellation of surpassing guff, and the audience gasps and wonders what it was all about.

The Battle of the Microbes

A FINE figure of a man, too, with a chest that is the pride of Massachusetts—as well as of C. Guild. Poems have been written about that chest, and deservedly too, for it lends itself readily to poetry. Also prose, for a paragrapher on one of the papers in Boston, after Guild's brother had been elected tax commissioner or something like that—something that entailed the garnering of money—wrote: "We suppose Mr. Guild will keep the money he collects in his brother's chest." A ribald reference to the greatest glory of a great man, to a certainty, but then there was the chest. There will be a great lack in Boston when C. Guild and his chest begin parading on the Nevski Prospekt. A familiar sight will be gone; but what is Boston's loss is Russia's gain, and the Czar needs cheering up.

Nor need it be thought that Guild is not a person of consequence in Massachusetts. He has been governor of that state three years and served the required apprenticeship as lieutenant-governor. Moreover, when he was supposed to be suffering from no less than three incurable diseases, in 1908, the Massachusetts delegation to the Republican National Convention indorsed him for vice-president and named him enthusiastically as their favorite son.

Immediately and happily Mr. Guild recovered—three incurable diseases being mere bagatelles in face of honor such as that—and he began an active canvass for the job. He didn't get it, but he got well, which is really the crux of the whole matter.

He graduated from Harvard in the same class on which Senator Boies Penrose and Billy Coolidge shed luster, and went to work as a reporter on his father's paper, the Boston

Off to the Nevski Prospekt

Commercial Bulletin. Also he went to work as a politician in the old ninth ward of Boston, of which the inhabitants were equally, almost, divided between the elite of Boston and some thousands of the humbler—but with just as many votes per each—colored brethren. Here, too, is where the present Secretary of the Navy, George von Lengerke Meyer, broke in—he being elected to the legislature once from that ward in a time of great political stress, with one of said humbler colored brethren as his running mate.

Guild was boss of that ward for a long time and handed the job down to his brother. He succeeded his father in control of the paper in 1902, the year he was first elected lieutenant-governor. Before that he had lost in a fight for the lieutenant-governorship, and it was supposed that he was ended politically. However, it is much harder to end Guild than was generally supposed, for he came back grandly and, once he was elected lieutenant-governor, his path to the governorship lay straight before him. Also he is a warrior, for in 1898 he gallantly volunteered as a private in the War with Spain, but was given a commission and served on the staff of General Fitzhugh Lee. He was early in Havana and served in Cuba for some time, getting back to this country in ample time to go campaigning with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt in 1900, when the Colonel was a candidate for vice-president and made his long tour through the West.

Guild was not wounded in the war. That distinction was deferred for sterner times. He was with the Colonel in the affray at Victor, Colorado, and was hit in the face with a brick.

The consequent inconvenience was only temporary, however, the real inconvenience coming later when Guild discovered that his name was on the billboards in smaller letters than the name of John Proctor Clarke, or something, and left for Massachusetts. However, he gave the ticket his loyal support.

Although Guild was and is an athlete, his is a sensitive soul. In college he was famous as a fencer—and with the singlestick and broadsword, too, if I am not mistaken. But he never could overpower that sensitiveness, the feeling that at times he was not properly appreciated or had been slighted. Massachusetts is full of letters from him complaining of some lack of recognition and asking plaintively what he has done to deserve such treatment. Senators Crane and Lodge hear from him frequently. He is a big, jovial, hearty sort of a chap. When he was in college they used to have fun with him because he was not a mixer. After he left college he developed greatly along the lines of geniality, and now calls pretty nearly everybody "old fellow" and is an expert back-slapper.

Guild is a tariff reformer, a conservationist and a believer in reciprocity, but has kept in with the crusted and reactionary end of the Massachusetts Republican party also. He has two pet aversions—the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad and J. Pierpont Morgan. Occasionally he takes a wallop at Morgan in his paper that ought to make that gentleman's ears burn, whether they do burn or not. The language he uses about that eminent financier is something fierce.

Russian for the Russians

GUILD went to Mexico as special ambassador from this country to the recent centennial celebration and made a great hit with everybody. He brushed up his Spanish and made his formal speech in that musical tongue. Also he made his impromptu speeches in the same agreeable manner, threw out the Star-Spangled Banner and his chest, and let the American Eagle and his vocabulary soar with most satisfactory results. He'll get along well in Russia, too, for he is already putting the finishing touches on his supply of that catarrhal language, intending to use none other so long as he remains in St. Petersburg.

Guild is a student and is crammed full of information on all sorts of subjects. He has a clear and capable mind, great abilities, and although many laugh at him good-naturedly for his amiable vanity everybody recognizes his strong personality and respects his mental attainments. He is versatile, enthusiastic, indefatigable, persistent, likable, and has a good deal of force. He is successful in his business, successful in politics, and successful in about everything he undertakes. When you eliminate the frills you find that Guild is a hard thinker, a man of convictions that are sincere, and that he has an extraordinary ability for expressing those convictions. He is a live wire in Boston and he will be a live wire in St. Petersburg, where it will do them good to have this six-foot, athletic, linguistic Bostonian come prancing in to stir them up.

Unsatisfactory Quarters

WESLEY HARDEN, who lived in one of the smaller Kentucky cities, incidentally killed a negro one day for some impertinence of the negro's, and was brought to trial. The best lawyer of the section was employed for him, but by some strange freak the jury, instead of acquitting Wesley and giving him a vote of thanks, declared him guilty of some mild form of homicide. He was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

About a month later Wesley's father, a farmer not far from the city, came into town and sought out the leading lawyer who had conducted Wesley's defense.

"Judge," he said to the lawyer, "somethin's got to be done for Wesley."

"I can't do anything more," replied the lawyer. "I did all I could, but he's up there in the penitentiary."

"Yes, Judge," said the father eagerly; "that's just it. We've got to git him outen there. Why, Judge, I had a letter from Wesley this mornin', and he tells me he's plumb dissatisfied."

American Ruins

IN THE early nineties, when the Democratic party was split over Mr. Cleveland's policies, Colonel John R. Fellows was one of a party on a coach ride from London to Brighton, in England.

He sat next to an Englishman who had been to nearly all parts of the United States and was boasting of the superiority of English scenery over American. Colonel Fellows went into an argument with the Englishman and had him worsted, until the Englishman cried: "Well, even admitting all that, you have no ruins in the United States."

"Good Lord, sir!" shouted Colonel Fellows, "have you never heard of the Democratic party?"

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Yes, carry it in your out-dooring kit to appease the hungriness that out-dooring makes.

Yes, carry it in your in-dooring pantry kit, too, to awaken appetites that in-dooring has made defunct.

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The Senator's Secretary

THEY wanted Murray Crane, Senator from Massachusetts, to take the chairmanship of the Senate Post-office Committee—the "they" including President Taft and Postmaster-General Hitchcock—but the adroit Crane eluded them. He slipped by.

Just why they—including the President and the Postmaster-General—wanted Senator Crane to take this chairmanship is too complicated a matter to be discussed here; that discussion may come later. However, to ascribe a good, handy, veracious reason that is capable of demonstration in a paragraph, let it be said the reason they—including the President and Postmaster-General Hitchcock—wanted Mr. Crane in the lookout chair in that committee was because, if he didn't take it, the next ranking Republican on the committee, left by the ruthless hands of time and adverse majorities in various legislatures, was Jonathan Bourne, Senator from Oregon—and Jonathan has ideas about the postal service, the President and especially about Postmaster-General Hitchcock that would go far to elucidate the feverish anxiety to get Crane to make the sacrifice and hold Bourne in check; in fact, the advent of Bourne at the head of the committee would suit the most fastidious seeker after reasons for the urgent desires of the President and the Postmaster-General as regards Crane and the chairmanship, even if the real reasons are—as they shall be for the present—left unpublished.

No, sir! No, siree! The Honorable Murray Crane could not be cajoled or commandeered into taking that chairmanship. He was too comfortable where he was as chairman of the Rules Committee—he would remain as a member of the Post-office Committee; and, besides, he had his duties to attend to in the way of fixing things every day, the Senator from Massachusetts being the original and successful Citizen Fixit. He cast an eagle eye futureward and saw the trouble that is coming to that Post-office Committee. He knew of the immense amount of work there is in store; and he—to put it politely ducked.

You see, Senator Crane doesn't dislike work and does a heap of it; but the added work the chairmanship of the Post-office Committee would entail would have curtailed seriously the field of his unique and established operations. He would have been obliged to be poring over appointments for Presidential postmasters, framing the big post-office appropriation bill, fussing, mayhap, with postage problems, and that would use up a lot of time he needs in running things in the Senate. Wait until the tariff debate gets going good in the Senate—until they try to perpetrate those various atrocities on the woolen and cotton manufacturers of Massachusetts—and Your Uncle Murray will be busy about twenty hours a day.

Running the Senate in a Whisper

Your Uncle Murray is the only living man who never spoke above a whisper in his life. He is the greatest exemplar of that sterling method of imparting information which runs like this:

"Senator, what do you think of the chances for reciprocity?"

"Well, I'll tell you—— What do you think?"

Whereupon you tell him what you think, and then he says, "Well, that's what I think"; but he has your stock of information on the subject for future use. And, in passing, it may be said there are very few stocks of information that are good stocks to which Your Uncle Murray has not access and which he does not acquire.

That is all as it may be. What I started out to say was that the Senator, refusing to take the chairmanship of the Post-office Committee, saved himself for his important duties of fixer-in-chief. And they are important too. Let me illustrate:

The Senate is in session. It has been decided by the leaders of the majority that when the Senate adjourns on Thursday it shall adjourn until Monday; but a single objection can stop it. Senator Heyburn, we will say, doesn't want the Senate to adjourn from Thursday until Monday. He has some thoughts he wants to express, or a bill that needs consideration, or he expects to discuss the Civil War—or something!—and he is quite keen to keep the Senate in session on Friday. To that end, having had wind of the scheme, he has secured a lot of books and is poring over them, thinking to make a speech that afternoon that shall continue over until the next day. Let us put it as it was in the last session, with Hale there—for Hale and Crane worked well together. Hale is talking into his whiskers about something, reproving the Senate probably for anything he thinks it should be reproved for—he had many subjects on his list.

Thus the scene is set: Hale talking into his whiskers, Heyburn arranging his books and Your Uncle Murray hovering around in the background. Twenty or thirty Senators are on the floor.

Noiselessly Your Uncle Murray moves over to where Senator Hale is droning along. He sidles up close to Hale and whispers:

"Whish-sh-sh-sh-s-s-sh."

"Buz-uz-buzz-z-z," answers Hale into his beard, nodding sagely at Crane, and continues his speech.

Crane moves away and goes to the desk of the Senator from Utah, Mr. Sutherland. "Whish-sh-sh-s-s-h," he says, leaning down over the Utah Senator. The Utah Senator nods and strokes his black beard.

Then Crane glides to the end of the center aisle and poises himself there like a sparrow, cocking his head to one side and looking at the Democrats. Half a minute later he gumshoes down to the seat of Senator Overman, of North Carolina. Overman is lolling in his chair, not interested much in what Hale is saying—nor is anybody else. All have their occupations, especially Senator Heyburn, who is busy with his books but determined to prevent the adjournment from Thursday until Monday.

Engineering an Adjournment

Crane sits down beside Overman and touches Overman lightly on the shoulder. The North Carolina Senator looks up, smiles pleasantly and leans across to hear what Crane has to communicate.

"Whish-ssh-sish-ss-ssh," comes from Crane, holding his hand to his mouth so that no one else can hear.

Overman nods, nods again, whispers something back, and Crane gets up and silently proceeds to one of the big leather sofas in the rear of the room, where he sits down to watch the game played out.

Hale looks up, sees Crane sitting on the sofa and nods inquiringly. Crane nods back affirmatively. Then Hale raises his voice, taps the air a few times with his eyeglasses and says, slowly but not too loudly:

"As I was saying, Mr. President, the Appropriations Committee finds itself in an awkward position today. Owing to the delay in the House, there are no appropriation bills to be acted upon. We have not been able to get these bills ready—or such of them as we have; and the result is that, so far as the Appropriations Committee is concerned, we should like to have an opportunity to complete our work as expeditiously as possible, in order that these bills may be brought forward early next week. I am of the opinion ——"

At this point Senator Sutherland, of Utah, rises and says: "Mr. President."

"Does the Senator from Maine yield to the Senator from Utah?" asks the Vice-President.

"With pleasure."

"I desire to ask, Mr. President," says the Senator from Utah, "if I understood the Senator from Maine correctly in saying there are no appropriation bills ready to come before the Senate at this time?"

"You understood me correctly. That is what I said."

Senator Heyburn never lifts his head. He is still poring over his books.

"That is what I thought, Mr. President," says the Senator from Utah. "I understood the Senator from Maine to say there are no appropriation bills ready for action. I merely inquired to find if my understanding was correct."

"It is," assents Senator Hale. Then, tapping the air again with his eyeglasses, he looks at Senator Overman who is sitting bolt upright and continues: "As I was saying, Mr. President ——"

Heyburn still is busy with his books. At this point Senator Overman rises, bows to Senator Hale and says: "Mr. President."

"Excuse me; but I'd like to ask:—

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You can prepare it in two minutes. Yet the most skilful chef could produce nothing better.

Thousands of refined and "particular" people serve this wholesome soup regularly on their tables and declare that they could hardly keep house without it.

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Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Tomato, Vegetable, Vermicelli Tomato

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But try to hurry up!
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On that fine soup
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"Does the Senator from Maine yield to the Senator from North Carolina?" asks the Vice-President.

"With pleasure."

Speaking slowly, the Senator from North Carolina begins: "Mr. President, I have listened to the announcement of the Senator from Maine, who is chairman of the Appropriations Committee, that there are no appropriation bills ready to be acted upon. In that case, Mr. President, it seems to me that it would be well for the Senate to adjourn for a few days, in order that this work may be brought to a satisfactory condition. As for the other Senators, Mr. President, there are many affairs which engross their attention, and these few days could well be devoted to the consideration of personal and senatorial matters, sir, that I am sure are pressing. There are committee meetings to be held, and I am quite sure the Senate could profitably recess, especially as conditions as regard appropriation bills are as the Senator from Maine says they are."

Meantime Senator Heyburn, interested in his books, has no idea of what is going on; and all the time Overman has been speaking Senator Hale has been standing listening to the remarks of the Senator from North Carolina with rapt attention. Murray Crane is in the rear of the chamber, apparently not at all interested.

"Very well, Mr. President," says Senator Hale. "As suggested by the Senator from North Carolina, I move that when the Senate adjourns today it shall adjourn to meet on Monday next."

The Vice-President pulls his most monotonous, calmest, evenest voice. Senator Heyburn is still engrossed in his books.

"The Senator from Maine moves that when the Senate adjourns today it shall adjourn to meet on Monday next. Is there objection? The chair hears none. It is so ordered." He gets that off in an incredibly short time.

Then Senator Crane moves out to the cloakroom, Senator Hale sits down, Senator Overman smiles brightly; and presently, when Senator Heyburn comes up out of his books, he wonders vaguely what happened, how it happened and where he was when they were adjourning the Senate from Thursday until Monday!

Hand and Brain

PSYCHOLOGISTS today hold the opinion that the human brain is taught through the use of the hand. In other words, it is through the development of manual dexterity that the faculty of word-making upon which all else depends—is gained. The choice made in childhood between right hand and left hand determines which of the two cerebral hemispheres, the left or the right, shall be educated.

If the right hand be preferred, as is usually the case, the left brain—which controls that member—will acquire the wordmaking power and all the associated faculties that go to make up what we call intellect; but if the left hand be chosen the right brain will enjoy these advantages exclusively.

Dr. W. H. Thomson, in his book on Brain and Personality, says that if the speech-center in the left brain of a right-handed man be destroyed or seriously injured he will never thereafter be able to utter a word, notwithstanding the fact that he has another speech-center, still intact and structurally perfect, in his right brain. It exists, but he cannot make it talk.

Either brain is equally good for speech if trained for that purpose. It is the child's choice of the hand that decides which cerebral hemisphere in after life shall know speech and which shall be wordless forever.

In discussing the connection between speech and the hand, it is interesting to observe that in the brain the "motor areas" governing the hands are close by the area that controls the tongue and the muscles of articulation. Here, apparently in a small patch of gray matter no larger than a hazelnut, is stored every word that can be spoken. Let it be badly injured and speechlessness results.

In many instances persons have been struck with word-blindness—that is to say, though still able to see, to speak and to understand what was said to them, they could not find any meaning in the words on a printed page. Equally interesting are cases of word-deafness, where people cannot understand what is said, though they are able to read and write as well as ever.

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A WOMAN PIONEER

(Continued from Page 17)

consume to propel itself and the limited uses to which it can be put. The problem which is the more satisfactory is still to be worked out.

The question of the size of the farm that it pays to work is a vital one. Some men believe that dry farming can be carried on successfully only in large areas; that unless a farmer has at least a thousand acres he cannot make use of his pasture or justify himself in having corrals and fences, he cannot afford to pump water from springs perhaps five miles away for his stock, he cannot have a garden and an orchard and trees for shade, he cannot afford power machinery.

Perhaps I am too closely wedded to irrigated land; but I have concluded that, though dry farming is practicable and can afford an adequate living, to be happy something more than a mere living is necessary—and it seems that only on the partly irrigated farms are there the conditions that will produce attractive home life. Nevertheless, it is curious what the habit of adaptation will do for people. Dry farmers who have been in the work for some time seem to forget its disadvantages.

Certainly any wholesale attempt to colonize arid land by people accustomed to farming in humid regions is almost certain to be a failure. Dry farming is still in a state of experimentation; and the men interested in the commercial exploitation of dry farmland should be careful not to err in making statements based on limited experience in restricted localities, under circumstances where only a few of the many factors involved can be measured.

The man who goes forth to farm on the desert must be a man of ingenuity and broad foresight, for he has to overcome many serious obstacles and he is confronted with constant problems that require judgment and skill. There are so many chances to blunder, especially in the beginning. A man may choose his land without regard to railroad facilities—and it is costly to haul wheat. He may forget the great rule of assuming that his first year will be a failure, and may not have enough money laid by to carry him over to the second season. Yet, with all the disadvantages, a great future awaits the dry-farming land.

Party-Politics and Polygamy

Although I wanted to be interested in dry farming and nothing else, I could not stay in Utah without having two other stirring questions intruded on me—politics and Mormonism; and the two are closely related. Life is sufficiently animated in Utah; only one has not there a sense of peace and unity. Perhaps some day the bitterness that so many people deplore may disappear. Perhaps the women, who are readier than men to forget parties if not religion, may be one factor in bringing about the change.

There was a careful avoidance of the subject of politics between our neighbors, Mr. Ritchie, of the American party, and Mr. Worden, a Mormon Republican. Mrs. Findley and I talked freely. The American party, which corresponds to the old Liberal party of territorial days, is frankly anti-Mormon. It carries on its campaign with what seems to the outsider a good deal of bitterness. To a New Englander—and, indeed, to any resident of a large city—the newspapers of Salt Lake City seem often to lose sight of principles in dealing with biting personalities. The newspaper of the American party makes a good many painful references to polygamy, as if it were far from dead. It asserts that the Mormon Church autocratically rules in politics and in civil affairs, without the least regard to party principles, party organizations and party names; that it is just as ready to use the Democratic party as the Republican party whenever its interest so inclines, though the Republican party seems to be the favorite.

Some Gentiles, not of the American party, agree with this assertion; others say that there are many progressive Mormons, both Democratic and Republican, who carry on their civil affairs quite independent of the church. Mrs. Findley, who made stump speeches for the Democratic party in 1904, in addressing a number of Mormon women told them that if the Republicans got in there would be another Smoot investigation, and that all of them might be

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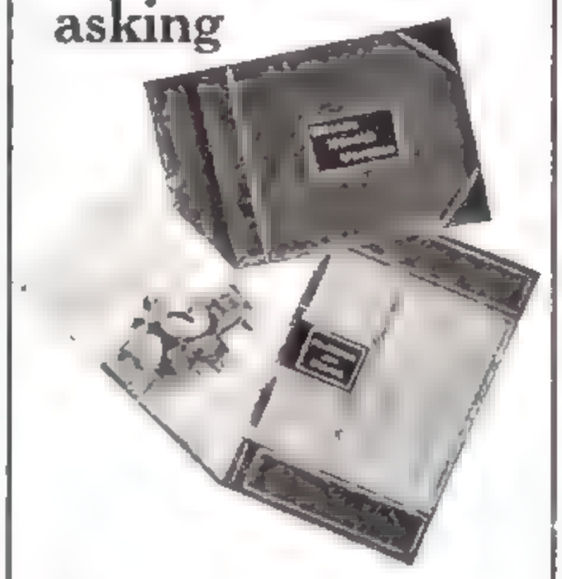

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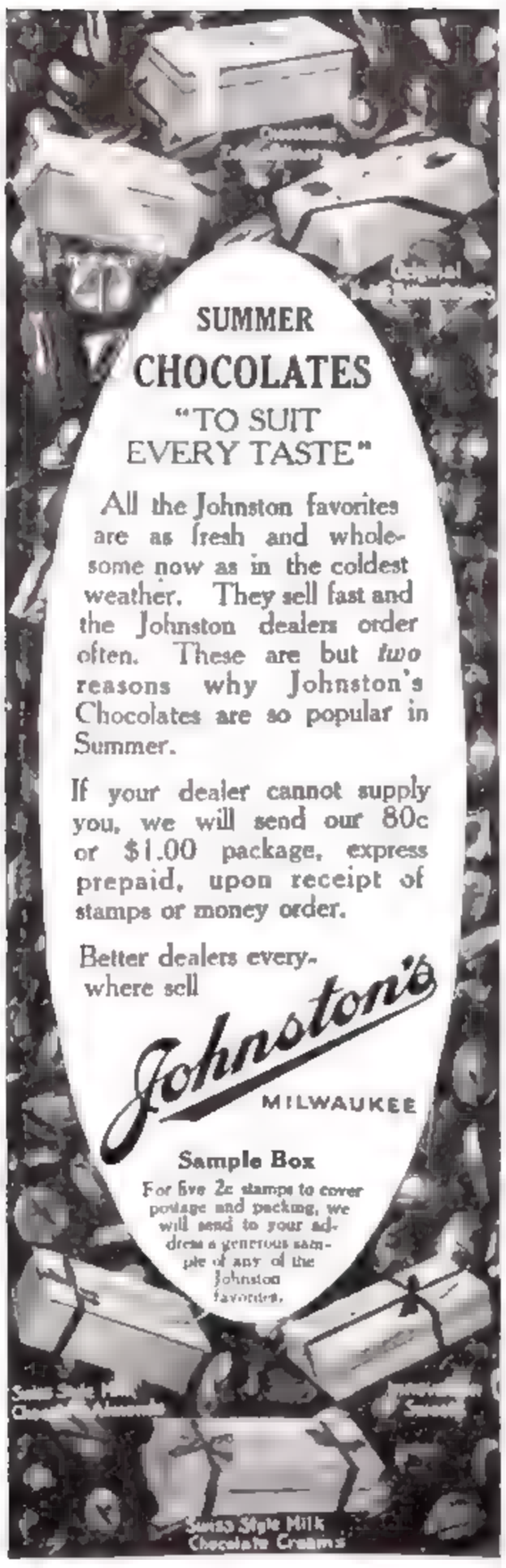
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haled into court again. One woman got up and said she could not go through such agony a second time. The women then lifted their hands and swore that they would vote the Democratic ticket; but in the end they voted the Republican ticket. In general, in Utah, women do not split the ticket so freely as they do in other equal suffrage states.

There are some lukewarm people who ask mildly if it matters very much whether it is spiritual or temporal power that has the voter in its grip. That attitude, however, wins no sympathy among Gentiles. For this and for other reasons some Gentiles are in danger of forgetting that the Mormons settled Utah and did all the hard work of pioneering; that they outnumber the Gentiles, so far as votes in the whole state are concerned, and that in some ways they are a very progressive people. The Gentiles say that Mormons make progress only because it is forced on them by the Gentiles. If that is true, then the lack of harmony has had one good result. Certainly the Mormons are always on the alert—perhaps because they have always had to fight for their church. They have been eager of late years for knowledge; they attend Gentile lectures and secure the very best talent for their own lectures.

As in the other equal suffrage states, all the parties take their women seriously enough. The women do not run very much for legislative offices, though such nominations have been offered them—and by men at that. They have the intelligence and perhaps the influence, but they lack inclination. So long as men give them what they want they do not fight for public office. There have been a good many women recorders and assessors. The county clerk in Salt Lake City is a woman, a Gentile and a Republican; and though many men have wanted her office because of the good salary and fees attached to it, yet she ran away ahead of her ticket, being elected largely by the votes of the Mormon women.

Among the Mormons

If politics intrudes so does religion. It gave me something of a shock when I found Mr. and Mrs. Worden quite ready to talk about Mormonism to me, for newcomers are usually warned that Mormons are touchy on the subject and that all references to it must be avoided. Mr. Worden was a tall, broad man, with a very pale, spiritual face, contradicted by a pair of fiery eyes. His wife was little, impulsive, nervous and affectionate. On subjects in which Mr. Worden was not interested she had opinions of her own—and strong ones too; otherwise she thought just as he did. Knowing her as I now do, I think she held his opinions out of sheer loving gratitude, because she was the only wife he had ever taken.

Mr. and Mrs. Worden were as liberal people as one would want to meet. Several times he spoke to me about Mormonism. He said once that he did not see how any woman could consent to share her husband, and that he personally knew Mormon men who had entered into plural marriages with the greatest reluctance. Mrs. Findley told me afterward that Mr. Worden himself had lost much influence in the church—had not been promoted, so to speak—because he had refused to take a second wife.

I had read a book or two on the history of the Mormon religion and I knew the story of their peregrinations and achievements. I understood in a general way their tenets and could have passed an examination on apostles, bishops, seventies, elders, stakes, and so on. Also, I knew that they assert that, from a relative standpoint, the question of polygamy has been given too much emphasis if you compare it with their other beliefs. It may be that, from the point of credulity, it is no more remarkable for them to believe that marriage and propagation will go on in eternity than it is to believe that plural marriages are the will of God for time; but, unfortunately, when you live out a religion you cannot look at it entirely from the relative or the celestial standpoint—you have to look at it from the human standpoint.

I knew, of course, of the belief among some Gentiles in and out of Utah that there is a resurgence of polygamy. A certain Salt Lake City paper makes assertions about present polygamous practices—and is not sued for libel. It has been said in print and orally that some of the important leaders of the Mormon church have taken plural

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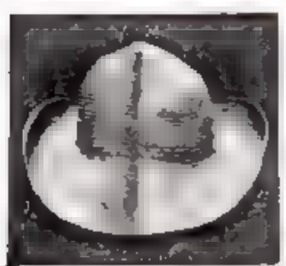

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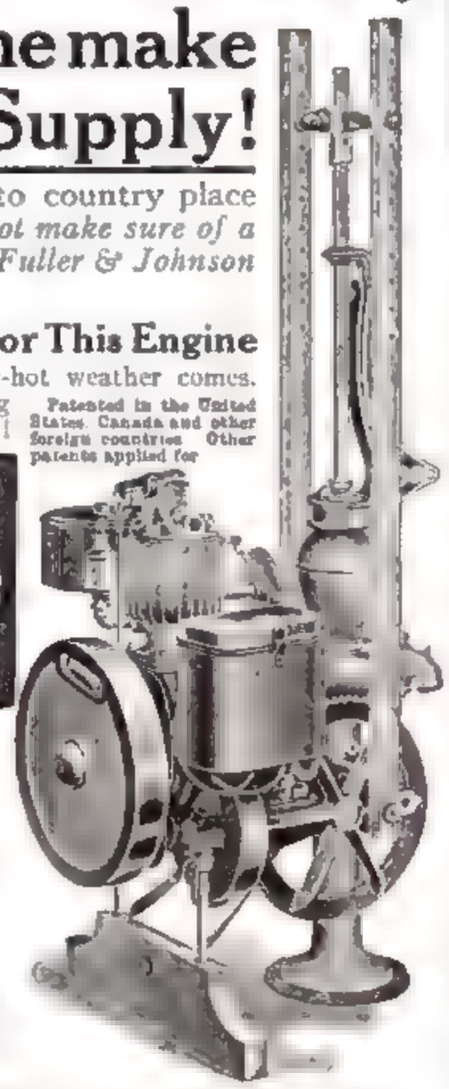

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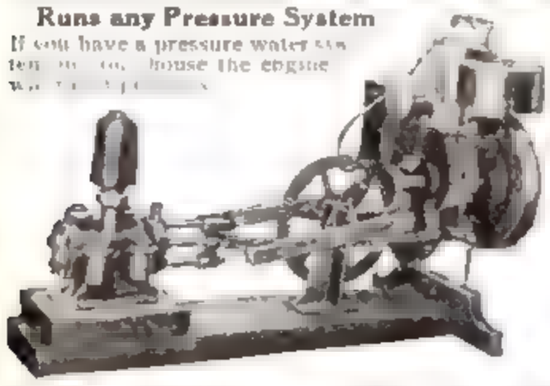

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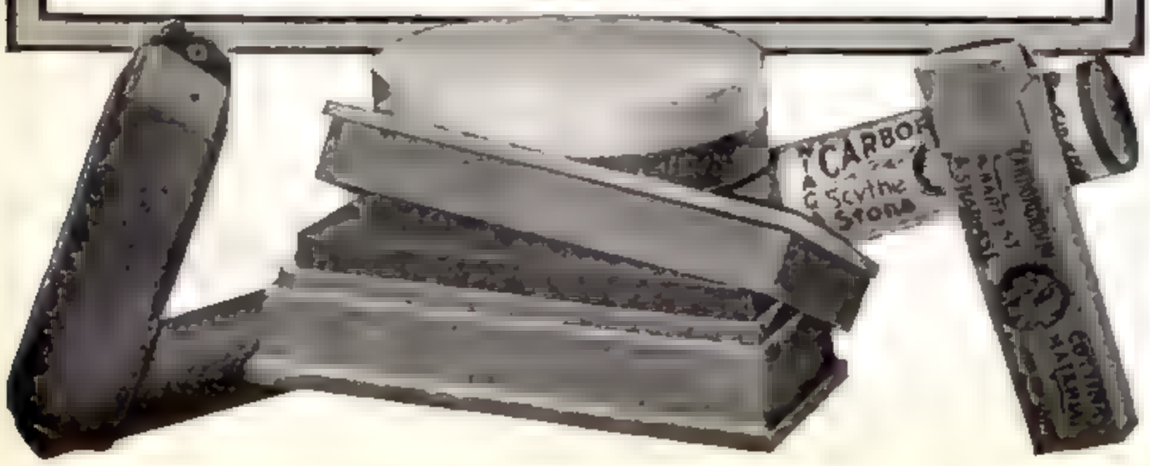

wives since the law forbade it; and, also, that men who belong to the new polygamous order of saints have been advanced in the church. There are two or three little towns that are pointed out as the homes of plural wives. Of course, even when polygamy was permitted, only a relatively small percentage of the Mormons entered into that state. Yet the number does not matter; what counts is the effect on people when such an institution can be kept alive. It has been kept alive for seventy years. If conditions are as they are said to be it may survive for fifty years more. Publicly the church repudiates polygamy. But since the church teaches that people may have personal communication with Heaven, certain Mormons say they have had personal testimony that God means polygamy to go on. One of their great men, Francis M. Lyman, has reproved them publicly for this, asserting that such manifestations come from the devil; that when God wants to speak to His people He will do it through President Smith.

I wanted to find out what the Mormon women really believed about polygamy and how they felt about it. There was not one to whom I spoke of it who did not say that polygamy had been ordained of God and that, therefore, the women and the men accepted it. Some of the younger women, children of polygamous marriages, upheld it even more strenuously than their elders; not only had they been taught it from babyhood but if they had not believed it they would have cast a slur on their own birthright. I did not find any one—girl or woman—who could make a satisfactory answer to the argument that when, as under the old régime, the polygamous families lived in different houses, which the father visited when he chose, the lack of steady parental authority for the children must have been a bad influence.

I met a good many women who, Mrs. Findley told me, had been plural wives, and I looked into their faces with curiosity and pity to see how they had met their experiences. Some of the faces were oxlike; those people were of the dullest peasant type, almost like animals—and like animals had doubtless accepted their lot. Some had the look of fanatics; you could see that they had welcomed suffering and pain—that they wanted to be martyrs in this world in order that they might be given the highest places in the next. These had, to the nth power, woman's natural capacity for self-sacrifice.

What Mormon Women Suffer

Others were those who had been the first wives and then had seen their husbands take other wives—these women had faces that bore the lines of ineradicable pain, signs of a spirit that had conquered self, perhaps, but not without inexpressible suffering. They looked like saints—sweet, otherworldly; their faces even the casual passer-by would be the better for seeing.

Mrs. Worden and I drove about a good deal, looking at dry farms; and sometimes she discussed Mormonism, but, I always thought, with a mask on. Upon our last drive, wearied with her guardedness that got me nowhere, I said to her bluntly:

"Perhaps you'll call me too skeptical, Mrs. Worden, but I cannot help distrusting a tenet of religion that coincides so perfectly with an inclination that many good Gentile men struggle against and that goes counter to every fundamental instinct of women. I grant you that some Gentile men are monogamous only because they think it is lawful and kind to be so. When I look at it from a Mormon man's standpoint it seems that taking a new and young wife is too easy and joyful a means of praising God. I cannot understand how such a husband could be happy when he knew he was making his other wife or wives suffer—even religiously happy, to say nothing of being happy humanly."

"That is a wonderful group of poplars we are passing," said Mrs. Worden. "My mother and I used often to stop and look at them." Then she added, with a sigh: "My father had several wives; my mother was the first, and she and he became Mormons before the tenet of polygamy was promulgated."

She drove on more rapidly and said. "Ah, yes; many and many a time my mother has been hurt. The suffering from jealousy has been terrible—terrible! But it was the will of God that these women should subdue it. It was all splendid for the character. Women and children had to be good to belong to the same family in

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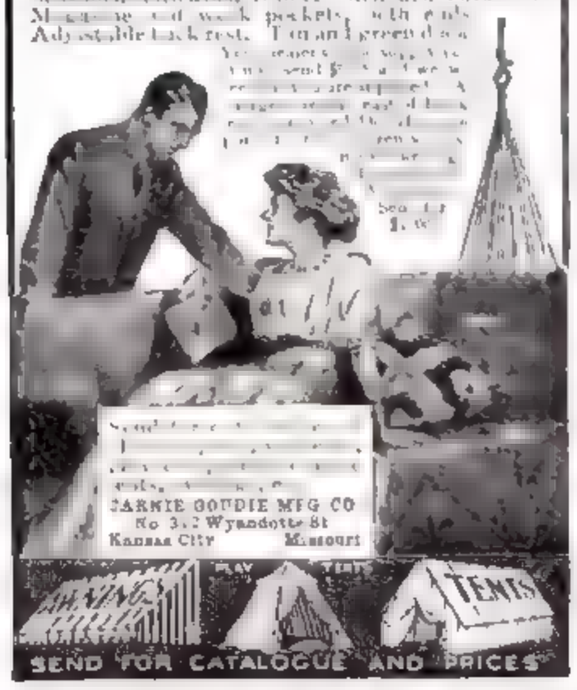
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that way—and perhaps live under the same roof. I suppose you have heard that some women went insane. Others only endured the situation by staying in the same house, indeed, but refusing to live with their husbands. They lacked the highest goodness."

"It was not always easy for the men," she went on. "It was a heavy responsibility to bring up several families; and then each woman had a hold on a man. He couldn't cast her off if he got tired of her. I'm not saying that the men always did right. Some of them had favorite wives and showed it plainly."

"But isn't that one way a girl was brought to consent to plural marriage?" I asked. "Wasn't she, selfishly enough, counting on her youth and freshness to give her advantage over the other wife or wives—thus developing a disagreeable trait of human nature? Didn't a man promise her she should be his favorite? or, at least, as he made love to her, must she not have supposed that was what he meant?"

"A girl should know better than to depend on a man who would say that," Mrs. Worden remarked crisply.

It struck me that she spoke entirely too much from the standpoint of an old and intellectual woman who was not a plural wife.

"These girls were brought up with the belief," said Mrs. Worden—"and that would make a difference. They had seen their mothers living in that way too."

"Ah, but they couldn't know," I said. "A woman marrying as a man's first wife, endowed with all the confidence in the future that lovemaking induces, would feel that she could surely hold him; that for her sake he would be willing not to be of the elect. The second wife would not fear the rivalry of the first; afterward both would suffer."

The Future of Utah

Mrs. Worden sighed. "My mother and sisters," she said, "will have a far higher place than I in Heaven; but then, they deserve it! My husband and I," she went on, "never discussed the matter of polygamy. I have always felt that I would rather live on bread and water than share him. I know that's wrong; but then, I'm not good. At least, I never tried to keep him away from women he was interested in; and I decided that if ever this test came to me I should take it as my mother and sisters did."

"Maybe I am a sentimentalist," I said; "but I cannot imagine having a trouble that you would not want to take straight to your husband and ask him to share it with you. And think!—if he were bringing the trouble upon you!"

"You'd go to your mother as my sisters did," said Mrs. Worden. "Women are given strength. On her deathbed my mother said to me that, considering their temperaments and temptations, men did the best they could."

"But I shouldn't have wanted to live the kind of life she did to find that out," I murmured.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Worden. "And I have always been thankful I was a child of the first marriage. But then, I'm not good. If I had been good I should have urged Mr. Worden to take a second wife."

This was our most significant talk on the subject, though not our last; and many of her incidental remarks made me feel that the sensibilities of the best of the Mormon polygamous men must have become blunted. After all, any man who can be happy under suffering that he causes, with whatever motive, can hardly have increased his stature much in the sight of the Lord from a Christian standpoint. From the standpoint of the owner of a farm, I wondered how much the economic dependence of women had to do with it; and, from the standpoint of an ex-school-teacher, how much of it was due to sheer ignorance and passivity and the old habit of being the weaker vessel. No one can doubt that Utah has a great future before her, not only in the opportunity she offers in dry farming, but also in her commercial opportunities. Yet, until the political bitterness is softened and until the Gentiles believe that polygamy is at an end, the state will lack real unity of spirit, aim or achievement and without unity no land can realize its best possibilities.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Maude Radford Warren. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

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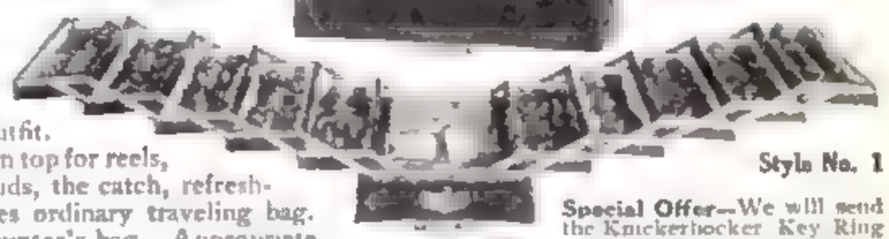

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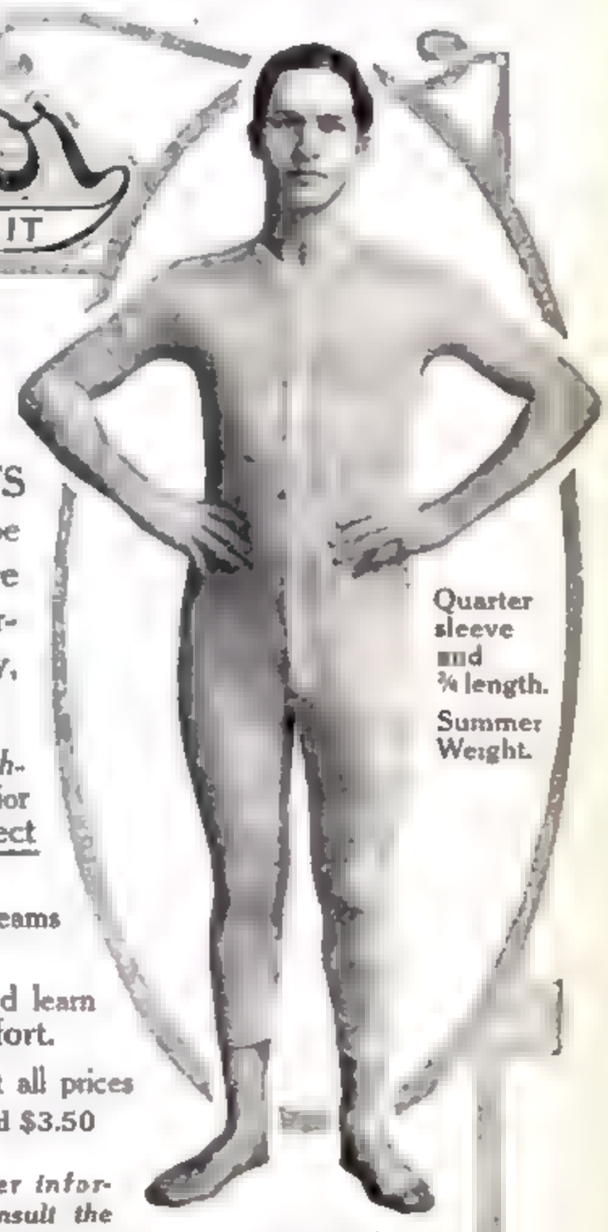

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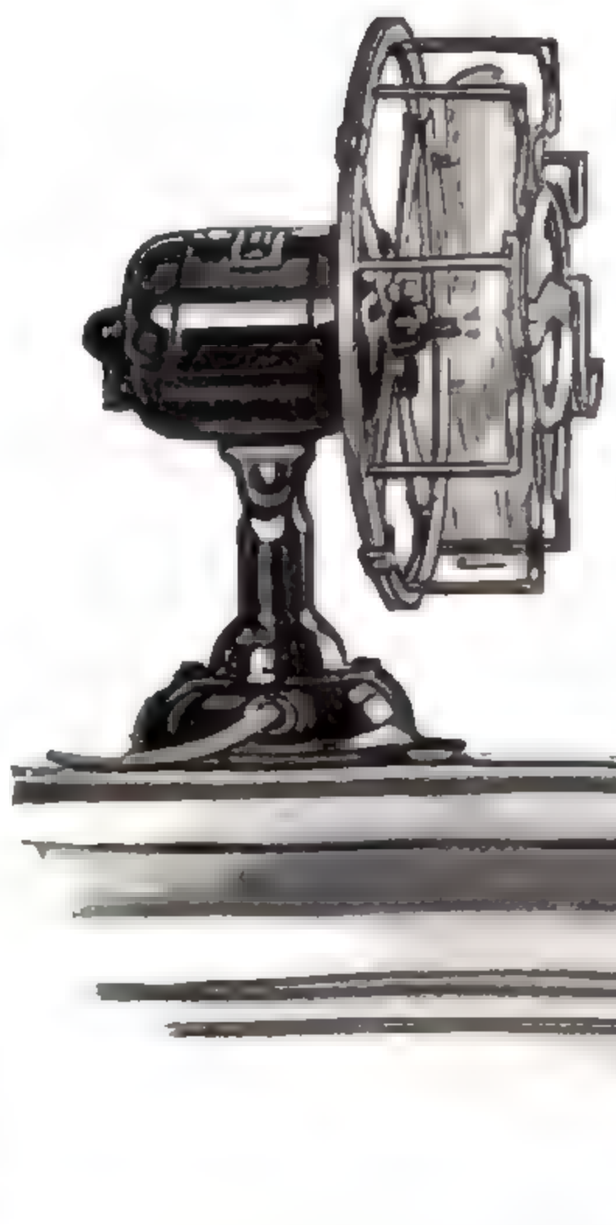

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THE GREAT BAILEY MYTH

Continued from Page 4

this inheritance. . . . At their side I stand and with them I am ready to be judged, declaring, as I always have done and as I always shall do with my latest breath, that the sum of all good government is comprehended in the maxim that all shall enjoy equal rights and none shall enjoy special privileges. When my course is run there may be many who will think I have not fought a good fight, but there shall be none who can justly say I have not kept the faith; and I would not exchange that consciousness for all the offices which demagogues have won by a servile flattery of the people." Whereupon he threw back the trained lock of hair, with a grand and sweeping gesture, for the last time that afternoon and sat down, his head sunk upon his palpitating breast.

A sterling example of his Texas style of oratory is culled from a report of his speech at a Democratic convention in Galveston not long ago. After Mr. Bailey had told how he is engaged in the high and holy work of reconsecrating the Democratic party to the faith of those same fathers he instanced in his Senate tariff speech, he said: "There is no Republican who does not politically hate me. There is no Socialist who does not personally and politically hate me. That, my countrymen, is the unconscious tribute they pay to my undefiled Democracy." He mentioned the fight previously made against him, told how he craved no quarter, and then said: "Out of my heart I pluck the bitterness of that strife and feed it to the winds that blow over yonder Gulf!" And, having done so with a superb gesture of feeding and plucking, he closed: "Before I resume my seat I want to lay my hand on my heart; and, looking my countrymen in the face, I lift this one toward my God, and I declare to you, as I have declared so often to my own people at home, that I have never given a vote or delivered a speech that was not inspired by a sincere desire to promote the glory of my state and the welfare of its people!" It was said Bailey was grand when he laid his hand on his heart and lifted the other one toward his God; and it was considered lucky he had both of them there to lift, for, in a passionate interlude in a speech made at about the same time he said: "I would hold that good right arm over a blazing furnace until it was burned to a crisp before I would ever vote to wage wars of conquest or to hold colonies in permanent dependence!"—strong talk in view of the fact that the issues that predicated the burning of the good right arm were as dead as the arm would have been had it been incinerated.

On the Side of the Dumb Fathers

These are fair average samples of the Bailey style of non-controversial oratory. In debate he is a bluffer and a blusterer, infirm of temper, petulant as a child, impatient of criticism, intolerant of suggestion, brooking no denial, "bulling" his way through by sheer audacity, and apparently amazed that any should have the temerity to deny or combat any statement he may make. Assuming humility at times, he is in fact the most intense of egoists. He has convinced himself that by no chance can he ever be wrong, no matter what preposterous statement he may make; and, by a long-cultivated species of mental self-deception, he has put himself in the position not only of being the only real Democrat but of quarreling constantly with all others. So great is his self-love and self-aggrandizement, he cannot conceive how any person but himself can hold just views on any economic or political question—except the highly revered and dead and dumb fathers. For that reason, because of this quirk in his mind, he invariably seeks the opposite side, knowing often that the side he seeks is the wrong side, but justifying his position to himself because of that egoism and attempting to justify it publicly by the sophistry in which he indulges. Likewise, this phase of his mind leads him to the continual assumption of leadership; and no one is more surprised than he to find the other Democrats do not come flocking to his standard, he being, to his mind, the person best qualified—or, rather, supremely qualified—to lead.

The basic fault with Bailey, which punctures the myth that he is more than an able man a great man is his inability, either through mental instability or lack of continuity of connection to typify himself with anything. A man, to be a great man in our history or in any other history, must stand for something. The only thing, issue or institution for which Bailey has stood unswervingly is the Constitution, to which he allied himself early and of which he has pretended to be the great expounder. Passing by the fact that beside some of the really great expounders of the Constitution Bailey is a mere schoolboy, it must not be overlooked that unswerving devotion to the Constitution entails no political exigencies. One can expound the Constitution, be its friend and guardian, and suffer no political consequences nor be called to political account. It is a good old elastic standby, capable of discussion at any time, and can be distorted by a facile talker to support any position.

On live issues, Bailey has straddled always. No doubt he has made great-sounding speeches on many topics, but usually his consequent speeches, or votes, or public expressions, have stultified them, if not nullified them. He has been twenty years in Congress and no important piece of constructive legislation bears his name or originated with him; nor does any distinct policy. Largely an opportunist, he has been at times feverishly active, only to drop his work before completion; or ominously quiet when he might have been active. He arrived at the dignity of the minority leadership in the Fifty-fifth Congress; but, because of the very tendencies described, soon had a most rebellious following—and soon no following at all. He fought the policies of Cleveland, and history tells whether Cleveland or Bailey was right. He was a free-silver protagonist, but he did not support Bryan cordially or sincerely—and it has been said he was early to help the Palmer-Buckner bolt.

A Bundle of Contradictions

Bailey raved and ranted over the Philippines and invoked the Constitution in many a resounding speech to show that their retention was a crime; but he soon forgot all about the Philippines. He spoke for hours on the currency question, generalizing monumentally on a subject on which he had no specific or accurate knowledge; and he soon, speaking just as vigorously and orotundly, took it all back. When his colleague, Culberson, was made minority leader of the Senate Bailey opposed him at every point. In 1887 he was ardent for statewide prohibition in Texas; but not long ago he took the other tack on that and came out against it for political reasons.

No public man in this country has been more insistent for party regularity. During most of his public career he has said that party obligations and party policies are the highest commands. In 1908, on January thirteenth, in Washington, he said: "I have always believed, and I now believe, the right of the people to instruct their representatives is essential to their security as freemen. That principle is infinitely more important than the fortunes of any man." And in his "Letter to the Democrats of Texas" he said: "Certainly every platform demand ought to be carried out to the letter; but it must happen and frequently does happen that a certain platform is adopted by a bare majority over the protest of the people of certain counties; and the representatives from those counties in voting against such platform demands are voting really the sentiments of their people. I do not justify that course, because I believe that when the party, as a whole, has decided upon a policy it is the duty of every part of the party to acquiesce in and support that policy." And on January 9, 1909, Mr. Bailey, in a letter to the Rev. A. W. Jones, said: "Of course our party's promise is the first and highest consideration."

Whereupon, not six months later in the Senate, when the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill was up, Senator Bailey grabbed the Democratic platform made at Denver in 1908, tore it to pieces, denounced and ridiculed it and its makers, declared he was not bound by any platform and would not be, and voted against the specific recommendations in that platform as to placing various products on the free list. He reversed his

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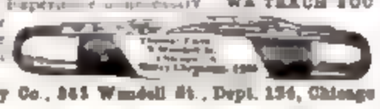

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whole public record on these votes and on others; and in order to support his position he evolved a raw-material dogma, an adroit scheme to confuse and explain away, to hide and obfuscate in the minds of the people the various votes he made on the tariff, some of which, from his side, needed explanation very badly.

That raw-material doctrine that Bailey cooked up and thundered so much about was a most remarkable bit of work. The fact was, he had to have some excuse for his tariff trimming; and he thundered about the raw-material doctrine that he evolved and used for an excuse. When he was in the House, as the Congressional Record shows, he voted to put coal, iron ore, sugar, barbed wire, wool and other things on the free list. Also, he voted for an amendment to put all trust-controlled articles on the free list. He said he voted thus because "the raw-material doctrine was the indorsed policy of my party." But, in the Congress that made the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, in spite of the commands of the Denver platform he voted against the specific instructions of that platform as to free woodpulp and free printing paper and free lumber, and voted against free iron ore and various other raw materials that the Democrats sought to place on the free list. Then, to darken his course still more, he not only charged the Democratic party with duplicity in all its tariff dealings since he had been in public life—a strange course for a man so bound by party pledges and so impressed by the necessity of party loyalty—but he mercilessly ridiculed the Denver platform and called it absurd because it demanded free logs, when logs already were free.

Bailey's defense of his tariff course in 1909, when the Payne-Aldrich bill was made, is typical of the man. Come down to it, and Bailey is as much a protectionist as anything else; and he worked in close harmony with Aldrich during that session of Congress—that is, in close harmony so far as many Aldrich essentials are concerned. He was caught so quickly that he had to find some way out; and he thought he found it by enunciating his raw-material excuse and thundering that he never would do this and that, but what he wanted was to put trust magnates in jail. Any reader of Bailey's tariff speeches will discover him to be most superficial in tariff knowledge—a generalizer, a bluffer and apparently a helper for Aldrich. And notwithstanding his raw-material doctrine, which forbade him to vote raw materials on the free list, when it came to the question of the free oil that Texas produces he forgot his raw-material doctrine and voted for free oil. That was a local economic and a local specific political proposition, you see, and not one to be generalized about. It was definite—and the Senator from Texas got from under.

Mr. Bailey's Tariff Tenets

He was boss of the Galveston convention that met after the passage of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law and before the campaign for Congress of last year, wherein the Democratic issue was the tariff, and Aldrichism and Cannonism, offshoots of tariffism, in both instances. He supervised the platform, making if he did not write it; and there is not a line in that platform about the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill, although there is a neat indorsement of the Constitution. What it says about the tariff is this: "We reaffirm the tariff declarations of the Democratic state and national platforms of 1896, and we expressly condemn the proposition to remove all duties from manufacturers' raw materials so long as such duties remain on manufacturers' finished products." There the adroit Mr. Bailey is seen at his best. He goes back to the fathers of 1896 and puts in his raw-material doctrine to bolster himself up before the people on his own recent tariff position. His platform committee rejected a proposition to substitute an indorsement of the tariff plank of the Denver convention of 1908 for one indorsing the plank of 1896. The vote was twenty-six to four, which shows how much Mr. Bailey dominated.

Of course these few paragraphs concerning Bailey's tariff tergiversations merely touch the high places—and not all of those. They are cited to show his instability of mind, his instability of conviction, his utter speciousness in public affairs. Of course, again, Mr. Bailey has a defense for his tariff actions, which has been delivered by him

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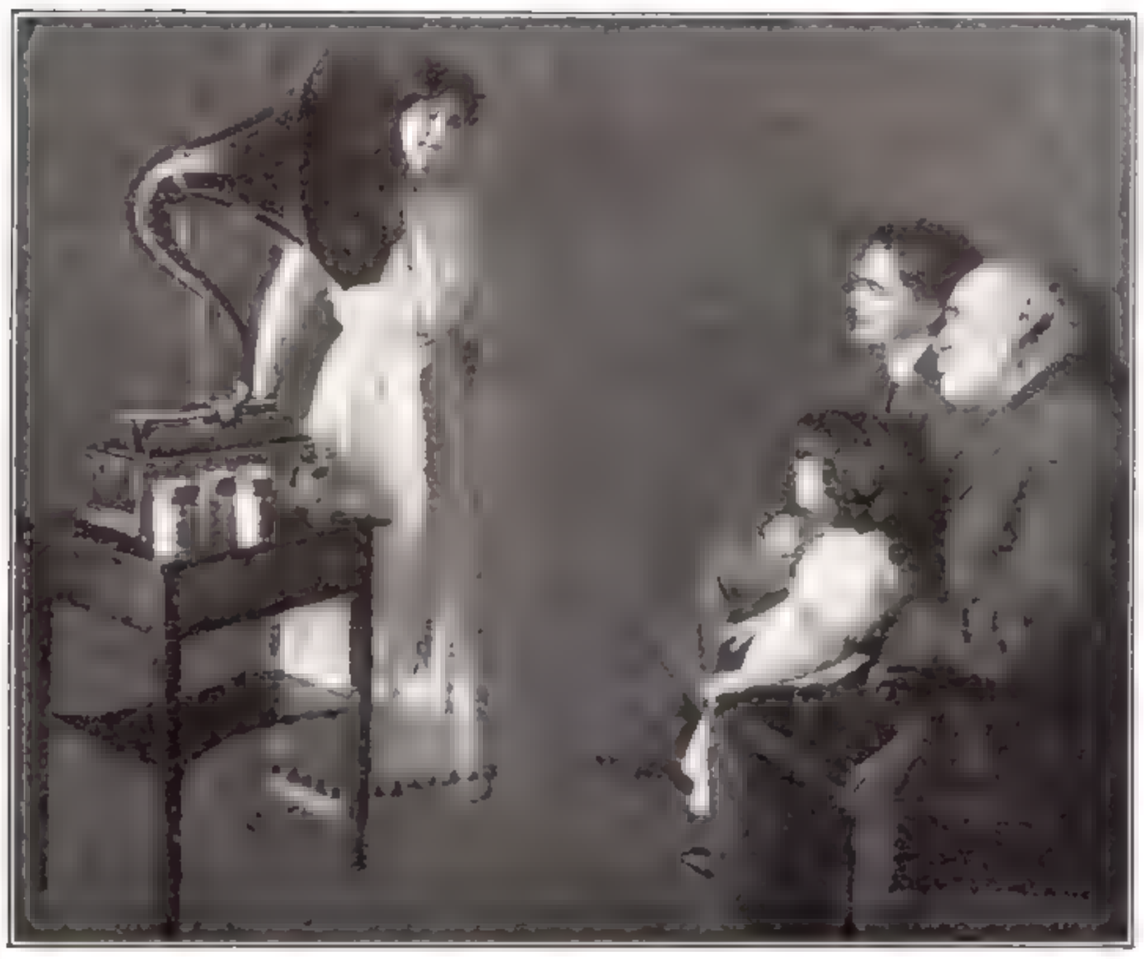

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several times in Texas and is thrilling enough for a novelette, dramatic enough for a play, melodious enough to be set to music and sophistical enough to have been devised by an ancient Greek quibbler. Bailey is a marvel of ingenuity at this sort of thing. He never yet did a wrong thing that he did not support his action with a perfectly lovely argument in justification.

Bailey is totally lacking in restraint. His temper is apparently beyond his control. If he cannot have his own way he becomes so angry he sees red. Himself a bully in debate, he takes it as a mortal insult if any person speaks to him in other than the mildest terms. He conceives any dispute of one of his statements to be almost the passing of the lie. He is arrogant, overbearing, swashbuckling; and combined with it all is childish peevishness. His latest exhibition was when, at the close of the session of the Sixty-first Congress in March last, he pouted a while because other Democrats would not take his view that they were utter traitors to the principles of the fathers and to the Democracy as defined by Bailey, because they were in favor of admitting Arizona with a constitution that provided for the initiative, the referendum and the recall, and then he wrote his resignation as Senator and sent it to the Governor of Texas. They didn't agree with Bailey; and he resigned, both as a protest against the amazing—to him—obtuseness and stubbornness of these Democratic Senators in not immediately falling in with his view of the situation, and because he considered himself the keeper of the only correct Democratic policy and the exclusive promulgator thereof.

The Lost Leader

He was right, he had no doubt, and everybody else was bound to be wrong, unless in perfect accord with him. Thus, to bring a calamity upon the nation, to show these recalcitrant Democratic Senators how they would destroy their party, to lay condign punishment on their heads and to deprive the Senate of its great pillar of Democratic strength, Bailey resigned and listened for the crack of doom. Doom didn't crack. Instead, a few kind friends went to him and told him he was making a star-spangled donkey of himself, and he withdrew the resignation—a thoroughly Baileyesque performance. He straddled even on that.

The justest judgment of Bailey is that he is able but inefficient. He is a great orator so far as the mechanics of that trade are concerned; but he is a generalizer, a sophist, a quibbler, a weaver of words. He types nothing. He is identified with no policy. He boasts continuously of the Democracy of the fathers and prates always of the Constitution. He is uncertain in his mind, inconsistent in his political actions, unpleasant in his temper, of no profound knowledge on any subject, a marvelous special pleader—especially when he himself is the subject of the plea. He cannot lead and he is unfitted to follow. Every time he speaks he reveres the name of Thomas Jefferson; but, if Jefferson were serving in the Senate with Bailey now, Bailey would be at odds with him in two days and accuse him of party disloyalty if he did not consent to accept implicitly the Bailey view.

At the same time, there is small doubt that had Bailey had the concentration, the industry, the ability to go into things that is possessed by many less showy men, had he taken up seriously the work of legislating in detail, and learned it and mastered it, he would be much more of a real orator than he is, and much more valuable as a Senator. Indeed, he might have been a great man.

Bailey came to Washington a raw Southern boy, with a great talent. He has developed that talent—public speaking—until there is no man who matches him, so far as the method goes. He has developed from the raw Southern boy, who boasted he was from and of the plain people, into the worldly-wise man, who, so far from refusing to wear evening clothes—as the story goes—now can be seen frequently in the New York hotels in most modish attire. He has grown rich, they say, and he has grown in many ways; but, eloquent as he is, able as he is, he never will be anything but a special pleader. He never will command a stable following because of his own utter instability, his sophomoric view of national problems and his exaggerated view of Bailey himself.

How the Buyers were "Buffaloed"

A true story vitally affecting everybody that wears clothes.

Last July the cloak and suit buyer of a large western department store went to New York to order his Fall and Winter stock.

This man's ability to forecast styles in cut and fabric was almost uncanny. It seemed intuition with him to anticipate just what would prove a "hit" with the people of his city.

He was a fair judge of woolens, which is a comparatively simple proposition, but when it came to satin linings he was just like everybody else who has not grown up in a silk mill—he was an easy mark.

For many seasons this buyer had been specifying Belding's Pure Dye "Yardwide" Satin linings because he knew that Belding Bros. & Co. were about as reliable as the U. S. Treasury and could not afford to give other than the best value because their fifty years' reputation was at stake and their name woven in the selvage of every yard of their linings.

But last July this buyer made his first call on Messrs. **Potash & Perlmutter,** who laid out their sample line and said: "We have a cinch for you this year, Mr. Buyer! Always before you have specified Belding's 'Yardwide' linings. This year we have a yarn dye lining which would ordinarily make these garments cost more, but the mill had to unload an over stock so we bought the 'satin' cheap and can make you the same prices as usual."

Not having grown up in a silk mill, Mr. Buyer didn't know that these linings were loaded with 50% tin to give them a false body and lustre.

They looked good and felt good, so he didn't know that they would soon crack and split. He didn't take into consideration that because the mill was afraid to weave its name in the selvage these linings were about as reliable as an anonymous letter. So he fell for them.

His next call was at **Sammet Bros.** and they gave him the same "treatment," for the mill had unloaded those "phony" anonymous linings right down the line.

The buyer wasn't to blame because he didn't know.

Potash & Perlmutter and **Sammet Bros.** weren't to blame because they didn't know.

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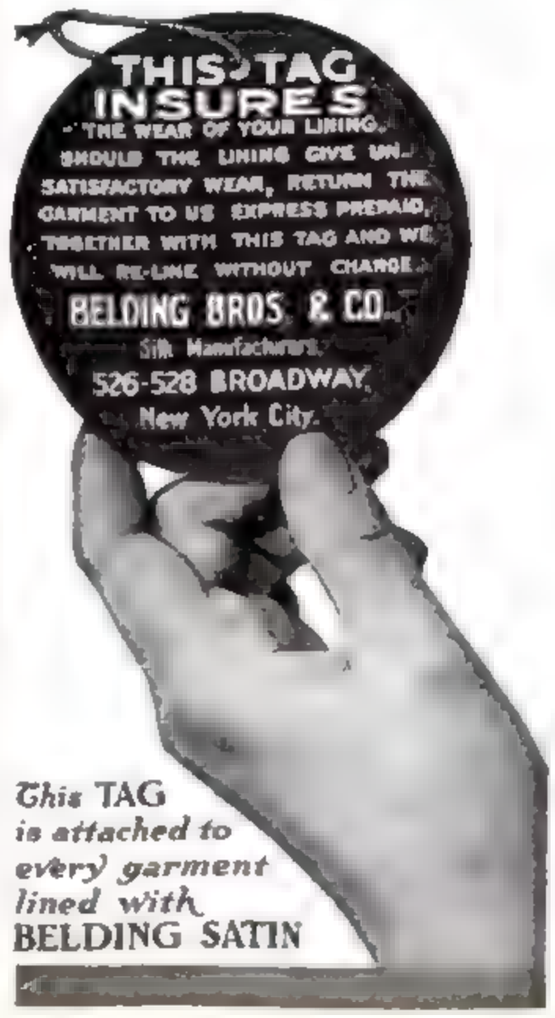
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A New Profession for the Young Man—By Roger W. Babson

AS PART of a paper that I read a few weeks ago at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, I told the following story:

The president of one of the largest of our country's great industrial organizations was trying to decide which was the best college for his son, who was about to graduate from either a high school or preparatory school the following year. The father said he desired to fit his boy as soon as possible to become vice-president of the great corporation and eventually to take his position as president and have entire charge of its investments, its one hundred million dollars of property and its fifteen thousand employees.

Knowing that the head of such a corporation should have some knowledge of machinery and general mechanics, I immediately suggested a certain scientific school of national reputation. This captain of industry, however, at once replied: "No; that would not interest me. I have carefully considered the mechanical courses in the school you mention and have concluded that this institution would give my son too narrow an education. I do not wish him to become a mechanic or to be so interested in the details of the business as to lose sight of the great, broad questions; especially as I can always obtain experts who have far greater knowledge in their own lines than my son could ever acquire. Moreover, I wish him to have a thorough training in general economics, banking, transportation problems, and especially a well-grounded knowledge of fundamental business conditions, in order always to be able correctly to diagnose present conditions and to be forewarned as to what the future is to bring forth."

Thereupon I strongly recommended that he send his son to a certain great university that gives a most thorough course in economics. To this suggestion the father strenuously objected for the following two reasons: First, because the university in question did not have a sufficiently practical engineering department; and second—to quote his own words—"Because I do not want my son to become a socialist, as he might under Professor ————, of that university, who is teaching nothing but rank socialism."

The Big Man's Dilemma

Concluding that he was as fully posted as myself regarding colleges, I did not attempt to argue the case, but suggested that his son take a general four-year course at some other university and then two additional years of engineering work at the scientific school. As an alternative, I suggested that his son spend four years at the scientific school and then two years at a business school. Even to this, however, our well-known man strenuously objected, saying that his son, who is not much of a student, wished to enter business at once without any further education; and moreover, that he—the father—would feel thankful, considering his son's means and associates, if four years did not ruin him—not to mention six years! In short, although he agreed that six years, divided as I had suggested, would be an ideal combination, yet he believed six years to be too long a period in this instance.

In conclusion, he stated that the total course must be limited to four years and must be a broad, mixed course, which will graduate his boy "neither as a mere mechanic nor as a socialist." To quote this well-known man again: "I wish my son to graduate from such a course as might be called economic engineering."

The above illustrates well the position that the practical man of today takes relative to higher education and suggests a new opening for the young man who will fit himself along these lines. Of course most of us were trained to believe that it is unwise to mix courses and that four years are none too long for a general education, and too short for a thorough technical education. I ask, however, is not our reason for feeling this way largely due to the same causes that made our fathers feel a college education to be impossible without a thorough course in Greek and Latin? In other words, are not times changing and should not young men adapt themselves to these changed conditions instead of obstinately clinging to law, medicine and the present overcrowded professions?

Once our institutions had no courses in chemical engineering, and when a young man desired a thorough training in chemistry it was necessary for him to take the regular course in that study. This course, however, was extremely theoretical—even more so than at present—and when a man was graduated from it he found it very difficult to obtain much of a salary. About the only positions open to such a man were opportunities to teach chemistry in some high school or college at a very small salary at first and with prospects of never receiving more than two thousand or three thousand dollars a year. Some one, however, suggested the very radical proposition of having a course in chemical engineering, in order that when men were graduated they could obtain positions in glue factories, soap factories, or paint or dye works. I am told that when this was first suggested the men in some of our colleges held up their hands in horror at the thought of entering such a "degrading business" as the manufacture of soap! The very thought of being connected with such undignified commercial work was simply appalling to them.

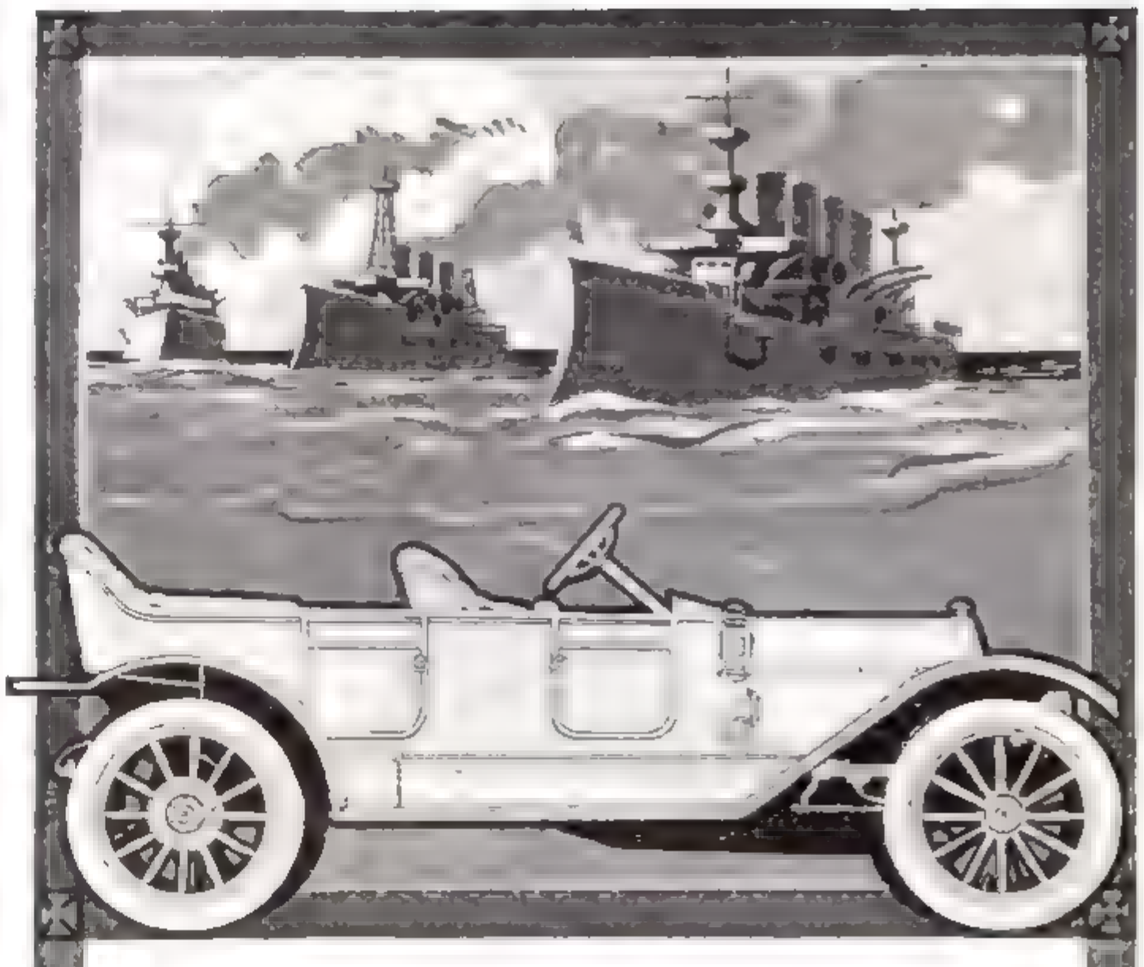
A College of Practical Courses

A professor of one institution is reported to have said that, if such a course ever existed, he should consider his life "almost a failure." However, the course was started; and, instead of the good professor's life being a failure, it developed latent powers in him that he never before realized. He has since made some practical applications of chemistry which, in addition to being of great benefit to the entire world, have materially increased his income. Whether or not he now believes in this course of chemical engineering I do not know; but I do know that his good wife and daughters are very glad it was inaugurated, as the family income has increased with the practical development of his profession. In short, although the old courses in theoretical chemistry have grown very little, those in chemical engineering have steadily expanded; and today this course is one of the strongest at many of our scientific institutions. Moreover, men who are graduated from these courses are readily obtaining lucrative positions; and I understand that one member of my class is now receiving a salary of twelve thousand dollars a year.

Salary is not everything, however; and I am even more pleased to learn that these men are probably doing more than the graduates of any other course to make life more comfortable, to reduce the cost of living and conserve for practical uses such products as formerly were thrown away. Now I believe that those who fit themselves for economic engineering will produce almost identically the same results.

The exact course that I have in mind is outlined in detail at the close of this article; but a brief synopsis is as follows: The first year could be identical with all other courses taken in college; but in the second year the student could take up more general work, including the study of bookkeeping and business mathematics. In the second year, also, the study of practical economics could be commenced, together with a good practical course in physics. In the third year the student should specialize according to which of the three options he has chosen and begin the practical engineering work most applicable to the special option chosen. The fourth-year work should be divided still more distinctly as to options—namely, a banking option, a manufacturing option and a transportation option. These three options present a feature that many institutions can easily provide.

For instance, beginning with the second year in college, a young man should decide whether he desires to enter manufacturing, railroading or banking and general business. If one decides to enter manufacturing he should take studies as outlined under option two and, before graduating, take some well-advanced studies in mechanical



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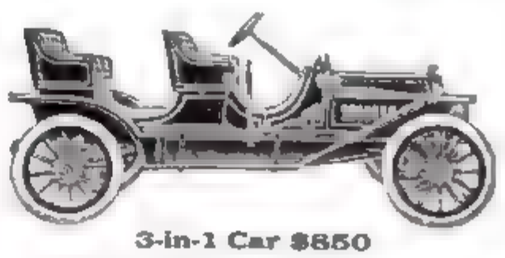

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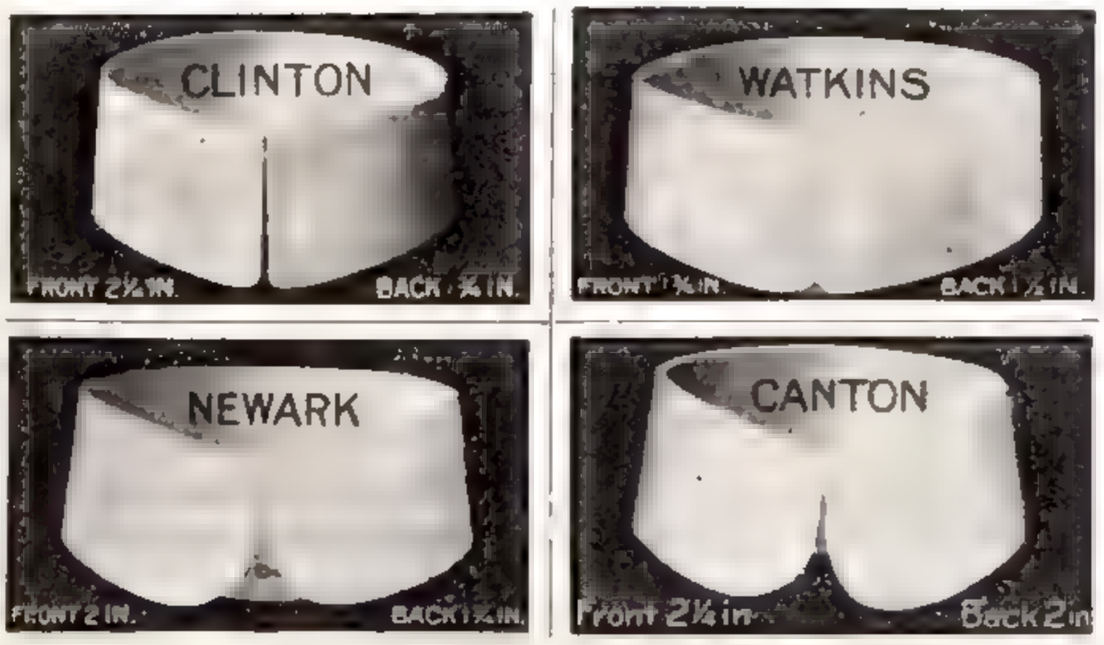

engineering. If he decides to enter the transportation business he should select studies given under option three and also some strong courses in railroad engineering and electrical engineering. If, on the other hand, he intends to go into banking or general business, or is a man of large means and simply desires a thorough knowledge of investments in order to take care of his own money, he should take the studies given under option one. Such studies treat of the financial side of railroad and industrial enterprises as well as the more advanced features connected with general banking.

As to what college to attend to procure this training, there are many throughout our land well fitted to perform the service. There are many institutions that can give a good course in economics, and there are some that can provide a good course in industrial, railroad and general engineering; but there are also many that can provide a strong combined course, as such a man would desire. All the young man needs is to find an institution that unites a strong, broad business training with the highest class of technical and practical engineering. However, as the student in such a course will want as much of the practical work as the time will permit, rather than the theoretical and mathematical work, laboratories, testing rooms and workshops are absolutely necessary. The great testing laboratory, wherein massive steel I-beams are bent like wood, is the feature of the course that makes it attractive to practical men.

Money in Administration

At the same convention where I told the above-mentioned story a prominent public accountant of Boston told the story of a president of a great New England mill who said he preferred "Harvard graduates to Technology graduates, because the Technology graduates know too much; while the Harvard graduates know that they know nothing." This accountant went on to explain how this detailed technical training, such as the ordinary young man receives in the ordinary school, tends to narrow him and to prevent him from obtaining important administrative positions; and that, although the university men have much less technical education and usually are beneath the men from the technical schools at the start, they rapidly advance and ultimately gain important administrative positions, while the men from the technical institutions remain simply employees. Of course the best training for a young man who desires these administrative positions is a combination of the training given at the university and at the technical school—or a course as outlined in this article. As most of our large institutions have so many elective studies, such a course can readily be acquired by any hard-working, intelligent boy.

As to the demand for such young men with this training, there can be no question; in fact, as I talk with the presidents of our large industrial corporations, I find that they are sorely in need of such men. The country seems to be flooded with lawyers, doctors and all kinds of engineers, and I sometimes think there are more men trained for such positions than there are positions to fill; in fact, I am sure of it so far as lawyers and doctors are concerned. There is, however, a great demand for young men trained for administrative positions, and the salaries are large as well as the demand. This does not apply only to our large industrial corporations, for our large manufacturers and merchants are sorely in need of young men trained in the subjects herein mentioned; and I know of many manufacturers who are now paying their sales managers from five thousand to fifteen thousand dollars a year and would gladly pay them more rather than lose them. I, personally, am connected with one corporation where the man who has full charge of the manufacturing receives a salary of only twenty-five hundred dollars a year—a man who has a splendid education and is an expert in his line. On the other hand, the sales manager, who has charge of the administrative part of the business, receives a salary of twelve thousand dollars a year. And this is not all. If the twenty-five-hundred-dollar man left we could quickly fill his position and perhaps obtain a better man; but it would be very difficult to fill the position of the twelve-thousand-dollar man.

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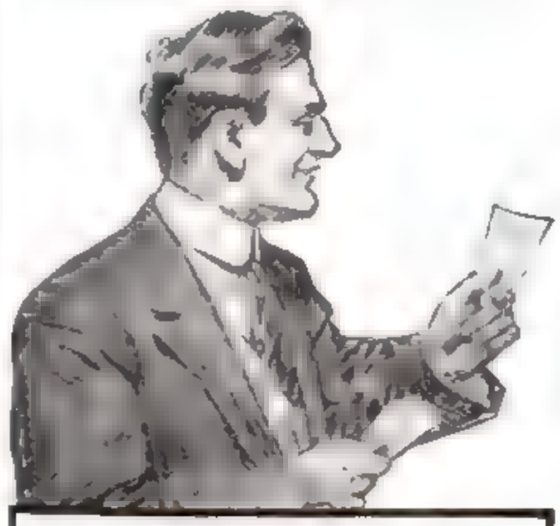

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opportunities are to increase as years go on. A well-known Boston banker said only a few days ago that, unless some young men are trained soon along the lines herein mentioned and become true economic engineers, no Supreme Court decisions would be necessary to dissolve our trusts—they would disintegrate of themselves, owing to the lack of young men to "man the ships."

Irrespective, however, of the general demand for such men today, there is a far greater reason why more young men should take studies in economic engineering. I refer to our nation's need for such men. The need of a technical education and its value to the community have been so well expressed by others that it is unnecessary for me to dwell on these points. I believe that the arguments presented as to the actual wealth created by a technical education and by a classical education have been clearly demonstrated. As to the question whether mechanical and classical training or economic training produces more for a community, I shall not discuss it. Courses for mechanical training are here to stay and we must do everything possible to advance their growth and efficiency; but I do feel that future efforts along educational lines should be directed to turn into practical use the teachings and conclusions of our foremost economists.

Our nation has grown industrially with great rapidity. We have the largest manufactories, the greatest railroad systems and the most powerful industrial organizations in the world. We unfortunately also have the greatest panics and the most reckless booms, which are very largely due to the lack of practical economic training in our colleges. Every feature of mechanical, chemical and electrical engineering has been taught to its minutest details; but to the great fundamental factors of trade, upon which the ultimate progress of all our industrial, electrical and transportation enterprises rests, we give only the briefest consideration.

For this reason, probably more than any other, although America leads in many industrial, transportation and allied interests, we have one of the poorest monetary and credit systems on the face of the globe. Young men are graduated from our universities capable of solving problems in descriptive geometry, least squares and differential calculus; but are utterly unable intelligently to discuss the fundamental principles of credit, trade and conservation.

Conservation of Labor

Our country has magnificent natural resources—great tracts of iron, copper and other ores, millions of square miles of most fertile fields, great forests of splendid timber, not to mention our water-powers, coal deposits and hundreds of other blessings. On the other hand, our people are wasting these resources, misdirecting their efforts and playing at politics, simply because our college graduates are not thoroughly grounded in applied economics. Our nation is just like a big, healthy boy, endowed with wealth and surrounded with luxury, blessed with a robust constitution—but utterly untrained.

We waste our wealth, we misdirect our efforts, we become recklessly crazy during a period of prosperity and shamefully distressed during a period of depression, simply because the men at the head of our industries lack sufficient knowledge of applied economics and are utterly untrained in the study of fundamental business conditions. Therefore I appeal to every young man seriously to consider these suggestions before deciding whether to graduate as a mechanical engineer, and become a bachelor of arts, or to graduate as an economic engineer and become a member of the new profession.

All of us have been intensely interested in what Mr. Brandeis and other leaders have recently been preaching relative to intensified labor, and I am especially interested in Mr. Brandeis' success, having once studied under him when a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This work of Mr. Brandeis and of other good men is simply one feature of the work of the new profession. While Mr. J. J. Hill, Mr. Pinchot and others have been preaching the conservation of our natural resources, Mr. Brandeis and his colleagues have been preaching the conservation of labor and time. Now why not go a step further and study the conservation of wealth

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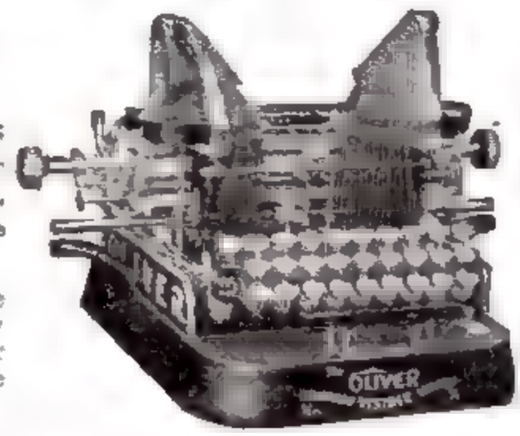

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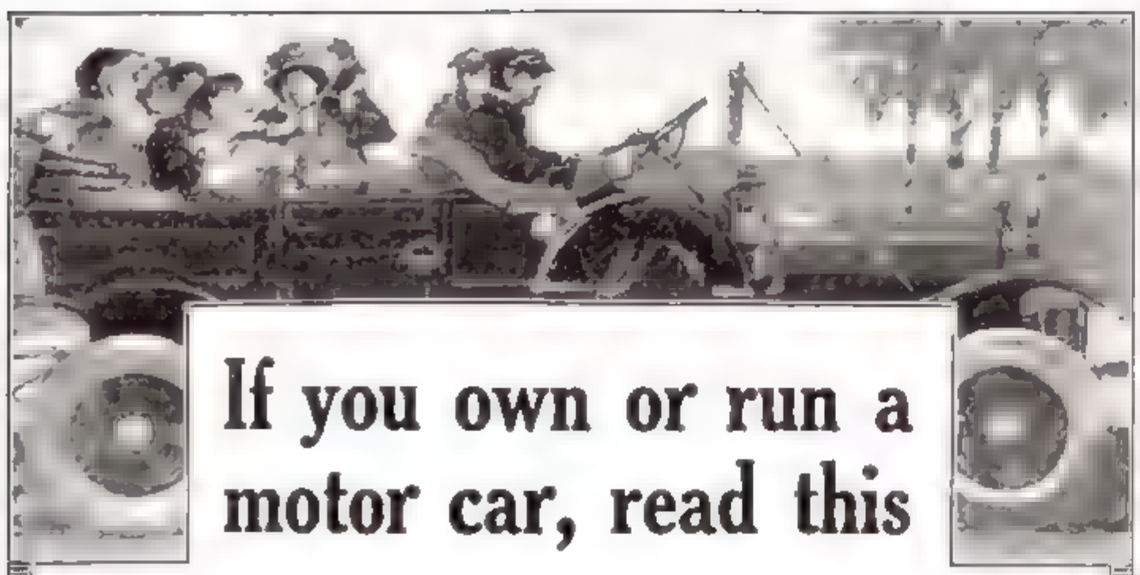

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and the great fundamental principles of applied economics, upon which the success of all so greatly depends?

Moreover, when I say this, I speak most seriously, because our nation's progress during the next twenty years must be due to something more than our natural resources. Up to the present time our country has grown in spite of itself, because of what its great mines, forests and fertile fields have produced. Moreover, our products have had little competition and our country has thus far been the only "land of the free and home of the brave," and the only land to which the enterprising and industrious European could go to win his way. Now times are changed. Argentina and the South American countries are becoming great competitors of ours; the Japanese, with the great Chinese empire, are bound to cause us much thought; while Russia, Siberia, Africa and other countries are beginning to present great opportunities. This is likely to result in the reduction of immigration, foreign trade and many other factors upon which the success of our country has been so dependent.

Therefore, more than ever before, this country will need, during the next decade, men thoroughly trained in the fundamental principles of economics; men who will not permit this country to be handicapped either by reckless periods of prosperity or by distressing periods of depression; men who will eliminate unhealthy booms and ruinous panics; men who, graduating as economic engineers in this new profession, will understand the scientific management, direction and development of our great industrial, transportation and banking enterprises.

Some Studies That a Young Man May Select After the First Year at College in Order to Prepare for Economic Engineering

SECOND YEAR

When Preparing for Banking and Brokerage	When Preparing for Manufacturing	When Preparing for Transportation
History Languages Physics Economics Bookkeeping Business Arithmetic	History Languages Physics Economics Bookkeeping Mechanics and Drawing	History Languages Physics Economics Bookkeeping Mechanics and Drawing

THIRD YEAR

First Term

Banking and Brokerage	Manufacturing	Transportation
Mines and Geology Financial History Investments Applied Economics, Panics, etc. National Banking System Foreign Moneys, Weights and Measures Bank Accounting	Mines and Geology Financial History Investments Applied Economics, Panics, etc. Industrial Chemistry Industrial Mechanics Manufacturing Accounting	Mines and Geology Financial History Investments Applied Economics, Panics, etc. Industrial Chemistry Industrial Mechanics Railroad Accounting

Second Term

Banking and Brokerage	Manufacturing	Transportation
Industrial Electricity Taxation and Customs Investments and Exchange Clearing Houses and Bank Statements Foreign Banking Systems Applied Economics Brokerage Accounting	Industrial Electricity Taxation and Customs Investments and Exchange Industrial Chemistry Steam Engineering Industrial Management Mechanical Drawing	Industrial Electricity Taxation and Customs Investments and Exchange Industrial Chemistry Steam Engineering Railway History and Practice Railway Survey

FOURTH YEAR

First Term

Banking and Brokerage	Manufacturing	Transportation
Commercial Law and Contracts Corporations and Management Trust Companies, Savings Banks, Insurance Companies, etc. Bond and Stock Business Applied Economics Journals	Commercial Law and Contracts Corporations and Management Electrical Engineering Steam Engineering Relations with Employees Patents and Trademarks Journals	Commercial Law and Contracts Corporations and Management Electrical Engineering Railroad Engineering Relations with Employees Patents and Trademarks Journals

Second Term

Banking and Brokerage	Manufacturing	Transportation
Commercial Law and Contracts Analyzing Railroad and Corporation Reports Note Brokerage and Insurance Psychology and Advertising Applied Economics Salesmanship Stock, Produce and Oil Exchanges	Commercial Law and Contracts Analyzing Railroad and Corporation Reports Note Brokerage and Insurance Psychology and Advertising Government Regulation Electrical Engineering Steam Engineering	Commercial Law and Contracts Analyzing Railroad and Corporation Reports Note Brokerage and Insurance Psychology and Advertising Government Regulation Railroad Engineering Railroad Operation

THE CARE OF THE DELICATE CHILD

(Continued from Page 15)

which surround them. One of the best known of these is the thyroid gland, which has already been found capable of transforming a certain form of dwarf idiot, known as a cretin and very common in certain mountainous districts of Europe and Asia, into a fairly intelligent, well-grown, self-supporting, useful and happy member of society. His condition is due to a disease of the thyroid gland which destroys its function, and may be overcome by feeding the unfortunate child with the dried extract of the thyroid gland of a sheep.

Another ductless gland, the suprarenal gland, is just beginning to be understood and found to have a marked effect upon the development of the heart and blood-vessels, and also incidentally of the lungs and liver; and, in properly selected cases, it acts as a powerful stimulus to development and a tonic to the proper action of these important organs.

Last, and least understood of all, is a tiny little gland at the base and center of the brain, directly above the top of the roof of the mouth, known as the pituitary body, whose overdevelopment is found to produce -if occurring in young life—giantism or abnormal stature—which is, nine times out of ten, a diseased condition and not a desirable state at all—or, in later life, a singular and grotesque overgrowth of the hands, the feet, the jaws and the arches of bone over the eyes, known as acromegaly, which makes the unfortunate victim look like a caricature of his former self.

Food, Sleep, Light and Air

The pituitary body is also correspondingly shrunk and atrophied in a large class of dwarfs. Though little is definitely settled in regard to it as yet, the pituitary is now beginning to be rated as a sort of growth-regulating center for the entire body, a view that was suggested by the writer nearly fifteen years ago. Several investigators of high repute have expressed the hope that we shall be able, by the administration of its extract, to control certain abnormalities of growth and development, in a most helpful and interesting way.

Far the most frequent trouble of the delicate child is inability to adjust himself automatically to average or ordinary surroundings. And by one of those unfortunate, vicious circles, which occasionally occur in our mental processes, we are too apt to think that, because the symptoms of this maladjustment are nervous, mental or temperamental, they must be combated by mental, moral or disciplinary measures. Our children literally ask bread and we give them a stone—argument, exhortation and "appeals to their better nature"—when what they really need is half an inch of butter on their bread and an hour's extra sleep in the morning. The less we treat the mental and emotional peculiarities of our children by mental and emotional means the better success we shall have in dealing with them.

It should never be forgotten that childhood is, above all things, a period of storage of surplus, of charging the body batteries not merely for the day or the month but for the threescore years and ten that are to follow. All the processes of intake are and ought to be at their fullest and highest tide. It is hardly possible to induce a healthy child to take too much sound, rich, nourishing food or too much sleep. It is easily possible to let him undereat, or to let him stay awake too long, or overwork, or overplay. A growing child should have all the food, all the rest and all the sunshine and fresh air he can possibly utilize—and then some more to grow on and store up for future use. The young robin in the nest eats its own weight of food in one summer day; whenever its beak is not wide agape it is asleep—and the human nestling is strikingly like unto it. Even to threescore years we do most of our growing while we are asleep; and are either eating or earning our meal tickets most of the time that we are awake.

Of all the parts of the child's body which are growing—not only for the present but for the future as well—which are piling up capital in advance for lifelong use, the nervous system and the brain are the most forehanded. The child's brain at birth is already over one-half its adult size and attains eight-tenths of its full bulk by seven years of age. The only important way in which you can contribute to the vigor of a child's brain and the stability of his nervous system up to seven years of age is by feeding him; and the most important and vital way of developing his mind for the next seven years is by giving him full opportunity to exercise his senses and his muscles in play outdoors.

What his ultimate mental stature will be is, like his bodily, Nature's affair—not ours. Here is where much of our trouble with the delicate child begins. We don't trust Nature. We have no patience with the slowness with which she is building up that large brain, that wondrously complex and sensitive nervous system or that vivid temperament. Because the child's mind or nervous system shows already signs of unusually quick response we think here is a mind worth cultivating and forcing, and proceed to increase the already abnormal vigor of his mental vibrations, without noticing that we are at the same time throwing his liver and digestion and muscles further out of gear.

We are perpetually pulling up the child's nervous system by the roots to see if it is growing properly. We do everything to stimulate just that part of the child's nature that ought to be wet-blanketed and slowed down. The nervous system is absolute king of the body, in the sense that it will get the best of everything that is going; and there is not the slightest danger of overbuilding the body or overpampering the appetite or overencouraging the indolence of the delicate child who has a top-heavy brain. Everything that he eats will turn to brain.

Our ideas of what we can do directly to promote brain growth and mental development are almost as absurd as the theory gravely advanced not half a century ago, that a moderate degree of hydrocephalus "water on the brain"—in early childhood was of advantage, because it expanded the bones of the skull and gave the brain room to grow—the only basis for the precious theory being that the heads in childhood of a certain number of exceptionally able and brilliant men were so large, on account of their precociously developed brains, as to appear almost hydrocephalic.

What Stomach Does for Brain

The first requisites, then, for the building up of the delicate child are an abundance of food and an abundance of sleep, and I hardly know which of the two requirements to place first. There is no question that a large share of the success of our modern treatment of tuberculosis is due to the absolute rest insisted upon in the open air. In fact, food, open air and rest is the great trinity of factors in the cure. The nearer you can come to inducing a child to spend half of his time in sleep up to ten years of age, the better that child will grow; and this is doubly true of the delicate child. What he needs above all things is time for adjustment. He is one of the illustrations of Rousseau's profound though erratic wisdom, when the philosopher declared that, in education and growth, "*Il est le temps qu'on perd qu'on gagne*"—"It is the time that we lose which we gain." Have no fear but that your child will "arrive" ninety-nine times out of a hundred; give him all the time he wants. We admit, with owl-like approval, that we cannot put old heads on young shoulders; and yet that is precisely what two-thirds of our mental and moral training of children attempts. The child's sleep, of course, should always be in the open air or in a breeze between open windows; and he should get at least five hours of sunlight every day, when this is available.

The same general principles should apply in regard to his feeding. Don't be afraid to follow even his whims and his cravings—in the beginning at least—until you get him well started in the habit of wanting to devour things. Indeed, nine times out of ten these whims and fancies of his will be sounder than what has been shrewdly termed "that ponderous folly of the middle-aged which we call mature judgment." The larger his brain and the smaller his stomach,

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DECIDE to install Vudor Porch Shades and you will never be bothered with the sun's hot rays or the inquisitive gaze of passers-by, and yet you'll have plenty of light and breeze as well as a fair outlook on the outer world yourself.

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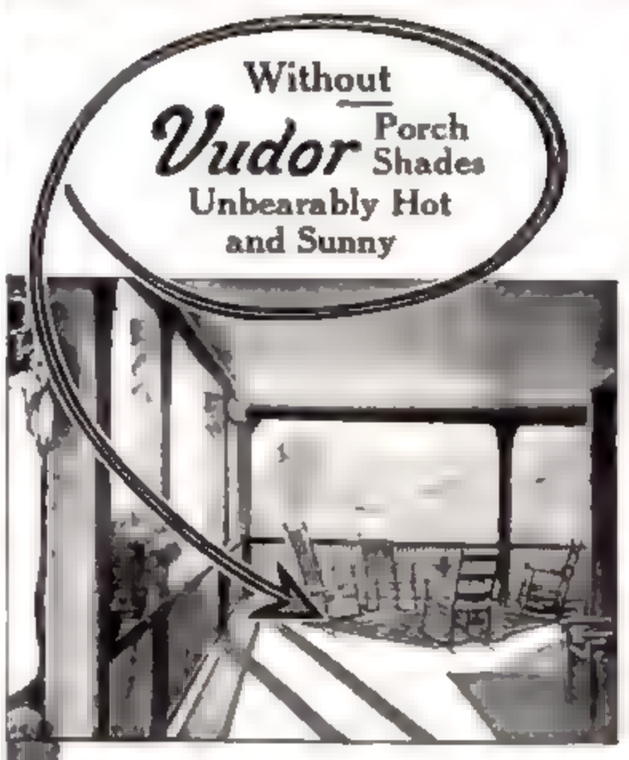

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so to speak, the more concentrated will be the food that he demands. Many delicate children have a positive craving for butter. They will literally plaster it on their bread and eat, if allowed, a quarter of a pound a day; but a tablespoonful a day of cod-liver oil or olive oil as a substitute! Let them have all the butter, all the cream and all the roasted almonds or pecans or English walnuts, in reason, that they want; let their bread be simply an excuse for butter and their mush for cream and sugar—and you will have started them on the first slope of the upgrade toward balance and vigor. Sugar is another real food and meat another; and, though both in excess may possibly have some undesirable after effects in adults, these have been greatly exaggerated, and the popular belief as to their unwholesomeness for children is almost pure superstition and little more. Our habit of feeding children upon plain foods and inexpensive dishes is based on Puritanism and stinginess, equal parts. There are no cheap foods for children.

All healthy, growing young animals ought to have an outward and visible surplus, as well as an internal one, in the shape of a coating of fat. This is the invariable rule in the animal kingdom—plumpness and roundness and comfortableness are the marks of growing young things—and it has comparatively few exceptions in our own species. Broadly speaking, the child that is not comfortably plump is not normal in the sense of getting all his possibilities of growth and development, and needs usually to have more meat, fat and sugar in his diet, and more sleep. If a child gorges himself into an attack of indigestion when turned loose on candy or cakes and cream, or in the jam closet, it is simply a sign that his diet has not been properly balanced and his abnormal craving is a mark of sugar starvation. Balance his diet properly with plenty of sugar and sweet things, and he may be trusted with an open candy box and the key of the jam closet.

If you once succeed in making your delicate child fat and plump, and know how to keep him so, you have solved three-fourths of your problem; and time can be trusted to do the rest.

Morals Absorbed by Contact

Above all things, avoid stimulating, or indeed paying any direct attention to that part of the delicate child that is already overdeveloped—his mind, his nervous system and his emotions. These are the very last children in the world who ought to be subjected to appeals to their better nature, to their reason and to their sense of the fear of consequences, or of pride or rivalry. Feed them all you can induce them to eat, turn them out to play in the dirt, put them to sleep in the open air—and let their minds and their consciences and their moral natures go hang. A mind of some sort and a morality of some sort are just as essential to survival as a body, and will grow just as naturally and wholesomely from contact with environment as they are able. Keep children healthy and happy, set them a good example, answer a tenth or more of their questions; and, like little Bopeep's sheep, you can safely leave them alone—and they'll come home with their mental and moral tails behind them.

With the exception of the fraction of a percentage, already alluded to, who are born mentally deficient or morally defective, ninety-nine per cent of all perversities or queernesses or little vices of children are things that they have either picked up from example or been driven into by fear.

Keep fear as absolutely as possible out of the environment of not only the delicate but also the healthy child. For the first seven years of his life in this age of peace and safety, there is absolutely nothing for him to be afraid of or which the fear reflex will enable him to avoid, save such crude and rare dangers as falls from a window, or being run over in the street, or setting himself on fire; and he should grow up as nearly as possible without knowing the name of fear. There are no bogies who will "git him ef he don't watch out." There are no witches or demons, or things that lurk under the bed or in dark corners there is not even an angry God, who has damned him in advance and whose accusing eye is relentlessly in every place; and it is little short of criminal to put such ideas as these into the minds of children, especially of those who are already of a nervous or emotional type.

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This is one of the greatest Panama Hat Values ever offered in the United States. These Panamas are made of **fine quality genuine Panama Straw**, [illegible] closely woven [illegible] finished. They are trimmed with neat sash bands [illegible] they do not wear off at the creases and quickly [illegible] shape. **Any retail store in this country would charge you from $12.00 to $15.00 each for Panamas of this high grade,** but we import [illegible] from South America. **We Save You Two Profits.**

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Finest in Quality. Largest in Variety.

They meet every requirement for cleaning and [illegible] Do not soil [illegible] or become sticky.

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The Corndodger last is made for the man who is much on his feet—does not fret corns or make corns. The best shoe and the most comfortable shoe that is made.

The Stetson line includes extremely snappy young men's styles as well.

Look for the *Red Diamond*—on the *shoe*—and on the *store*. Write for style book and name of nearest dealer.

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Stetson Shops: in New York at 7 Cortlandt St., in Springfield, Mass., at 170 Worthington St., in Cleveland, Ohio, at 6 Hollenden Arcade, in Pittsburgh, Pa., at Jenkins Arcade Bldg.

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An Ideal "Play Shoe"

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Eastwood Sandals allow the feet to expand naturally and are a grateful relief to children whose feet have been distorted by ill-fitting shoes. They relieve and prevent excessive perspiration.

The Eastwood Sandals are made by an entirely new method of shoe construction. Stitching is all outside, no wrinkled linings, waxed thread or tacks—just smooth, clean, oak-tanned leather next to the feet.

Made over the celebrated Eastwood Lasts

Shipped to any address in the U. S., all charges prepaid, upon receipt of price as follows: Children's sizes 4 to 8, $1.00 per pair; 9 to 11, $1.25; Larger sizes 12 to 2, $1.50. Misses' sizes 11 to 2, $2.00. Men's sizes 6 to 10, $2.50. Made for women and boys.

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It is not only wrong but shameful to tell an innocent child that some little mistake he may have made, or petty offense he has committed against the laws of the household, is wicked; for he is as innocent of moral ideas as a kitten and should be kept so as long as possible. Fear and the sense of wrongdoing, and that moral biliousness—conviction of sin—will come soon enough; but let him at least start free and fearless and happy. Develop his sense of humor and repress and discourage abnormal conscientiousness of every sort. A diet even of Sunday Supplements will be wholesomer for the sensitive child than one of Sunday-school books and Bible stories.

One point of considerable practical importance, which often has to be considered in the care of the delicate or difficult child, is as to whether he needs a change of treatment or of scene and surroundings. Broadly considered, no environment has as yet been invented half so wholesome for a child as a good home. Very often, too, the changes that are needed to make that home ideal are changes in the personal attitude of the parents or other members of the family, which would be as wholesome and improving for them as for him. Occasionally a selfish father or nervous mother is the worst possible companion for the child, particularly because they both, so to speak, stick out at the same points and grate upon one another in proportion. On the other hand, such contact, if it can be kept within reasonable limits of friction, is the best possible education and discipline for both of them; and the education children give their parents is at least as important and valuable as that which parents give their children.

Petulantly to give up the problem and cut the Gordian knot by sending the troublesome boy or nervous girl away to school is simply cowardly shirking and evasion of our sacred duty as parents.

A Compromise in the Summer Camp

On the other hand, there is also the possibility, as Oliver Wendell Holmes humorously expressed it, of "Smith smithing Smith into the insane asylum"; and an occasional change of air and a vacation from one another are excellent things for the members of even the most harmonious of families, from grandparents and grandchildren up to husbands and wives.

A helpful compromise between a series of perpetual jarring and of throwing up the hands and turning the youngster over completely to some professional child-farmer is the summer camp, or vacation home, for both boys and girls. Here the youngster can be given a chance actually to live and put into practice his day-dreams, with paddle and moccasin and eagle feathers, and become for the summer a healthy, happy, unworried and brainless young animal. He can also be brought wholesomely and naturally into contact with youngsters of his own age, closely enough to rub the corners off and take the nonsense out of him—and yet under sufficiently kindly and intelligent supervision to prevent the outgrowth of those brutal little habits and disgusting mummeries and false codes of morals that boys of a certain age, if torn out of their natural home surroundings and forced to herd together in dormitories and within bounds, are almost certain to develop. Then we say that these results of our absurd and artificial system are the natural tendencies of that dreadful young savage, a boy. His absence is just long enough to develop a good, healthy attack of homesickness and appreciation of his privileges and blessings in the family circle, and at the same time to give opportunity for the development of a similar mellowing process in the mental attitude of the members of his family at home toward him. When autumn comes he will be glad to get back and they will be glad to have him back; and both will be much more likely to do their best to get along with each other with the prospect of another pleasant vacation separation next year.

The Howard Watch

Everyone concedes that the Railroad man must have an accurate watch.

His business requires it.

But how about the man in any other calling?

Why should he be content with less than the best in a timepiece?

Is not a cheap or unreliable watch an evidence of slackness in character and habit—a confession as to the slight value he places on his own time?

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Respect for a fine watch mechanism increases with culture and civilization.

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More men every day are willing to put money in a fine watch even if it is carried in the pocket where it cannot always be seen.

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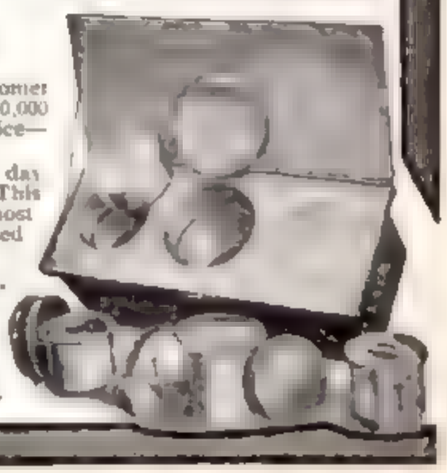

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Suppose, as a tire buyer, you were offered this choice:

On one hand a tire which has never been rim-cut, though run flat for miles in a hundred tests.

On the other hand a tire which, if punctured, may rim-cut in a moment—be wrecked beyond repair.

Which tire would you take?

Suppose, in addition—and on the same tires—you were offered this choice:

On one hand a tire 10 per cent oversize—meaning 10 per cent extra carrying capacity, 25 per cent more mileage.

On the other a tire of same rated size, but with one-tenth less capacity, one-fourth less probable mileage.

Suppose these tires were of equal quality, and sold at an equal price. Which tire would you buy?

That's the Reason

Your answer will tell you why No-Rim-Cut tires command this enormous sale. For that is the choice we offer.

You are offered it even in Goodyear tires. For we still make the old type, as made by others, as well as the new No-Rim-Cut type.

But the old type will rim-cut. The old type is not oversize. Naturally our sales are overwhelmingly in favor of No-Rim-Cut tires.

And you, like all others, will demand these tires when you know the facts. Our multiplying sales show that.

12 Years of Tests

This No-Rim-Cut tire is the culmination of our 12 years spent in tire making

Its No-Rim-Cut feature its oversize feature are merely incidental to the main worth of the tire.

We operate in our factory a tire-testing machine, on which four tires at a time are being constantly worn out under all sorts of road conditions. And meters record the mileage.

Here we test every formula, fabric and method devised by our experts or brought out by competitors. Year after year we have compared one with another until Goodyear tires have been brought close to perfection.

Thus we have compared over forty formulas for wear-resisting tread. Thus we have compared over two hundred fabrics. Every method of making—every feature, device and material—have been tested on this machine.

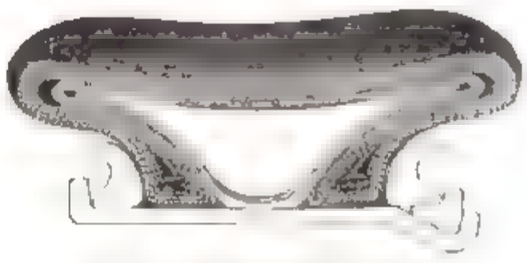
Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires, as we make them today, are the final result of all this experience. Regardless of our exclusive features, they are the best tires men can make.

About 600,000 No-Rim-Cut tires have been sold to date—enough to equip 150,000 cars. The result of their use is this:

The demand for these tires is more than twice that of last year—six times that of two years ago.

Our enormous plants, with three shifts of men, are run full capacity night and day. Our daily output is 2,200 automobile tires. Yet we have not for weeks been less than $2,000,000 behind on urgent orders.

Don't you think you should know these tires?



Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tire

The No-Rim-Cut tire fits the same rim as the clincher tire. Nothing at all need be altered.

The removable rim flanges are simply slipped to the opposite side when you change to No-Rim-Cuts. Then the flanges curve outward instead of inward. The tire when deflated comes against a rounded edge.

With the clincher tire, that hook-shaped flange curving inward digs into the deflated tire. That is what causes rim-cutting. See the pictures.

Hookless Tires

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base. They do not, like other tires, need to be hooked to the rim.

The reason lies in a patented feature. There are 126 braided wires vulcanized into the tire base.

These wires make the tire base unstretchable, so nothing can force the tire over the rim flange. No hooks and no tire bolts are needed. It cannot come off until you

Ordinary Clincher Tire

remove one flange. Then it comes off like any quick detachable tire except that it does not stick.

This feature is controlled by our patents. Others have tried twisted wires—others a single wire. For all makers know that this type is desirable.

But our flat braided wires, which need no welding—which never can break or loosen—form the only practical way yet invented for getting rid of the clincher tire.

Tires 10% Oversize

No-Rim-Cut tires, as shown by the picture, begin to flare from the base of the rim. On account of this fact we can fit the rim and still make the tires 10 per cent oversize. And we do it.

Ten per cent oversize means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent greater carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

This oversize takes care of the extras the top, glass front, gas tank, etc. It gives you ample carrying capacity where an ordinary tire would be overloaded at the risk of blowing out.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions will cut tire bills in two. Yet these patented tires now cost no more than standard clincher tires. Their saving is entirely clear.

Our Tire Book—based on 12 years of tire-making—contains many facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Seneca Street, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in 103 of the Principal Cities

We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires

Canadian Factory: Bowmanville, Ont.

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.

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A SON OF THE SUN

Concluded from Page 20

on the run when the puff was at its height. Jacobsen, superintending the operation, ordered them to throw the halyards down on deck and stand by, then went for'ard on the lee bow and joined Griffiths. Both men stared with wide-strained eyes at the black wall of darkness through which they were flying, their ears tense for the sound of surf on the invisible shore. It was by this sound that they were for the moment steering.

The wind fell lighter, the scud of clouds thinned and broke, and in the dim glimmer of starlight loomed the jungle-clad coast. Ahead, and well on the lee bow, appeared a jagged rockpoint. Both men strained to it.

"Amboy Point," Griffiths announced. "Plenty of water close up. Take the wheel, Jacobsen, till we set a course. Get a move on!"

Running aft, bare-footed and bare-legged, the rain water dripping from his scant clothing, the mate displaced the black at the wheel.

"How's she heading?" Griffiths called.

"South-a-half-west!"

"Let her come up south-by-west! Got it?"

"Right on it!"

Griffiths considered the changed relation of Amboy Point to the Willi-Waw's course.

"And a-half-west!" he cried.

"And a-half-west!" came the answer. "Right on it!"

"Steady! That'll do!"

"Steady she is!" Jacobsen turned the wheel over to the savage. "You steer good fella, savvy?" he warned. "No good fella, I knock your black head off."

Again he went for'ard and joined the other, and again the cloud scud thickened, the star glimmer vanished, and the wind rose and screamed in another squall.

"Watch that mainsail!" Griffiths yelled in the mate's ear, at the same time studying the ketch's behavior.

Over she pressed, the lee rail under, while he measured the weight of the wind and quested its easement. The tepid sea water, with here and there tiny globules of phosphorescence, washed about his ankles and knees. The wind screamed a higher note, and every shroud and stay sharply chorused an answer as the Willi-Waw pressed farther over and down.

"Down mainsail!" Griffiths yelled, springing to the peak-halyards, thrusting away the black who held on, and casting off the turn.

Jacobsen, at the throat-halyards, was performing the like office. The big sail rattled down, and the blacks, with shouts and yells, threw themselves on the battling canvas. The mate, finding one skulking in the darkness, flung his bunched knuckles into the creature's face and drove him to his work.

The squall held at its high pitch, and under her small canvas the Willi-Waw still foamed along. Again the two men stood for'ard and vainly watched in the horizontal drive of rain.

"We're all right," Griffiths said. "This rain won't last. We can hold this course till we pick up the lights. Anchor in thirteen fathoms. You'd better overhaul forty-five on a night like this. After that, get the gaskets on the mainsail. We won't need it."

Half an hour afterward his weary eyes were rewarded by a glimpse of two lights.

"There they are, Jacobsen. I'll take the wheel. Run down the fore-staysail and stand by to let go. Make them niggers jump."

Aft, the spokes of the wheel in his hands, Griffiths held the course till the two lights came in line, when he abruptly altered and headed directly in for them. He heard the tumble and roar of the surf, but decided it was farther away—as it should be, at Gabera.

He heard the frightened cry of the mate, and was grinding the wheel down with all his might, when the Willi-Waw struck. At the same instant her mainmast crashed over the bow. Five wild minutes followed. All hands held on while the hull upheaved and smashed down on the brittle coral, and the warm seas swept over them. Grinding and crunching, the Willi-Waw worked itself clear over the shoal patch and came solidly to rest in the comparatively smooth and shallow channel beyond.

Griffiths sat down on the edge of cabin, head bowed on chest, in silent wrath and bitterness. Once he lifted his face to glare at the two white lights, one above the other and perfectly in line.

"There they are," he said. "And this isn't Gabera. Then what is it?"

Though the surf still roared and across the shoal flung its spray and upper wash over them, the wind died down and the stars came out. From shoreward came the sound of oars.

"What have you had?—an earthquake?" Griffiths called out. "Is that you, Wilson?"

A whaleboat came alongside and a man came over the rail. In the faint light Griffiths found a revolver thrust into his face and, looking up, saw David Grief.

"No, you never anchored here before," Grief laughed. "Gabera's just around the point, where I'll be as soon as I've collected that little sum of twelve hundred pounds. We won't bother for the receipt. I've your note here and I'll just return it."

"You did this!" Griffiths cried, springing to his feet in a sudden gust of rage. "You faked those leading lights! You've wrecked me, and by ——"

"Steady! Steady!" Grief's voice was cool and menacing. "I'll trouble you for that twelve hundred, please."

To Griffiths a vast impotence seemed to descend upon him. He was overwhelmed by a profound disgust—disgust for the sunlands and the sun-sickness, for the futility of all his endeavor, for this blue-eyed, golden-tinted, superior man who had defeated him on all his ways.

"Jacobsen," he said, "will you open the cashbox and pay this—this bloodsucker—twelve hundred pounds?"

A Celery Stew

ONE of the lobster palaces on Broadway had bought an oversupply of celery and the waiters were given instructions to push celery on every customer who would stand for it. Fire Commissioner Waldo came in with a friend. The waiter asked him what he would have.

"Some oysters," said Waldo.

"And some celery?" suggested the waiter.

"No, not a sprig. I don't want any celery. I want some chicken gumbo soup, strained."

"With celery, of course," put in the waiter.

"No; I tell you I don't want any celery. And some shad."

"With celery?" said the waiter.

"No celery—and a bit of the roast."

"Some celery would go fine with that," said the waiter.

"Forget the celery! Now, what shall we have in the way of a salad?"

"Some celery salad," suggested the waiter.

"Get out!" shouted Waldo, "and bring those oysters. If you put any celery in I'll make you eat it."

The waiter brought the oysters and again suggested celery, but was rebuffed so earnestly he stood around and cursed under his breath.

After he had brought the coffee, Waldo saw the manager of the place.

"Tom," he said, "come here a minute."

"What is it, Mr. Waldo?" asked the manager.

"Tom, haven't I been a good customer of this place?"

"None better, sir."

"Then, why is it I can't get what I want?"

"What is it you want, Mr. Waldo?"

"Why, ever since I sat down I have been trying to get a little celery, but all to no avail. What's the matter with this restaurant? Haven't you got any celery? If not why don't you send out and get some?"

During this recital the face of the manager changed from red to purple of that rare old apoplectic tinge.

"Here, you!" he shouted to the waiter. "Why didn't you get Mr. Waldo some celery? What d'ye mean by that sort of thing? Get out of here ——"

The waiter was too quick for him, however. As Waldo was talking, he took off his apron, threw it on the floor and said:

"Celery, hey? Celery! Say, you! I done everything to get him to take celery but tyin' him to the chair an' gaggin' him wit' it. Here's where I quit."

"Where are you going?" asked Waldo.

"Goin'?" repeated the waiter, with fine scorn. "Goin'? Why, I'm goin' crazy. No, I ain't; I'm gone already. Celery! Celery! Who wants the celery waiter?" And he vanished into the night.

The truck that made the grade

The Portland Endurance Contest for Motor Trucks, proved an *elimination* contest on this 19% grade where the only truck in the heavy division that climbed this hill without trouble was this

Kelly Motor Truck

One well-known truck stalled three times before accomplishing this climb; the best known water-cooled truck "boiled" and had difficulty all the way; two well-known trucks started, stalled and had to back down and return to Portland. The Kelly alone took the grade without difficulty.

This demonstration of superiority of the Kelly Truck is representative of the kind of service it is giving in almost every industry today. It is represented in your line of business. It is doing the best of work in your line. It will do good work for you and at lowest operating cost.

What are the factors that have contributed to bring the Kelly home a winner in every instance?

First, the famous, exclusive Kelly (Frayer-Miller) Blower Cooled Engine; second, perfect balance and correct design; third, light weight in proportion to load capacity.

Write us today for full details of the work of the Kelly in your particular line

The Kelly Motor Truck Co., 200 Burt St., Springfield, Ohio

THE GREATEST BLADE IN THE WORLD

Set of Seven for 35 Cents

GEM DAMASKEENE BLADES

Cost no more than do the inferior kinds, but rather are much cheaper in the end, for you can get many more perfect shaves per blade than you would ever believe possible.

The **Damaskeene Blade** has a smooth, keen-cutting edge which it retains indefinitely—you can strop it the same as a regular razor. Fits the **Gem Junior**, Gem de Luxe, Superior, Star and Ever Ready safety razors, but gives the best results when used in the frame of the greatest razor in the world, that is the

Made Self Shaving Popular.

GENUINE GEM JUNIOR SAFETY RAZOR ONE DOLLAR

Known the World Over.

The **Gem Junior Safety Razor** is known for its *saving* as well as its *shaving* qualities—if you want to fully understand what this means, compare it with the widely advertised high priced kind.

The **Gem Junior Safety Razor** with **seven Damaskeene Blades**, new bar, frame, handle, etc., in velvet lined case, **complete $1.00**, is the greatest razor value in the world today—it pays for itself in five shaves.

At all up-to-date dealers. Get the genuine—if your dealer doesn't sell the Gem Junior and Damaskeene Blades, write us and we will tell you who does.

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY, 34 Reade St., New York
Chicago—115 So. Dearborn St.
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30 Years in Business. We are the Original Modern Safety Razor Makers.

From Now until JULY 1st—NOT LATER

THERE is no more useful garden material than what are known as Dutch Bulbs, Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, etc. They give for a small outlay of time and money an abundance of flowers in the house from December until April, and in the garden almost before the snow is off the ground in the spring until the middle of May. These Bulbs are grown almost exclusively in Holland, and in enormous quantities, where they are sold at very low prices. Usually they pass through the hands of two dealers, and more than double in price before reaching the retail buyer in America.

By ordering from us **now** instead of waiting until fall, you save from 20 to 40 per cent, as cost, get a superior [illegible] that cannot be obtained at any price in this country, and have a much larger assortment of varieties to select from.

Our orders are selected and packed in Holland, and are [illegible] to our customers in the original packages in which they are imported in Holland, perfectly fresh, and in the best possible condition.

If you wish to take advantage of our very **low prices**, we must have your order **not later than July 1st**, as we expect [illegible] orders only. They need not be paid for [illegible] delivery is not taken. Our fall catalog, giving [illegible] requests for it now, gives the correct prices of the [illegible] comprehensive assortment of bulbs published, is now ready, and may be had for the asking.

A FEW OF THE PRICES	Per 100	Per [illegible]
Fine Mixed Hyacinths	$3 25	$15 [illegible]
Fine Mixed Tulips	75	3 [illegible]
Extra Fine Mixed Tulips	95	4 [illegible]
Narcissus Poeticus	70	3 [illegible]
Double Daffodils	1 75	[illegible]
Narcissus Bicolor Empress	2 50	[illegible]
Narcissus Emperor	2 75	[illegible]
Narcissus Golden Spur	2 25	[illegible]
Spanish Iris Special Mixture	45	1 75

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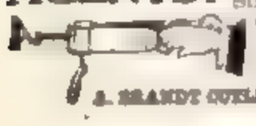
AGENTS: The Brandt Automatic Razor Stropper automatically sharpens any razor in the world, old style or safety. Retails at $1. Every man wants one. Write for wholesale price and terms.



A. BRANDT CUTLERY CO., 84 W. Broadway, N.Y.C.

Chairs & Tricycles
For Invalids and Cripples

Worthington Co.
406 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

WHY LONDON IS THE CENTER

(Concluded from Page 13)

gets a profit and a fine investment. The British Government gets some four million dollars a year revenue, as these bills are all made out on stamped paper, sold by the post-office.

Such a bill is backed by the credit of two business concerns. Bills form an enormous percentage of the assets of London banks and are an admirable form of security, for the banks buy them daily and each day has bills falling due, so that a stream of cash is constantly pouring back into the bank. By merely stopping his purchases of fresh bills the banker begins automatic liquidation of these securities. There is no depreciation and so he never has to sell in a falling market. As bills are handled in London there is practically no risk, for the different banks and brokers specialize in different classes of this commercial paper. The little men, with bills ranging from two hundred and fifty dollars down to as small values as seventy-five dollars and one hundred dollars, sell to their own banker, who knows them, while the big merchant or manufacturer gets a close rate in Lombard Street from brokers who compete with the banks. Credit conditions behind bills are known and in an emergency they can be put in execution without legal delay; so losses are negligible and nobody in London thinks of bills as unsafe. Indeed, the British Government itself is financed largely by bills; for, in order to meet needs while taxes are being collected, treasury bills of from three to six months' life are put upon the market.

Naturally there is a decided advantage in doing business at a center where the actual production and commerce of the country form one of the chief banking assets and where the sound business man can always get capital in proportion to his activities.

A Steady Market for the Best

Finally, there is British shipping, of which London is the center. John Bull's supremacy along this line is largely a matter of good banking.

He has more merchant ships on the high seas than all other nations put together. Last year about half of the new ships built in the world came under his ownership. Nearly three-fourths of the merchant steamers of three thousand tons and upward built in the world came from his shipyards, which turned out the equivalent of one complete merchant steamer of twenty-two hundred tons every seventeen and a half hours.

Shipping subsidies are paid by the British Government, but chiefly for mails, or to ships in the naval reserves. They constitute the merest flyspeck upon this mass of shipping, which is constantly earning profit at home and abroad. Great companies own fleets of steamers carrying freight and passengers to all ports, building up the resources of many colonies. There are also little companies, owning two or three ships or perhaps only one tramp steamer. Single ships are owned in partnership. In one way and another, thousands of British people put their savings into ships; so that there is always abundant capital so long as shipping is made to pay. The free-trade basis of Great Britain also facilitates the building of ships, for materials can always be bought in the best market, passing in and out with no Government red tape. Indeed, the part played by free trade is so great that Germany, with the next largest tonnage, though a country closely protected by tariffs, builds its ships under special free-trade conditions, no duties being levied on either raw or manufactured material bought abroad for that purpose. Furthermore, the British shipping business puts a premium upon good management of ships after they go into service, for the managing owner, who commonly directs such enterprises, is paid chiefly by commissions on earnings or gross freight handled; and as soon as he demonstrates that he has ability it is said to be comparatively easy for him to get an interest in new ships. If he can raise part of the cost there are shipbuilders ready to build him vessels and banks or moneylenders ready to send them to sea under mortgage.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by James H. Collins.

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE

The Buster

Distinctive shaped toe with plenty of "dope" Tan, Black or Patent.

The "Can't-gap" insteps and "Hugtite" heels of Florsheim Oxfords merit your investigation. One pair will convert you to the Florsheim idea in shoes.

Ask your dealer about The Florsheim Shoe, or send the name and size we will have our nearest dealer fill your order

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our booklet "The Shoeman," showing styles that *are* different.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

Hot or Cold — The Vacuum Bottle

that holds two quarts
For Automobile, Outing, Nursery or Sick Room use

The Vac-Jac Magnum

Keeps solid food or liquids *hot* ten hours; *cold*, thirty hours

No other vacuum bottle made so large as this glass cannot stand the enormous air pressure.

Has [illegible] ware metal. *No fear of broken glass to foul.*

Inner bottle removed as shown in cut, for serving or cleaning. Cheaply replaced, if dropped and broken. Attractively finished in heavy nickel

$5.00 EXPRESS PREPAID

Since perfecting the means of sealing vacuum in metal we have built many thousand carriers, big as barrels, for sanitary shipment of oysters, etc., also

THE VAC-JAC FIRELESS COOKER

The perfect fireless cooker, used from Maine to California. Our catalog **"How to Live Better at Less Expense"** tells the story, tells the wonderful results vacuum accomplishes for the housewife, how certain articles are prepared with [illegible] and nourishing quality, how less expensive cuts of meat are cooked [illegible]

It [illegible] with single [illegible] ter [illegible] and teaspoons. The book will save you [illegible] Send us your dealer's name and we will mail it free

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1915 Peoples Gas Bldg., CHICAGO

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FOR ROLL TOP DESKS

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Need No Fanciful Drawings

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes you can judge by actual photographs—and then by the clothes themselves at the dealer's.

STEIN-BLOCH
Smart Clothes

Look at this suit—one of the many Summer weight models. Note its distinction—its beauty of line. Let the nearest Stein-Bloch dealer show you Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes. Notice their style and texture. Look at the way they are made. This coat will fit you with a *style* and at a price you'd go far to equal.

From a Photograph

Try on Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes before the Stein-Bloch dealer's big mirrors. You can see how you look in them from head to foot.

Send for "Smartness," a Book of Photographed Spring and Summer Styles. You will learn the nearest dealer's name—and much more besides.

This is the Label That Means 56 Years of Knowing How.

Fix it in your mind

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Wholesale Tailors for Men

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Rochester, N. Y.

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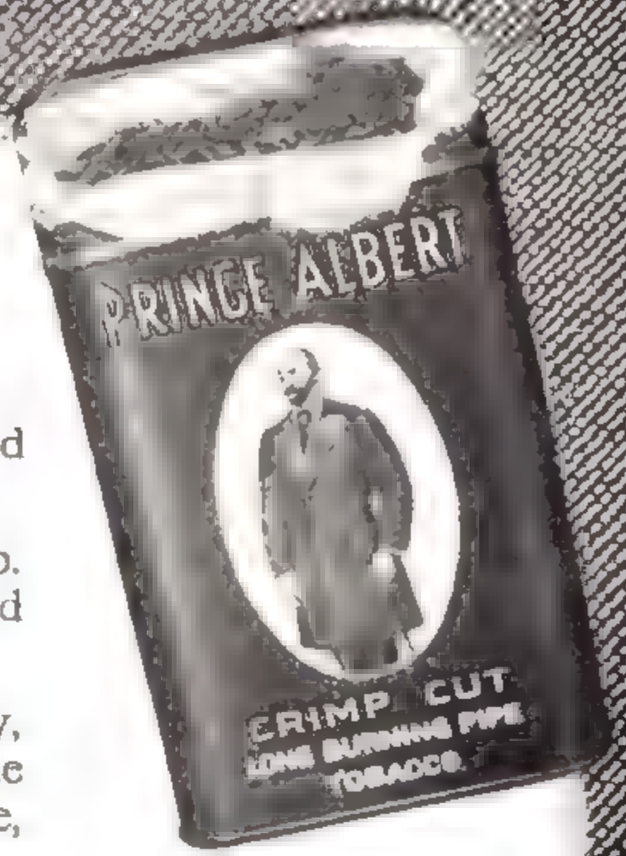
CHICAGO OFFICE
1422 Republic Bldg.

Is your jimmy pipe a joy-giver?



Do you have bully old sessions with it, tilting your chair back and putting your feet high as you can get 'em?

What's that, eh? "Depends on the tobacco?" Why cert, old Top. No pipe can do its duty with tobacco that burns in rankness and leaves a fur overcoat on your tongue.

But 'most all the men are settling that question, settling it quick. Why, millions of 'em have tumbled to the new deal in pipe-smoking, the tobacco that has everything you hanker for and can't bite your tongue,

PRINCE ALBERT

"the national joy smoke"

If you haven't learned what a joy smoke is, hook up your jimmy pipe with a tin of P. A. NOW. That's the joy-full combination. That's what matches were made for.

Say, why do you suppose Prince Albert is now the largest selling pipe tobacco in the world? Because the men are getting hep fast. They're finding out that a pipe smoke doesn't need to be a tongue-scorcher. That you can get a fragrant, cool, long and perfectly satisfactory smoke with no come-backs. Many a jimmy pipe has been rescued from long desuetude (look it up in the dictionary) since the owner learned the joys of smoking P. A.

But anchor to this main fact. Prince Albert is produced by an exclusive patented process that takes out the bite and leaves all that's good. We control this process absolutely. Prince Albert is like Prince Albert only. Pass up substitutes.

P. A. comes across at all live smoke places. 10c in the tidy red tin, 5c in red cloth bags lined with weather-proof paper and tied with a string you can hang over your little finger. Also in handsome pound and half-pound tins and pound crystal glass humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Lead Us Not Into Temptation

(Continued from Page 7)

through all the agonies of preparing for trial, through the trial itself, sitting there beside him in the courtroom at the trial table among the lawyers—days when the sunlight streaming through the tall windows fell upon the little group; days when the skies outside were gray and dark, and the light was dim, and the air heavy; and the gaping crowd behind was filled with dark and sinister moods and moved by strong gusts of primitive human feeling; and the jury sat stupidly and somnolently, and the reporters wrote, wrote, wrote, and the judge looked grave; and the district attorney remorselessly, step by step, pushed Connie back, back, back from her. The courtroom reflected and expressed all the feelings of the crowd outside—the huge crowd that made up the city's life; the crowd, lashed to fury by so many editorials and sermons; the crowd, always moral in the mass, however human and frail the individual particles of which it is composed, that felt itself betrayed and outraged by its servants, without the sensibility of any responsibility in itself for their shortcomings and their sins. As of old, it demanded its sacrifice, and the lot the Fates somehow drew fell to Connie Byrnes.

The district attorney had selected his case as the first to try because he felt more certain of a conviction in that than with any of the others; and he chose to try him first on the indictment in the matter of the Royal paving-block legislation. It had been Connie's desire to plead guilty to this indictment and throw himself on the mercy of the court; but his lawyers, or the lawyers selected for him, would hear of no such thing. They looked ahead and saw the other cases to be defended; they would risk no precedents at that preliminary stage. They may have had, too, other reasons; they may have wished this storm to spend its fury before it went too far and created too much devastation—and Connie and Mollie, the victims of an unknown, mysterious and resistless Fate, that delighted now in all the ironies, yielded in vague bewilderment to its sport. Thus the trial went on rapidly; and, after days spent in getting a jury sufficiently lacking in intelligence to meet the requirements of the law, the scene moved swiftly onward to that dramatic moment when the public gaze and curiosity could be gratified by the sight of the great detective of the Civic League.

"Ernest B. Noyes!" called the district attorney, leaning back in his chair.

Connie turned; and in the man pressing forward deliberately and in dark dignity through the group of young and idle lawyers massed about the door of the witness room, the black-haired, black-bearded man who paused and solemnly raised his hand, and lifted his vision to the clerk and took the oath of witnesses, he saw his erstwhile business friend—Mr. Bartholomew. And then the hope that had persisted in him died in his heart. He listened while Mr. Bartholomew told of his employment by the gentlemen composing the league, while he described his meeting with Connie Byrnes, their visits to his room in the Hotel Norvall—and then that last night, when he had paid to Connie the thousand dollars.

Mr. Bartholomew told his story; and when he was done the attorney for the defense began his cross-examination, requiring long hours, all the morning, all the afternoon, in which he demanded the names of the Civic League, and the district attorney objected and the lawyers wrangled a cross-examination that could not break the story this strong, cold man told, or impair his assurance; so that the attorney at last despaired and said: "That's all."

The aged bailiff shuffled across the floor and one by one switched on the electric lights to disperse the gloom that was slowly filling the courtroom, and illumined the entrance of another witness, a young man, Fowler by name, who when sworn stated his occupation—he called it a "profession"—to be that of stenographer, and produced a notebook from which, after heated objections and more wrangling among the lawyers, he was allowed to read the conversation that had occurred between Mr. Bartholomew and Connie that last night in the Hotel Norvall—the notes he had taken down under the bright light of the incandescent bulb in Mr. Bartholomew's bathroom. And when that was accomplished Mr. Bartholomew, who had taken a seat at the prosecutor's table, raised his eyes and, as they met those of Connie, with the nearest approach to a smile that he ever permitted to visit his dark, sanguinary, Puritanic face, gazed on this, the first fruits of his civic deeds.

When the jury brought in its inevitable verdict, and the lawyers had arranged new bail, Connie went back to his home, back to his work; and standing at his machine, his eyes cast down, he experienced the acutest suffering in life—the sense of ostracism. It was not voluntary on the part of those honest workmen, who had more sympathy in their hearts than Connie knew, but they did not know just how to express themselves, and they let him alone.

A week passed. The city was interested in other things; the trial of Krotz was set down, then postponed. One evening there was a caller at the Byrnes home. When Connie in his shirtsleeves took the lamp and went to the door there was Mr Bartholomew.

"Ah, alderman, good evening!" he said, quite pleasantly for him.

Connie raised the lamp above his head and inspected the dark visage that was upturned in its circle of light.

"Well!" he said. "You have got the nerve! Mollie!" he called. "Oh, Mollie! Come, see who's here!"

His tone of derision was lost on Mollie, who came running, her heart, as constantly for these last weeks, in her mouth; so that she was startled by any sound and each moment expected fresh calamity.

"Oh!" she said. "That man!" Her fists were clenched in anger and hate.

"One moment, please," said Mr. Bartholomew. "I should like to speak to you alone, Mr. Byrnes, if ——"

"Well, you don't get to—see?" said Connie. "I've had enough of your talk alone—Mr. Bartholomew, or Mr. Noyes, or whatever your name is."

"May I not come in?" he inquired. "I have something to say to you—something to your advantage."

Connie's anger had been mounting; Mollie knew the signs. He had handed the lamp to Mollie and the muscles in his frame were tightening. He was fixing eyes that blazed on Mr. Bartholomew or Mr. Noyes; the reformer shrank prudently as Connie moved toward him.

"I am armed, Mr. Byrnes," the man said quietly, "and I am an officer of the law, remember."

Mollie laid her hand on Connie's arm.

"You'd better come in," she said. "We'll hear what you have to say."

Then Mr. Bartholomew entered that home and sat down in the room they called the parlor, with its oaken furniture, its center-table with the chenille cover and two books, and on the walls a framed picture of the board of aldermen, and another of Mollie, and their marriage license, and a photograph of them in their wedding costumes.

"What you have to say can be said in front o' me, Mr. Bartholomew," said Mollie. "Now what is it ye want?" She had gathered her apron in her lap; she folded her bare, muscular forearms stoutly across her breast and looked at the man.

"I came," he began, "to see if I couldn't render some assistance to Mr. Byrnes!"

"Humph!" sneered Mollie.

Mr. Bartholomew raised his hand to counsel patience.

"I know how you feel. It is one of the misfortunes, one of the unpleasant features, of my business. I have my own duties to perform. What I wish to suggest is this: Mr. Byrnes now finds himself in a dangerous predicament ——"

"Yes, all along o' you, you sneaking ——"

"Hush! Connie!" said Mollie.

"Yes; listen to me, please, Mr. Byrnes. I quite understand your feelings and make due allowance. You find yourself, as I say, in a dangerous predicament. But perhaps I can suggest a way out."

The rigidity, as it were the vigilant opposition, in Mollie's attitude softened; she leaned forward, held now by the black eyes of Mr. Bartholomew, as Connie had once been captivated by them—and Mr. Bartholomew seized his advantage.

"You have been convicted and are awaiting sentence on one indictment."

"The lawyers are going to carry my case up," said Connie.

Mr. Bartholomew waved that hope aside with an easy gesture. "That can only

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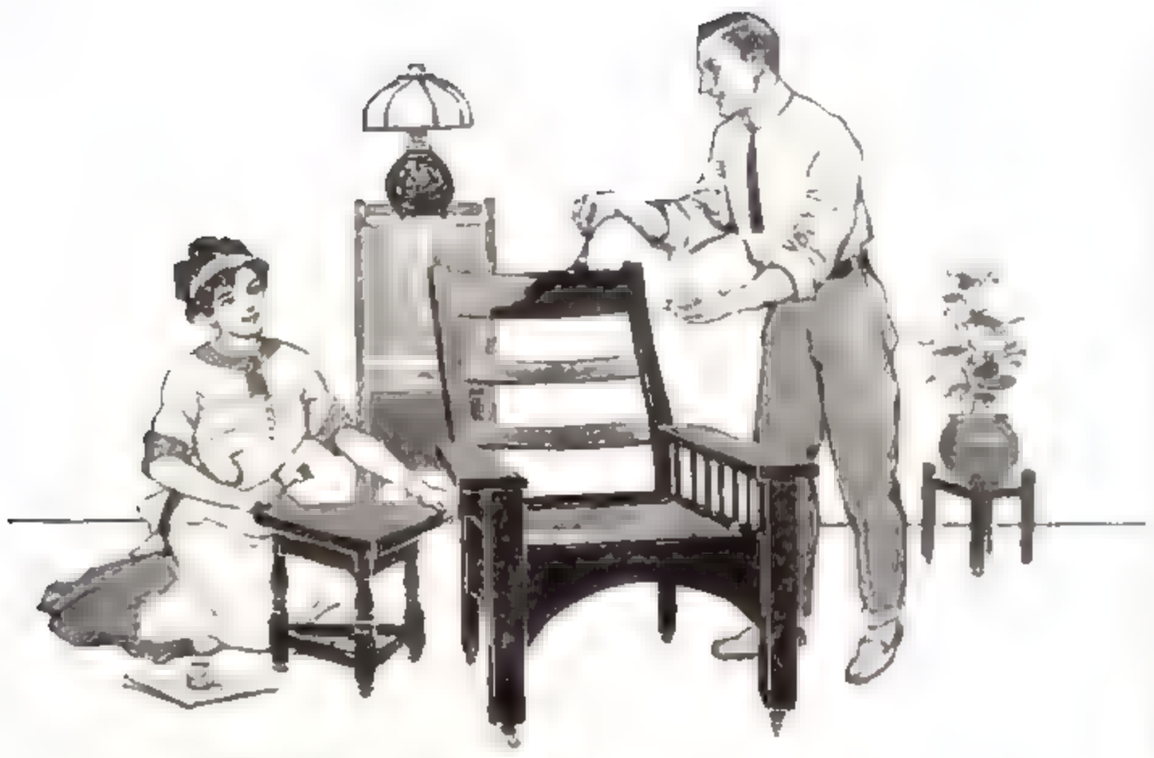

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delay the inevitable result," he said. "And then it will be too late to help you. What I suggest is this: There are other indictments pending; I can assure you, or I can have the district attorney assure you if you doubt me, that you can escape serious punishment on your present conviction and immunity from further prosecution if you will tell me what you know of the Waybourne Avenue legislation, the methods by which it was enacted and that sort of thing; and, if necessary, testify—that is, to put it briefly and succinctly, come through, confess, help bring those who are doubtless more guilty than you to justice; and you will be shown clemency, pardon—in a word, let go."

Mollie turned to Connie—a question in the eyes, her brow knitted in perplexity.

"But I don't know anything about the Waybourne Avenue legislation except that I voted for it. If there was any graft there I wasn't in on it. I never took a dirty dollar in my life—except from you. You got me: that's the first and the last time."

Over Mollie's face there came a radiant light and she smiled at Connie. Then she turned proudly to Mr. Bartholomew.

"There, sir!" she said triumphantly.

Connie looked at the dark visage; it was cold, sinister, cynical.

"That does very well to say, Byrnes; I happen to know differently."

"You lie!" said Connie, rising; "and you know it."

"One moment," said Mr. Bartholomew. "I have no resentment. I wish to harbor no ill feeling. Do not reach hasty conclusions. Think what it will mean to you, to your good wife here, your children, your name, your ward, your city—I offer you not alone the opportunity to free yourself, to lead a newer and better life; I offer you the chance of rendering a distinct service in the cause of civic righteousness ——"

For some reason, though ordinarily he was insensible to the sound and feeling of words, the word "civic" infuriated Connie, and he sprang toward Mr. Bartholomew; but Mollie restrained him—she could do that by a touch. But she could no further stay his wrath, and it blazed forth.

"Get out of my house," he said, "you dog, with all your civic business—get out, I say!"

And Mr. Bartholomew dropped his eyes at last and departed.

And so, a week later, Connie stood up in the criminal court to receive sentence. There were not many there: the lawyers who had argued their motion for a new trial, which had been promptly overruled; the reporters, the usual courtroom loafers and jurymen, and—Mollie. Judge Marsden had asked Connie if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him.

He stood a moment against the table, his head bent, his fingers nervously playing with a sheet of paper. It grew very still, though Mollie's tears gushed forth at the first tones of his voice.

"There's no use, your Honor," he began, "for me to try to say anything, I guess. I—well, I'm guilty of this, in a way. I'd always been straight; I'd done my best; but it costs, you know, these days, to live, and it costs more to live when you're in politics. There's lots of things you've to do; you're always being held up. There's more kinds of graft, when you come to think of it, than one. Everybody, pretty near, grafts off an alderman in a thousand little ways; it ain't much at a time, but it counts up—especially if you only have your wages to go on. Every one thinks, I suppose, that it comes easy to an alderman; maybe it does to some. I don't say that—I don't know anything about that. I don't belong to this gang you talk about. I may have been in the machine, but that was for the party; I've always been a good party man, Judge, your Honor, same as you have—same as Mr. Fowler here—same as any decent, respectable citizen is. I always thought a man had to stand by his party. But what I was saying was that pretty near everybody seems to think they have a right to hold up an alderman and make him buy tickets he don't want and all sorts of things he don't need and—oh, well, you all know how it is in politics. Everybody thinks he ought to get in on the game somewhere. An alderman has to pay for his office somehow, I guess; I ain't kicking on that. I didn't have to stand for the holdups, you might say. I might have refused and been called a short skate, and quit being an alderman too; I wish I had, now. But I—well, I got in debt and I had to borrow money for my last campaign; and there were the wife and the kids to support—it all costs—and I had heard of others doing it; and they got along pretty well. Even the man I borrowed off of in the campaign—I needn't mention his name; he's a good man, a church-member too—he said, or as much as said, I'd ought to do it.

"And then this here Mr. Bartholomew—or Mr. Noyes, you call him; I always knew him as Mr. Bartholomew; that's the name he give me—he seemed like a good man, was a church-member too, kept the Bible right on his table all the time; you'd think he was a preacher—he told me it was all right; he just give me a present, he called it, for my services, after I'd done what he wanted me to—and I—well, I fell for it. He wanted me to tell him about other deals; but I don't know about any other deals. This is the only one I was ever in on and he put me in on this. Of course—well, I guess I was an easy mark, all right. But he struck me just at the right time, the right minute for him, and for this civic thing they's all talking about. That's all there is of it. Judge, your Honor, I couldn't tell you anything besides that—not if I was to get off free and get a million. Well, I'm done. But, no; there's one more thing. The lawyers here want to take my case up, but I don't want it taken up. I want to take my dose now and get it over with. So give it to me quick; and be as easy as possible for the sake of my little wife—here. She's stuck to me' she's ——"

He could say no more. The tears came to his eyes and his voice choked. He sat down suddenly; then, at the prodding of a deputy sheriff, stood up again and tried to face the judge.

The judge was looking out the window. He was silent in the necessity of assuming that impersonal relation to the scene required of him in the discharge of his functions. Those in the courtroom waited for him to speak. Presently he began:

"This is a very painful duty I have to perform," he said. "You have been convicted of a most serious offense—one that cannot be minimized or overlooked." And he went on to tell how serious the offense was, how it involved the interests of society; and he spoke at length on the reforms needed in the Government. He denounced bribery and corruption and what he called the modern crime of graft, by which he meant, doubtless, the modern name that had been given it; and when he had made his position clear on this point he began to praise the Civic League and the devoted and disinterested services of its officers and members, and told how much good it was bound to do in the community. He spoke of the necessity of making examples; that, by the sufferings of men today, other men might be spared suffering and guilt in future days. He spoke of the trial—how fairly it had been conducted, how well Connie had been defended, and all that; and at last, when he felt satisfied with his speech and considered it as having met all the expectations and requirements of the situation, he said:

"Yes; you have been fairly tried and justly convicted. You yourself admit the justice of the verdict; and that perhaps entitles you to consideration. The court, too, is impressed by the evident sincerity of your repentance and the truth of your statements. The court appreciates the difficulties of your position, the temptations to which you were subjected; these shall all be taken into account." He paused and looked again out the window. Then he resumed, not looking at Connie any more. "Yes; I will be lenient. The sentence of the court is that you be confined in the penitentiary at hard labor for the period of one year, no part of the sentence to be solitary confinement. The prisoner will be remanded."

Mollie looked at Connie, the tears raining down her cheeks. And Connie turned and looked at her and tried to smile, and said: "It's only a year, darling."

And on this thought they built their hope, ignorant as they were that a year, two years, ten years, in prison are the same; that society does not forgive or forget, or keep its bargain with its prisoners, but pursues them after they come out, to the end that all sentences to prison may be sentences for life. But they had not learned this then. So they tried to smile and tried to hope. And Connie disappeared through the iron gate over which society has written the inscription, as over the portal of another inferno long since: "All hope abandon ye who enter here!"

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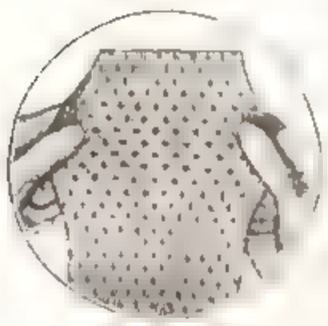
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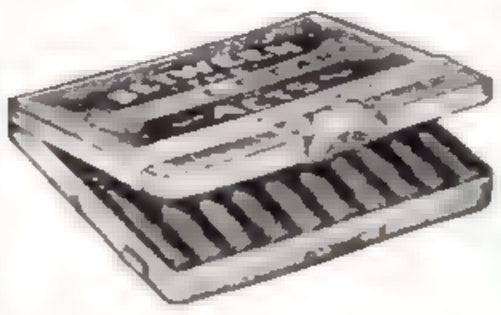

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COERCING MR. TRINKMANN

(Concluded from Page 11)

his lips Maikafer had brought forward the man in the fur overcoat.

"This is my friend, Mr. Ringentaub," he said, "also in the restaurant business."

"I'm pleased to meet your acquaintance," Mr. Ringentaub said. "Before I got through talking with you on the phone this morning some one cut us off."

At this juncture Trinkmann's pent-up emotion found expression.

"Away from here," he bellowed, after he had uttered a highly colored preamble—"away from here, the both of youse, before I call a policeman and make you arrested!"

"Excuse me, Mr. Trinkmann," Maikafer interrupted, "do you got a lease on the sidewalk too?"

"Never mind what I got a lease on," Trinkmann said. "You are coming around here trying to steal away my waiters and ——"

"One moment, Mr. Trinkmann," Max said. "We are not trying to steal away your waiters at all. Mr. Ringentaub here is a gentleman, even if some people which is in the restaurant business don't act that way, Mr. Trinkmann; but as you told me yourself, Mr. Trinkmann, you are firing Louis and he is going to quit you at three o'clock; and as it is now five minutes to three ——"

"Who is going to quit me at three o'clock?" Trinkmann demanded.

"Louis is," Maikafer said.

"That's where you make a big mistake," Trinkmann cried. "Louis ain't going to quit me at all. Here, I'll show you."

He led the way into the restaurant.

"Come inside, Mr. Ringentaub," he said excitedly. "No one is going to harm you. Come right inside, and I'll show you suckers you are mistaken."

He closed the door after them and almost ran to the kitchen.

"Louis," he said, "come here; I want to talk a few words something to you."

He grabbed Louis by the arm and led him to the cashier's desk, where Maikafer and his companion were standing.

"Louis," he said, "tell these gentlemen didn't I told you you should ring up sure tomorrow morning Greenberg & Company about the cigars?"

Louis nodded and Trinkmann glared triumphantly at his visitors.

"Then if I told him to ring up Greenberg & Company about the cigars tomorrow morning, understand me," he cried, "how could it be possible that he quits me this afternoon?"

"But, Mr. Trinkmann," Louis protested, "you did told me I should quit this afternoon."

"*Dummer Esel!*" Trinkmann exclaimed. "Couldn't I open my mouth in my own restaurant at all?"

"Well, if that's the case," Ringentaub said, "then Louis could come to work by me. Ain't that right, Louis?"

Louis looked at Max Maikafer, whose right eyelid fluttered encouragingly.

"And I would pay him twenty-eight dollars a month," Ringentaub continued, "and guarantee to keep him a year. Is that satisfactory, Louis?"

Louis' tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, but he managed to enunciate a monosyllable of assent.

"That's all right, Mr. Ringentaub," Trinkmann declared; "I would pay him thirty dollars a month and keep him for a year and longer if he wants to stay."

Louis' gaze wandered from Max Maikafer to Trinkmann, and his lower lip jutted out and trembled with gratitude.

"I mean it, Louis," Trinkmann declared. "I mean it from the bottom of my heart."

"Then in that case, Louis," Ringentaub retorted, "I would give you thirty-two fifty a month."

Louis shook his head.

"I am working here by Mr. Trinkmann six years come this *Tishabav*," he replied, "and even if he would only say twenty-eight dollars I would of stayed anyway."

Max Maikafer turned disgustedly to Ringentaub.

"Did you ever hear the like for a fool?" he said.

"Never mind, Maikafer," Trinkmann interrupted, "even if he would be satisfied with twenty-eight I wouldn't go back on my word. I will pay him thirty dollars a month, and furthermore, Maikafer, you will see if he stays by me a year and does his work good, maybe—who knows—I would even pay him more yet."

He held out his hand to Louis, who grabbed it effusively.

"When a feller's wife goes to work and has twins on him, Louis," he continued, "he ain't responsible for what he says exactly. Especially if they're both girls."

II

THREE weeks later Mrs. Trinkmann sat behind the cashier's desk, awaiting the luncheon customers, and her eye wandered to the vacant store across the street at the very moment when a wagon backed up against the curb and the driver and his helper unloaded two large signs.

"Trinkmann," Mrs. Trinkmann called, "some one rents the store acrosst the street."

Trinkmann hastened to the door and glanced nervously toward the two signs. Beads of perspiration sprang out on his forehead as he discerned the lettering on one of the signboards, which read as follows:

FELIX RINGENTAUB

He uttered a faint groan and was about to communicate to Mrs. Trinkmann the melancholy tidings that a rival establishment had come into being, when the driver and his helper turned over the second sign. It contained the words:

TAILORS' AND DRESSMAKERS' TRIMMINGS

Hardly had Trinkmann recovered from his astonishment when Felix Ringentaub himself came hurriedly down the street, accompanied by Max Maikafer. A moment later they entered the restaurant.

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Trinkmann?" Max cried. "How's the twins?"

"Getting on fine," Mrs. Trinkmann said.

"Shake hands with my friend, Mr. Ringentaub," Max continued, as he looked meaningly at Trinkmann. "Mr. Ringentaub, up to a couple of weeks since, used to was in the restaurant business in Brownsville. He goes now into the tailors' and dressmakers' trimmings business instead."

Trinkmann maintained a discreet silence and led them to one of Louis' tables. There he sat down with them, for he was determined to get at the heart of the mystery.

"Mr. Maikafer ——" he began, but Max held up his hand protestingly.

"Ask me no questions, Trinkmann," he said, "and I wouldn't tell you no lies. But one thing I will say, Trinkmann, and that is that Louis didn't know nothing about it. We conned you into keeping him and raising his wages. That's all. Am I right or wrong, Ringentaub?"

Ringentaub made no reply. He was holding a fork in his hand and examining it critically.

"Of course, Trinkmann," he said, "I don't want to say nothing the first time I am coming into your place, but this here fork's got onto it something which it looks like a piece Bismarck herring."

"Don't take it so particular, Ringentaub," Maikafer said, blushing guiltily. "Wash it off in the glass water."

"A glass water you drink, Maikafer," Ringentaub rejoined, "and forks should be washed in the kitchen. And furthermore, Trinkmann," Ringentaub said, "it don't do no harm if the waiters once in a while cleans with polishing powder the forks."

"I thought, Maikafer," Trinkmann said in funereal tones, "you are telling me that polishing powder is rank poison."

"*I* didn't told you that," Maikafer replied. "It was Feinsilver says that."

"Rank poison!" Ringentaub exclaimed. "Why, you could eat a ton of it."

"Sure, I know," Maikafer concluded; "but who wants to?"

He turned to Louis, who had approached unobserved. "Bring me some *Kreploch* soup and a plate *gefüllte Rinderbrust*," he said, "not too much gravy."

"Give me the same," Ringentaub added, as he gazed about him with the air of an academician at a private view. "You got a nice *gemütlicher* place here, Mr. Trinkmann," he concluded, "only one thing you should put in."

"What's that?" Trinkmann asked.

Maikafer kicked him on the shins, but Ringentaub failed to notice it.

"Marble-top tables," he said.

Your Collar is the most conspicuous part of your attire

SMALL things become big things when given prominence. For instance, one naturally looks first at a man's face—then the eyes just as naturally drop to his neck-dress. And in the size-up there is nothing that counts so much in forming an opinion of his neatness or carelessness as the impression made by collar and cravat.

Collars that spread and set awkwardly on the neck upset the whole dress arrangement—and they are usually collars with ordinary buttonholes that pull apart and break out. In all styles of

Silver Brand Collars

1/4 Sizes

2 for 25¢

and in Silver Brand Collars *only*, you will get LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES that will not stretch—that never gape or pull apart—and the collars always set as originally designed. They are eyelet buttonholes—easy-to-button and unbutton, and *don't tear out.*

Silver Brand Collars are made in every correct, fashionable and popular shape, and there's style for *you* and *your* every requirement.

Write for our book, "What's What." With this book you are correctly informed as to the proper attire for every occasion.

GEO. P. IDE & CO.
491 River Street
Troy, N. Y.

About Remembering

by Elbert Hubbard

Without his notes he is helpless.

If you want to enlarge your arm, you exercise it. The same with your mind.

The lessons you learn are of no use unless you retain them by memory

The man whose memory plays tricks.

He never misses a face.

The strong man who stammered, sucked air, gurgled ice-water and forgot.

FOR some time I have been promising myself to write up my good friend, Mr. Henry Dickson of Chicago, and I have not forgotten.

Mr. Dickson is teaching a Science or System, which I believe is of more importance than the entire curriculum of your modern college.

MR. DICKSON teaches Memory.

Good Memory is necessary to all achievement.

I know a man who is a graduate of three colleges. But this man is neither bright nor interesting.

He is a dunce.

And the reason is that he CAN NOT REMEMBER. WITHOUT HIS NOTES HE IS HELPLESS.

He can not memorize a date or a line of poetry. His mind is a sieve.

EDUCATION is only what you remember. THE LESSONS YOU STUDY INTO THE NIGHT AND BABBLE ABOUT NEXT DAY IN CLASS ARE ROT, UNLESS YOU RETAIN THEM BY THE PROCESS OF MEMORY.

Every little while I come across a man who has a TRAINED MEMORY, and he is a joy to my soul.

He is the general manager of a great corporation in a Western city. HE NEVER MISSES A FACE. If he sees you once, the next time he'll call you by name and inquire about the folks at home

He told me how he did it. He told me that he studied memory-training with Prof. Dickson of Chicago. Also, he said a lot of nice things about Prof. Dickson, that I hesitate to write lest my good friend Dickson object.

The Dickson System of Memory-Training is very simple. IF YOU WANT TO ENLARGE YOUR ARM, YOU EXERCISE IT. THE SAME WITH YOUR MIND.

You must put your brain through a few easy exercises to discover its capacity. You will be surprised to know how quickly it responds.

TO THE MAN OR WOMAN WHOSE MEMORY PLAYS TRICKS, I especially recommend that you write to Prof. Dickson to send you his literature. It will cost you nothing, and if the facts he sets forth do not convince you, you are not to be convinced. You do not know when you will be called to stand on your feet and tell what you know; then and there a trained memory would help you.

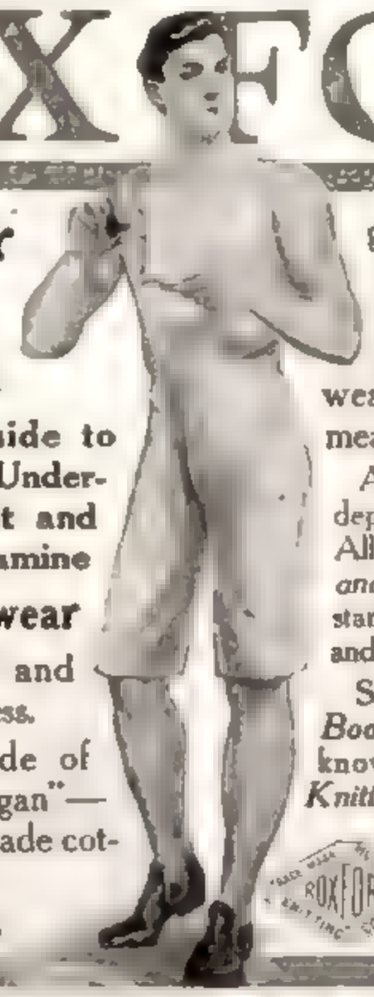
You've sympathized with the little girl who stuttered her "piece." But you've wept for THE STRONG MAN WHO STAMMERED, SUCKED AIR, GURGLED ICE-WATER, FORGOT, AND SAT DOWN IN THE KINDLY SILENCE. IN THE CHILD IT WAS EMBARRASSMENT, BUT IN THE ADULT IT WAS A BAD MEMORY.

Write today and ask Prof Dickson to send you—without cost to you—his book, "How to Remember"; also full particulars how to obtain, gratis, a copy of his new book, "How to Speak in Public"—De luxe edition.

Address

Prof. Henry Dickson, 932 Auditorium Building, Chicago, Illinois

ROXFORD



Remember this name —Roxford

It's your sure guide to *value* in Summer Underwear—comfort, fit and long service. Examine

Roxford Underwear

Test its stretch and give—feel its softness.

Roxford is made of fine-gauge "balbriggan"—knitted from extra-grade cotton.

Modeled on full, generous lines—every man who has suffered the discomforts of the skimpy ordinary underwear knows what *that* means to him.

Ask your best haberdasher or department store for Roxford: All styles of garment for *Men and Boys*—All weights—All standard colors—50c., 75c. and $1.00 a garment.

Send for the little *Roxford Book*. It tells facts worth knowing about *The Good Knitted Underwear for Men and Boys.*

ROXFORD KNITTING COMPANY

Roxford Knitting Co. Dept. O Philadelphia

Fine Rugs woven from Old Carpet

DENWORTH RUG MILL 3045-47-49 51 Boudinot St., Phila. | SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Why Pay Extravagant Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING 100 W. 103 St., N. Y. Select, Home-like, Economical. Private Bath $1.50 daily and up. Write for booklet G with map of city.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Daly Doings

MR. DALY, the great theatrical manager, was often very sarcastic and personal in directing a play. He would give one actor an imitation of himself which, from Daly's peculiar, slouching manner of swinging about, was grotesque, yet would have the effect of emphasizing the actor's awkwardness or fault. Once an actor had come into Daly's company and, being paid a good salary and having had a rather pleasant and easy time thitherto, was mightily pleased with himself. Therefore, when he was first subjected to Mr. Daly's discipline he was considerably perturbed. It was quite evident to the members of the company that Mr. Daly was disappointed in this man. "Will you step down here, Mr. A?" said the manager during the rehearsal. "I will show you how you are playing that scene." Then Mr. Daly went through those gyrations, exaggerating the man's mistakes and caricaturing the whole thing. When he had finished he stepped down into the auditorium, where the actor was seated, and said: "That is the way you are playing the scene." Mr. A's face glowed with pleasure and he said: "Is that really the way I do it?" "Yes," said Daly. "Well, then," exclaimed the actor, "I don't wonder you are paying me two hundred dollars a week!"

The following story of Robert Craig, who was with Daly for a short time, also illustrates Daly's attitude toward the actor. Craig was quite a genius in his own peculiar style of acting. One day he started rehearsing and there was nothing he did that suited Mr. Daly. At last, in desperation, the manager rushed up the incline from the auditorium to the stage, exclaiming: "Go down there and I will show you how to do it." Then he went through the pantomime as he wanted it acted. When he had finished he said: "That is the way I want it done." "Just like that?" asked Craig; and then, to the horror of the company, he mounted the stage and gave an absolute imitation of Daly's long, swinging arms and lolling head and telescopic legs, exactly as Daly had done it. The manager never said a word.

A Close Second

CHARLES A. HUGHES, a Detroit advertising man, was once concerned in getting subscriptions for a Detroit enterprise that depended for its success on the liberality of the rich men of the city.

One local millionaire refused to contribute, whereat Hughes became indignant.

"What's the matter with him?" asked a friend.

"Nothing," Hughes replied, "except that he is stingier than any man I ever knew, with the exception of a chap who used to play on the Detroit ball team. He had everybody backed off the boards for tightwadness.

"When the club left town they made the jumps in sleeping cars, of course. This player used to take his shoes to bed with him and hide them so the porter, looking for them to shine them up, could not find them.

"In the morning this player would accost the porter: 'Why didn't you shine my shoes last night?'

"'I couldn't find 'em, boss.'

"'Couldn't find them!—and they were right here under my berth all the time. Just for that you'll get no tip from me.'"

Back From Egypt

A DETROIT new millionaire, back in New York after his first trip abroad, met Otto Carmichael in the Waldorf-Astoria.

"Well," said the new millionaire, bursting to tell somebody, "I'm back. I've been to Egypt!"

Carmichael, apparently, was not astounded at this information.

"I've been to Egypt!" the Detroiter shouted. "Egypt!"

Carmichael failed to comment.

"I've been to Egypt," persisted the Detroiter. "Had a hard time too. Awful hot and dusty over there."

"Yes," said Carmichael, as he moved away, "I understand Egypt isn't giving very good satisfaction this season."

SEE 1911 Woodbury's has been the skin soap

Think how long Woodbury's has been the skin soap

After a man has treated thousands of faces he [illegible] It is the result of years of study and practice. Thousands are indebted to him for his life's work [illegible] for over a million a cake has been the skin soap.

Write today for samples

[illegible] The Andrew Jergens Co., 2503 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For Sale by dealers everywhere

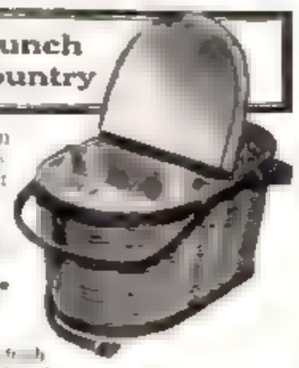
Make a Motor Boat of Any Boat in Five Minutes

You can do it with the Waterman Motor, which you [illegible] to the stern of any boat, row, sail, or paddle [illegible]

WATERMAN MARINE MOTOR CO.
1508 Fort Street, West, DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

Take Your Lunch out into the country

Make a day of it out in the open, take all [illegible]



Hawkeye Refrigerator Basket

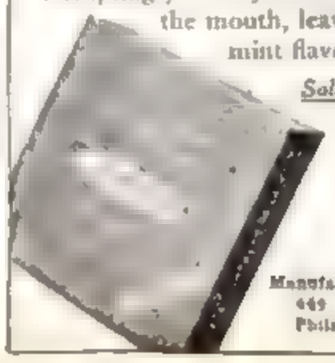
[illegible] Used in splendid condition [illegible] your dealer cannot supply you send [illegible]

THE BURLINGTON BASKET COMPANY 31 Main St. BURLINGTON, IOWA

·U-All-No·

·AFTER DINNER MINT·

Temptingly dainty creams that melt in the mouth, leaving a refreshing mint flavor.

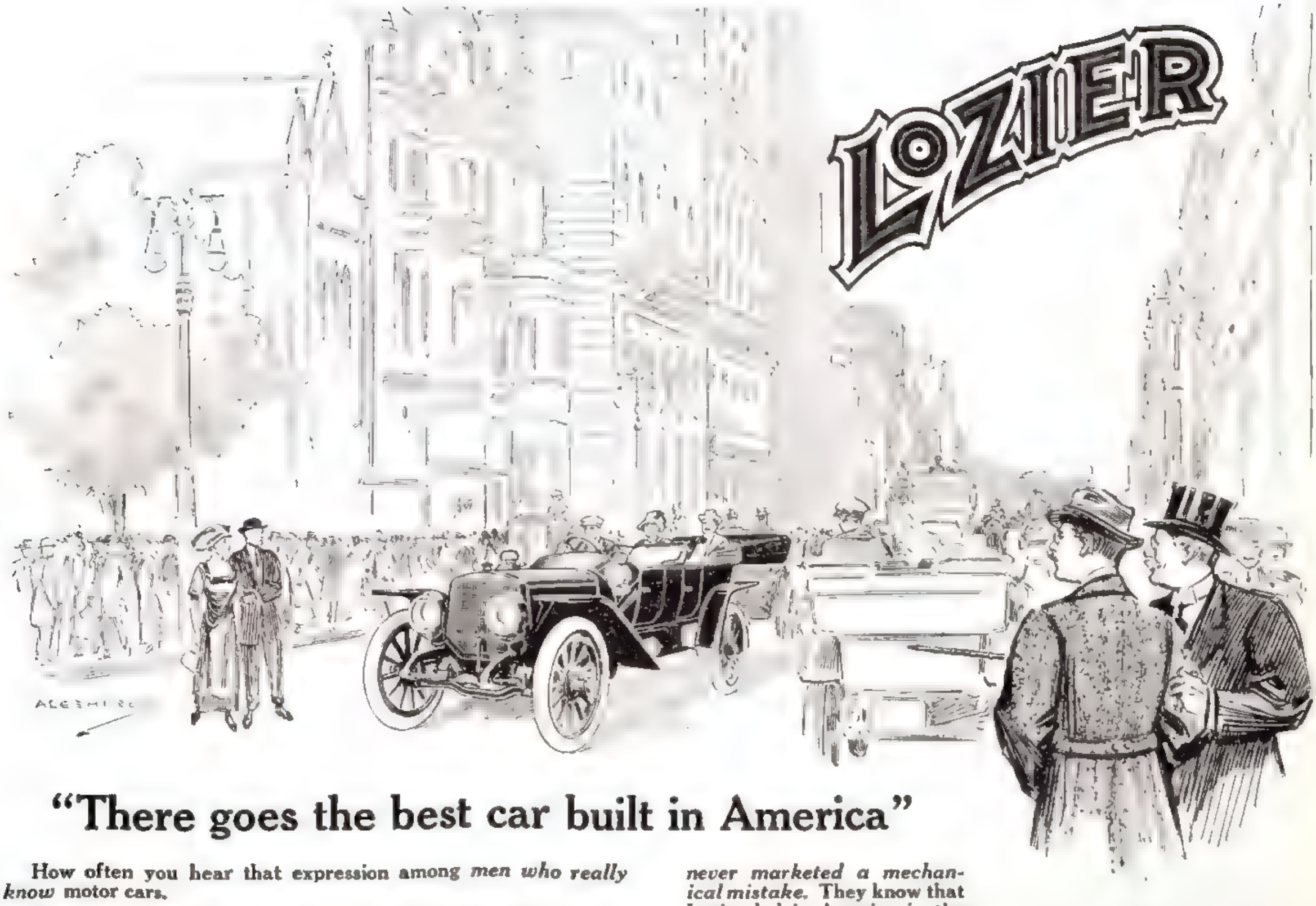


Sold only in tin boxes, never sold in bulk.

We also Manufacture

U-All-No Mint Chewing Gum

Manufacturing Co. of America
449 North 11th Street
Philadelphia, U. S. A.



"There goes the best car built in America"

How often you hear that expression among *men who really know* motor cars.

Time was when, if you asked three or four automobile men to name the highest-class American car, you would have received as many different replies. Today if you ask this question of three or four well-informed men, probably two, and possibly three, will answer, "Lozier." Everywhere you find this striking unanimity in assigning first place to the Lozier.

Who are these *men who know*—these men of experience whose opinion of a motor car is worth while? Not the man who has owned *one* car, giving it limited use and perhaps never driving it himself. For his purpose, any one of a half dozen makes would be satisfactory.

Talk With Men Who Know

The *man who knows* is the man who has owned several cars—the man who puts his car to the most severe touring uses. He is the man who explores highways and by-paths far from the beaten track. The man who is not content with the level boulevard, but tries the forest trails or the mountain passes. The man who takes his car through unfrequented parts of Europe. The man whose annual mileage runs into the thousands, who demands ceaseless, unfailing service. These are *men who know,* and these are the men who recognize Lozier supremacy.

You also hear the Lozier termed "The best car in America" by men in the trade—dealers, engineers, salesmen for other cars, managers of garages, officers of tire and accessory concerns. These men, whose business brings them in touch with all makes of cars, all realize Lozier merit. Those among them whose means permit are usually owners of Lozier cars. The opinion of such men is the strongest endorsement; worth more than the experience of the man who has used and owned but one or two cars.

Teddy Tetzlaff at Santa Monica, Nov., 1910, won the fastest mad race in America. Average speed 73.27 miles per hr.

Never Marketed a Mistake

A majority of the designers of medium priced cars, if asked to pick out the best American car, would unhesitatingly name the Lozier. Its worth has been proven to them by its consistent performances and by the fact that the Lozier Motor Company has *never marketed a mechanical mistake.* They know that Lozier led in America in the use of improved features now recognized as standard—such as fore-doors, 36-inch wheels, ball bearings, long wheel base, four-speed transmission, multiple disc clutch, Bosch magneto, double ignition, etc.

First Place Won by Merit Alone

The attainment of the Lozier's enviable position was not due to any sudden jump into popularity. It was rather the result of causes which had been slowly working toward this end for years.

At first only those in close touch with motor matters realized how the Lozier was forging to the front. But gradually its repeated successes in contests with the greatest cars of Europe and America, and its unfailing satisfaction in owners' hands established its reputation and the impression became general that the Lozier was the highest-class car built in America. And today wherever you find people of wealth and discrimination—on city streets, at the clubs, at the seashore, or at the fashionable resorts—there, in increasing numbers, you find them driving the Lozier.

Demand Necessitates New Factories

Everywhere the Lozier has gone it has made friends. No advertising has been done except in daily newspapers of the larger cities. Our output has been sold principally through the friends the car has made by sheer force of merit. The country-wide demand has made it necessary to build a new and larger factory at Detroit. Engineers tell us it is the most complete automobile plant in the world. Here we are building one thousand 1912 cars for those who know automobile value and want the best.

If you want to learn where the Lozier stands, talk with the *man who knows*—the experienced owner, the well-informed dealer or accessory man, the automobile engineer. Then see the car, ride in it, and prove to yourself that expert opinion is right in ranking the Lozier as "the best car in America."

1912 Models

6 cylinder	*51 h. p.*	*$5000*
4 cylinder	*46 h. p.*	*$4700*

Two chassis only—7 styles in bodies
Send for illustrated catalog and name of nearest dealer

Our catalog tells why the Lozier legitimately sells at a higher average price than any other American motor car.

LOZIER

2105 Mack Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Ask the man — Packard MOTOR TRUCKS — who owns one

A Packard truck saves money in suburban delivery and other long hauls by doing the work of several horse teams

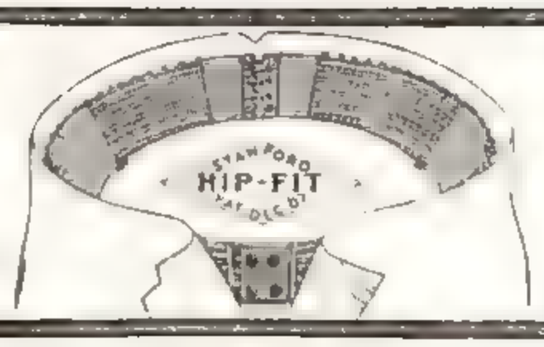
WE use two Packard trucks in piano delivery and other hauling within a radius of twenty-five miles. Each truck replaces three horse trucks and crews, thereby saving $25 a day.

Lyons Jewelry Co. Chicago

Packard trucks are used in 118 lines of business. They are sold exclusively through Packard dealers, who maintain truck service of the same standard as that extended to owners of Packard cars.

Packard Motor Car Company Detroit

Attaches To Inside of Trousers At Waistline



Stanford "HIP-FIT"

THE INVISIBLE

Trouser Support

At last, a *perfect* Trouser Support, that insures both *neat appearance* and *absolute comfort!* No more unsightly suspenders. No more tight "pulling-in" of belts and "bunching" of trousers.

The Stanford "Hip-Fit" attaches to *inside* of trousers. It is made of light gauze, with durable *silk elastic over hips and in back—conforms to the body IN ANY POSITION*, and supports trousers *evenly all around.* It prevents trousers from sagging down—also *prevents shirt from "working up."* Cool, serviceable, durable. Equally good for stout men and slender men, business men and athletes. Belt may be worn *for appearance only.*

If your haberdasher or tailor cannot supply you, send us $1.00 and your waist measurement (taken *snugly*) just *above hips* and *under trousers*, and we will send you a Stanford "Hip-Fit" by mail, postpaid. *If not entirely satisfactory, send it back and we will refund your money.*

HIP-FIT MANUFACTURING CO., 60 Grand St., New York

Staging the World's Headliner

(Continued from Page 9)

long indulgence in spectacles. In June they will come at daylight and take their places. Once the troops are in position no one may enter or leave the area of the parade. Hardships during the waiting? Well, only a patient and long-enduring London crowd could come through with the feat.

It is seldom that any one gets crushed, for London sightseers are not of the panicky sort. As the long hours of waiting wear on, men and women and children, who have taken their places soon after daylight, drop fainting here and there. If they cannot be revived by kindly volunteers an ambulance whisks the patients away to relief hospitals. A Londoner who was in the street at the time of King Edward's funeral told me that at least one out of every ten of the troops stationed to guard the streets dropped in his tracks, was hurried off in an ambulance, restored to his senses and returned to the ranks.

On the great days of June this year at least fifty thousand men under arms will line the route of the parade and even the King, in all his swathings royal of state, has nothing on an English soldier in full dress. The ambulances will be busy.

At the time of King Edward's funeral there was not time in which to erect sufficient stands to accommodate all those who were willing to pay for seats. An American publisher, who came hustling into London at the last moment, decided that he would show an effete monarchy the progressive Yankee fashion of viewing a spectacle. He hired a balloon, went up from Clapham Common, was caught by a piping sou'west gale and went skyhooting over London at express-train speed. He and his aeronaut came mighty close to falling off the tight little island. They came down with a rapid succession of glorious bumps on the edge of the sea; and yokels managed to anchor them and pull them out of the wreck.

The trip was a fair success as a balloon ascension; but my friend the publisher informed me that he missed a great many of the fine points of the street parade.

Really, between one's chances in the crowd on the sidewalks and the balloon idea, the stand seats seem to be the golden mean for Americans to choose this year—even though the accent is decidedly on "golden."

The favored ones, who manage to secure the rights to build stands, have nothing to do for the rest of their lives except pay an income tax and dig in the garden for exercise—but then, a coronation doesn't happen every fine day.

The Rattletrap Coronation Chair

By the way, speaking of this stand business, the peers have one for their near relatives—two tickets to a peer; the London city council has one; the retired army and navy officers also; and so have the Government's civil servants—all at cost price. The civil servants were tapped for the cash four months before the date of the coronation and did not appreciate that evidence of British forehandedness in preliminaries. They wrote letters to the newspapers, stating that the financial responsibility of the civil servants had been impugned; and many refused to take seats.

Around seven thousand of the really elect will be accommodated in Westminster Abbey—dukes, earls and the like, and the members of the House of Commons—all except the irreconcilable souls of the Irish members. They assembled some time ago in solemn caucus and voted not to recognize the coronation officially—official Ireland will not even present a loyal address when Their Majesties visit the land of O'Connell later.

The sightseer who desired to sigh beside the tombs in Poets' Corner was obliged to satisfy his craving prior to March first. The Abbey was closed to all except workmen on that date. Oh yes, my friend, the staging of the great act is carried on in no slapdash fashion!

The stage manager of the whole show is the Duke of Norfolk, earl marshal of England, whose word is law down to the last detail. Years ago a Howard forced a King of England to grant this mighty concession and the Howards have hung to it ever since. The present earl is a sturdy, thick-set man, with a shaggy black beard; and when he and his staff—Rouge Dragon, Portcullis, Blue-mantle, Gold Stick, Silver Stick and all the rest of the antediluvian establishment of the Heralds' College, with the dukes, earls, marquises and also-rans march up the nave of the Abbey, panoplied in gold, glittering with gems, the ghost of Barnum will sit high on a window-ledge and weep.

While the solemn service is being intoned under the ringing arches of the Abbey, no peeress will be scrutinizing with sidelong glance and burning jealousy the coronet of the sister at her side. No opportunity is allowed to run a race of rivalry. All the coronets will be simply little tin ones of no intrinsic value. The family jewels must be left out. One pattern prevails. The noble ladies, however, have had an opportunity to display the real things to the public nevertheless. A few weeks ago forty or more tiaras were put on exhibition in London by peeresses—price of admission, one guinea.

Oh, about that coronation chair! The American visitor who sees it for the first time is shocked—really! In the matter of the appurtenances of royalty, he expects to have his eye put out by sheer gorgeousness and cost. The coronation chair, when it was new, cost only a hundred shillings. It was left unguarded many years in the Abbey; and wandering sightseers and the boys of Westminster School hacked initials all over it. It looks like a bench in a country schoolhouse. "The Stone of Scone" under the seat of the chair is a famous hunk of rock, of course; but that knife-nicked old chair, with its sandstone ballast, does seem to be a misfit from a spectacular point of view. The late King Edward, with an eye for contrasts, would not allow it to be draped for his coronation.

The Georges' Gift to George

When the church conference or the county teachers' association or the temperance union meets in America folks are asked for donations to furnish board and lodging. London is the largest city in the world, but it is proceeding on this same thrifty scale. All ratepayers have been asked for a subscription to assist in defraying the cost of keeping the visiting troops and for other extraordinary expenses.

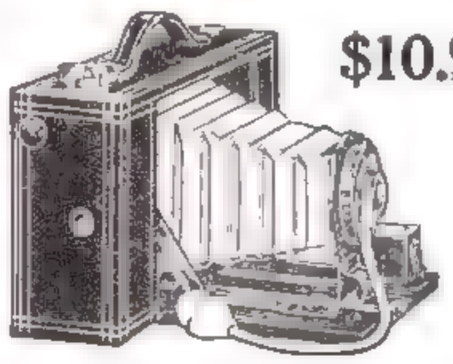
The important gentleman who comes as the special representative of a foreign king or country or colony will be entertained by the Government; and the job will be done handsomely. Outside of the usual board and lodging there will be all kinds of formal dinners and John Bull is quite at his best at a dinner. His mahogany is nearly as sacred as his oak pew.

A choice bit of entertainment for this aforesaid important gentleman will be the royal coach that is placed at his disposal immediately on his arrival and is at his command night or day. His Majesty has been stocking up with new horses and additional coaches; and no crown prince or diplomat will be obliged to tug his dress suitcase up the street from the railroad station on foot. There are to be several command performances at the theater and the opera during the gala week, any amount of receptions, luncheons and runnings here and runnings there; and the royal nags will earn their oats. The easiest job is reserved for the eight cream-colored horses of the state coach. These pampered brutes are never hitched to anything more plebeian than the gilded chariot that moves through the bellowing streets on days of just such occasions as those of this year's festal June.

Britt to the contrary notwithstanding, there are a few little special pleasing plums attached to this king business that human nature can appreciate. For instance, all the Georges of the British Empire have chipped in to make a gift to the one and only George, your penny being just as welcome as your sov. The Marys have come nobly to the scratch—though the Mary suffragettes have pettishly declared in print that they shall keep their change in their shopping bags. By the way, the militant suffragettes are the only body not yet declaring their full program for the great day. There is an impression that they will rise to the magnificent occasion and do nothing less than hire flying machines and drop "Votes for Women" literature on the parade. It possibly may be considered advisable to put the coronation act on under nets.

The Worshipful Company of Fanmakers have made a humble gift of a Honiton lace

It Works Like a Kodak.



$10.00

No. 3A Folding

BROWNIE

Pictures Post Card Size.

The first Brownie made 2¼ x 2¼ pictures and sold for a dollar.

It was made so well that other and bigger Brownies simply had to follow. They are made in the Kodak factories under Kodak superintendence by Kodak workmen. Habit with these people means honest workmanship. That's why the Brownie, a low priced camera, has been and is a success.

The No. 3A Folding is the largest of the Brownie family, taking pictures of post card size (3¼ x 5½ inches). Like the other Brownies it loads in daylight, using Kodak film cartridges. It is a well-made, serviceable and practical camera in every detail. It has our F. P. K. Automatic Shutter for snapshots and time exposures, with bulb release, automatic focusing lock, two tripod sockets and reversible finder.

Price, with Meniscus Achromatic lens, ... $10.00
Do., with Rapid Rectilinear lens, 12.00

Ask your dealer or write us for complete catalogue of Kodak and Brownie cameras.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

UTICA

25c a pair
ATHLETIC SUSPENDERS
Guaranteed for One Year

UTICA SUSPENDER CO., 341 Columbia St., Utica, N. Y.

Running Water Without Pumping Cost

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO.
703 Reed Bldg., Philadelphia. Factory, Chester, Pa.

fan; the glovers have given gloves; the Ladies of Saint Vincent have given Queen Mary the most beautiful parasol that ever was, and the Gardeners' Company will have her bouquet ready for her. Pink carnations—lineal descendants of the Lawson pink that has gone to England and married a real royal family pink.

The royal anthem has had new collars and cuffs put on it for the occasion. Here is the verse:

With England's Crown today
We hail our King, and pray:
God save the King!
Guide him in happiness,
Guard him in storm and stress;
Then in Thy Kingdom bless
And crown our King!

Ten new coronation hymns, written by the Bishop of Durham, the Dean of Westminster and others, have been published and accepted by Their Majesties. The echoes of the Abbey arches will certainly be stirred in grand style on June twenty-second. The order of music comprises fourteen numbers, and there will be five hundred voices, the best from the various choirs of England—to say nothing of the band. Into one anthem, by long custom, the boys of Westminster School are allowed to interject their cries of "*Vivat!*" They will be on hand this year, for if any duke or noble or body or man ever possessed a right in connection with royal affairs it is clung to jealously. That is the keynote of British conservatism. To this day the newly chosen sheriffs of London town are required to break a bundle of sticks at their swearing in, as a proof of strength and a terror to malefactors—though in these days of weaklings a man isn't obliged to tackle anything more serious than a few toothpicks or matches.

Mayor, Mace and Corkscrew

Away back in January the Court of Claims settled the vexed questions relating to the hereditary rights of certain gentlemen of family to hand the King a towel to wipe his hands on before the banquet; to fetch his trousers on the great morning; to carry the great spurs to the Abbey—and then, of course, carry them back again; to provide a glove for his right hand; to hold up his arm when the royal scepter gets too heavy—and all that sort of thing. It all has been straightened out, down to the fact that the Lord Mayor of London has the right to assist the chief butler at the banquet. The Lord Mayor is to march in the procession in the Abbey, carrying his mace. He will, perhaps, have his corkscrew slung to his waist, though it happens that, for the first time for many years, the Lord Mayor of London is an ardent teetotaler. He may be able to induce the chief butler to open only lemon pop. The Lord Mayor has already addressed a request to the provincial mayors to wear their robes at the luncheon to be given Their Majesties in the City; and he politely suggests that the robes may be hired for a small sum.

For some months now energetic committees have been at work in all parts of England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland with the result that, at ten o'clock in the evening of June twenty-second, bonfires will be lighted on every principal hilltop in Great Britain. And there will be some little consumption of gunpowder in London town alone that day. People who propose to be in Hyde Park or near the Tower will require earlaps.

At sunrise there will be twenty-one guns at Hyde Park and forty-one at the Tower. When the King leaves Buckingham Palace and when he arrives at the Abbey these doses will be repeated. When he is crowned the artillery will let loose in earnest. There will be forty-one guns at Hyde Park and forty-six at the Tower—forty-six for the years of his age. When he leaves the Abbey another salvo, and still another when he arrives at Buckingham. Advocates of a sane and quiet Fourth of July are hereby permitted to cite this as an awful example.

Numerous London citizens have addressed a humble petition to the King, asking that he wear his royal robes, his crown and carry his scepter and orb when he rides through the City on June twenty-third; but His Majesty has been obliged to reply from Buckingham that, though he would really like to accommodate his loving subjects, the plan would not be feasible. He has already hired Sandow, the strong man, as his instructor in physical culture

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NEW YORK CITY

and is taking daily lessons to get his muscle up for the job in the Abbey; but even a king balks at two days of imperial pallium in hot weather. It's a wonder that British conservatism, with its regard for doing a thing as it always has been done, allowed its kings to break away from one custom that must have been a bit trying. The oil of unction for the kings of England is considered to be of miraculous power for good. In the old days, the king put on a linen coif and wore it and the oil for eight days after the coronation.

There is a new frill in the freak insurance line in London in regard to the coronation of 1911. Of course all the shopkeepers and hotelkeepers and standbuilders and others who have made extra preparation for the event have insured heavily against postponement. On top of this the London citizen has an opportunity to take out a policy insuring him and his wife against rain—that is to say, if he goes out into the crowd and gets hemmed in where the soldiers won't let him get out, and his new plug hat and his wife's "blaouse" get wet, he can collect insurance money. Already grave discussions are going on in the newspapers, based on the matter of London's queer weather pranks; for it may rain great guns in Westminster and be dry as a bone at Tower Hill. The question under discussion is whether the word of the insured is to be taken or the report of the weather bureau.

Just as I am writing these last lines in bursts Britt!

He has friends coming from America and they want hotel accommodations. He has made the rounds of every large hotel between Knightsbridge and Temple Bar. Absolutely chock-a-block full for the whole of coronation week—all booked up; in fact, none of the large hotels would accept bookings for less than the great week seven days or not at all! And most of the hotels have booked at double the ordinary prices. When he went to the booking agents of the smaller hotels and boarding houses they could give him small encouragement, unless he grabbed quickly and paid double the usual rates.

Britt was rather panicky over the situation; but this does not mean, dear American reader, that the last comers to London must sleep in the park. But the man who has not yet booked and wouldn't have a bit of a good time over here unless he were up on the singing seats at the Carlton or Cecil, or some such place, would better wait at home for the next coronation.

A Pageant That Pays

"Say," proceeded Britt, after expressing himself on the subject of the hotels, "I just had a piece of luck. Met a lord. Good fellow! Had a drink with him. You know what I was telling you about that king job, take it on a hot day! Well, I hadn't heard the worst of it. That lord has been at the ringside—saw King Edward when it was handed out to him! The Archbishop of Canterbury kneels down in front of the King, swears homage—or whatever they call it—and then gets up and kisses the King on the left cheek. Then the Prince of Wales and all the rest of the princes touch his crown and kiss his cheek. Then the dukes do it, the marquises, the earls, the viscounts and the barons. Talk about the bride at the railroad station! Say, I'd stand it to have the United States turned into a monarchy for just a little while if they'd put Teddy on the throne and make the Duke of the Beef Trust, the Marquis of Steel and Lord Oilcan of Kerosene march up and kiss him. Of course I'd have 'em leave all razors, clubs and guns at the foot of the throne, and give Teddy the inside by letting him hold a six-shooter in each hand."

Well, even the plain Yankee who doesn't believe in royal fuss and feathers to any great extent has to admit that the approaching pageant is the biggest show the world has to offer. The glamour of history and precedent is over it all. Amid his multitude of loyal subjects, the King of England and Emperor of India will ride to his storied Abbey to assume the visible emblem of his authority—and the bands will bray and the trumpets blare and the cannon roar and smoke; and about a hundred thousand or more Americans will be there with goggling eyes to see it all. "We estimate that they will leave at least five millions of dollars with us, sir," remarked a British tradesman the other day, rubbing his hands and licking his lips.

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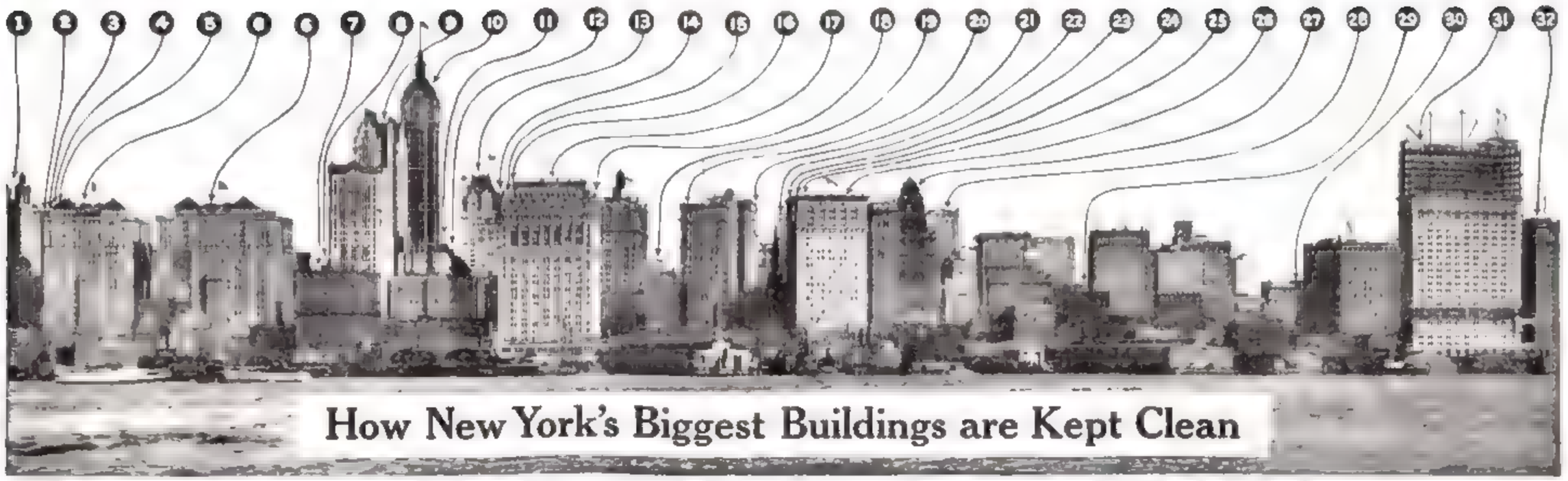

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For broom sweeping is the hardest work a woman knows.

The very act of cleaning a room with a broom and duster involves a separate operation for

1. [illegible]
2. [illegible]
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4. [illegible]
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Whatever the requirement is, you will find it in the "RICHMOND" line.

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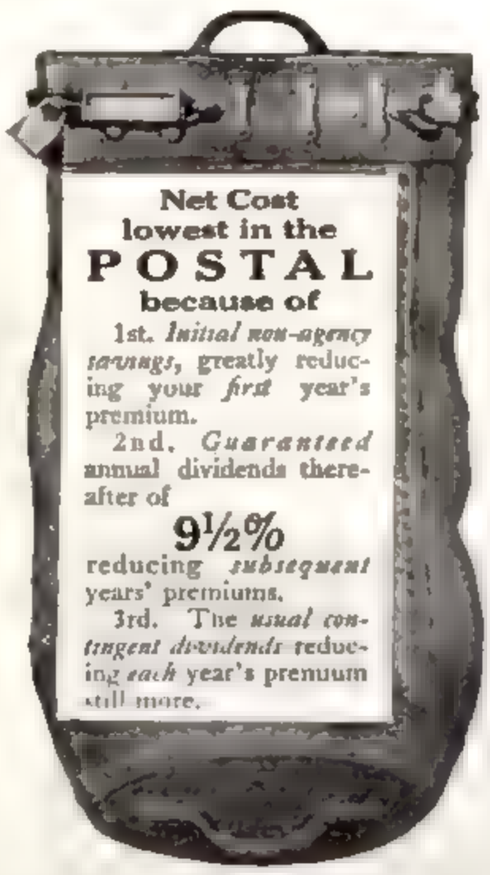
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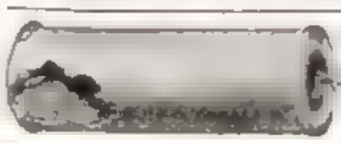

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THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

(Continued from Page 33)

the cause of the jam was a letter flat against the end of the drawer, with a corner turned over the edge. He took out the letter, closed the drawer and smiled sadly, glad to have discovered a new relic of Angela in the bureau—probably a gossiping note from a friend, perhaps one from himself. He went to the light of the window.

"My adored heart's dearest and most beloved angel!" So the letter began. He scanned the words, bewildered. Certainly in his wildest dreams he had never imagined such a form of address. Besides, the handwriting was not his. He turned the sheet rapidly and glanced at the end: "God! How I love you! WILL."

Will? Will Hammersley. It was Will Hammersley's handwriting. What did it mean? He paused for a few moments, breathing hard, looking with blind eyes through the window over the square. At last he read the letter. Then he thrust it, a crumpled ball, into his pocket and reeled out of the room like a drunken man, down the stairs of the lonely house, and flung himself into a chair in his museum, where he sat for hours staring before him, paralyzed with an awful dismay.

At five o'clock his housekeeper entered with the tea-things. He did not want tea. At seven she came again into the large, dark room, lit only by the red glow of the fire.

"The gentlemen are here, sir."

It was a Tuesday evening. He had forgotten.

He stumbled to his feet.

"All right," he said.

Then he shivered, feeling a deadly sickness of soul. No; he could not meet his fellow creatures tonight.

"Give them my compliments and apologies, and say I am unwell and unable to dine with them this evening. See that they have all they want, as usual."

"Very good, sir—but yourself? I'm sorry you are ill, sir. What can I bring you?"

"Nothing," said Quixtus harshly. "Nothing—and please don't trouble me any further."

Mrs. Pennycook regarded him in some astonishment, not having heard him speak in such a tone before. Probably no one else had since he had learned to speak.

"If you're not better in the morning, sir, I might fetch the doctor?"

He turned in his chair. "Go! I tell you, go! Leave me alone."

Later he arose, switched on the light and, mechanically descending to the hall like a sleep-walker, deposited his usual largess in the pockets of the three seedy, familiar overcoats. Then he went up to his museum again. The effort, however, had cleared his mind. He reflected. He had not been very well of late. There were such things as hallucinations, to which men broken down by mental strain were subject. Let him read the letter through once more. He took the crumpled paper from his pocket, smoothed it out and read. No. There was no delusion. The whole story was there—the treachery, the faithlessness, the guilty passion that gloried in its repeated consummation! His wife, Angela! his friend, Will Hammersley!—the only woman and the only man he had ever loved. A sudden memory smote him. He had intrusted her to Hammersley's keeping times out of number.

"My God!" said he, beating his forehead with a clenched fist. "My God!"

And so fell the second thunderbolt.

Toward midnight there came a heavy knocking at his door. Startled by the unusual sound, he cried:

"What's that? Who's there?"

The door opened and Eustace Huckaby lurched solemnly into the room. His ruffled hair stood up on end like a cockatoo's crest and his watery eyes glistened He pulled his straggling beard.

"Sorry, old man, to hear you're seedy. Came to know—how—getting on."

Quixtus arose, a new sternness on his face, and confronted the intruder.

"Huckaby, you're drunk."

Huckaby laughed and waved a protesting hand, thereby nearly losing his balance.

"No," said he. "Rid'klous. I'm not drunk. Other fellows are—drunk ash owls. Tha's why—couldn't come see you. They're not qui' sort of men been accushtomed to associate with—I'm—University man—like you, Quishtus—sometime fellow Corpush Christi College, Cambridge—I first gave motto for club—didn't I? *Procul, O procul este, profani!* Tha's Latin. Other two lobsters don't know word of Latin—ignorant as lobsters—lobsters—tha's wha' I call 'em." He lurched heavily into a chair. "Awful thirsty! Got a drink, old f'la?"

"No," said Quixtus. "I haven't. And if I had I wouldn't give it to you."

The reprobate pondered darkly over the announcement. Then he hiccuped and his face brightened.

"Look here, dear old frien' ——"

Quixtus interrupted him.

"Do you mean to tell me those other men are drunk too?"

"As owls! You go down—see 'em."

He threw back his head and broke out into sudden shrill laughter. Then, checking himself, he said with an awful gravity:

"I beg your pardon, Quishtus. Their conduc's disgrace—humanity."

"You three have dined in this house once a week for years and no one has left it the worse for liquor. And now, the first time I leave you to yourselves—I was really not able to join you tonight—you take advantage of my absence and ——"

Huckaby staggered to his feet and tried to put his hand on Quixtus' shoulder. Having recovered himself, he put it on top of a case of prehistoric implements.

"Tha's just what I want—explain to you. They're lobsters, dear old friend—just lobsters—all claw and belly, and no heart. I'm a University man, like you. Corpush Christi College, Cambridge. They're not friends of yours. They're lobsters—ruddy lobsters. I'm not drunk, you know. I'm all right. I'm telling you——"

Quixtus took him by the arm. "I think you had better go away, Huckaby."

"No. Send other fellows away. I'm your frien'," said he, pointing a shaky forefinger. "I want to tell you. I'm a University man and so are you; and I don't care how much you made out of it. You're all right, Quishtus. I'm your frien'. Other lobsters said at dinner that if justice were done you'd be in quod."

Quixtus took the gaunt sot by the shoulders and shook him.

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Don't, don't—don't upset good dinner!" said Huckaby, wriggling away. "You won't believe I'm your friend. Van and Billiter say you were in with Parable—Paramour—Marrowbones—wha's his name?—all the time; and it's just your rosy luck that you weren't doing time too. Now I don't care if you did stand in with Parachute. 'Tisn't my business. But I'll stan' by you—I, Eustace Huckaby, Master of Arts, fellow of Corpush Christi College, Cambridge. There'sh my hand."

He extended it, but Quixtus regarded it not.

"The three of you have not contented yourselves with getting drunk, but you've been slandering me behind my back—foully s'andering me!"

He went to the door and flung it open.

"I think it's time, Huckaby, that we joined the others."

Huckaby lurched down the stairs, murmuring of lobsters and parables, and turning every now and then to assure his host that adverse circumstances made no difference to his imperishable affection; and so they reached the dining room. Huckaby had spoken truly. Billiter was sprawling back in his chair, his coat and waistcoat covered with cigar-ash. His bald head was crowned by the truncated cone of a candle-shade—a jest of Huckaby's—which gave him an appearance that would have been comic to a casual observer, but to Quixtus was peculiarly obscene. His dazed eyes were fixed stupidly on Vandermeer, who, the picture of woe, was weeping bitterly because he had no one to love him. At the sight of Quixtus, Billiter made an effort to rise, but fell back heavily on to his seat, the candle-shade falling likewise. He muttered hoarsely and incoherently that it was the damned gout again in his ankles. Then he expressed a desire to slumber. Vandermeer raised a maudlin face.

"No one to love me!" he whined and tried to pour from an empty decanter; it slipped from his hand and broke a glass. "Not even a drop of consolation left!" he said.

"Disgrashful! Isn't it?" said Huckaby, with a hiccup.

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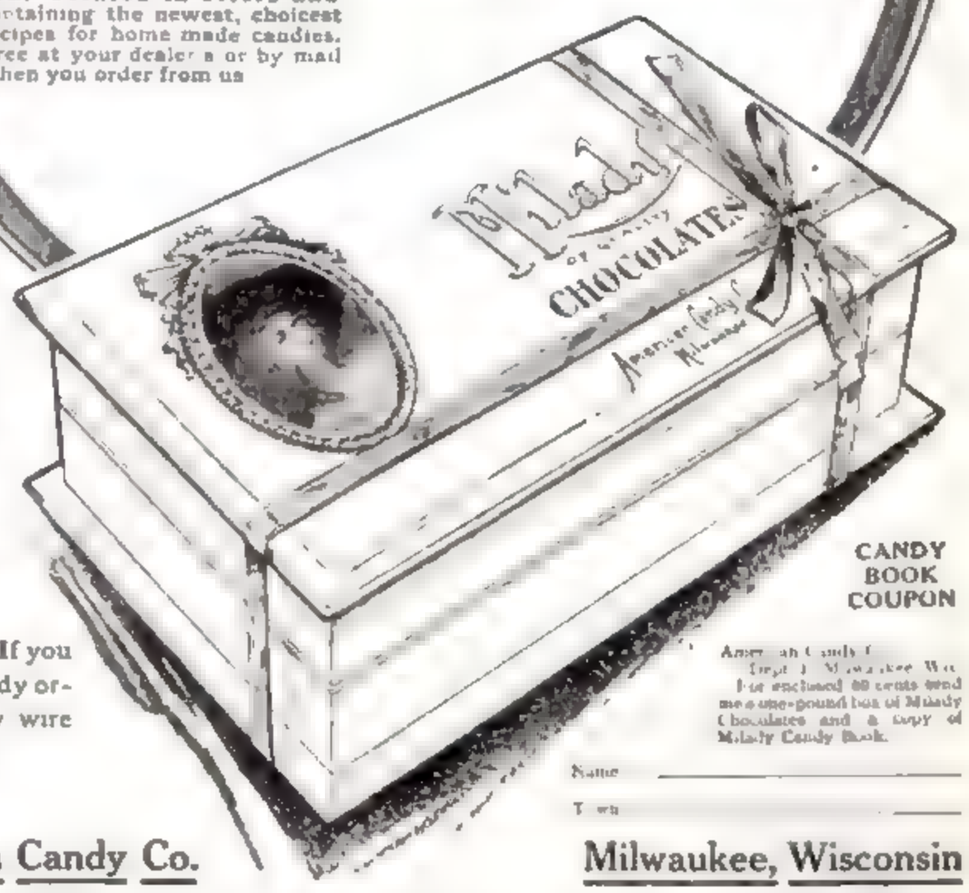

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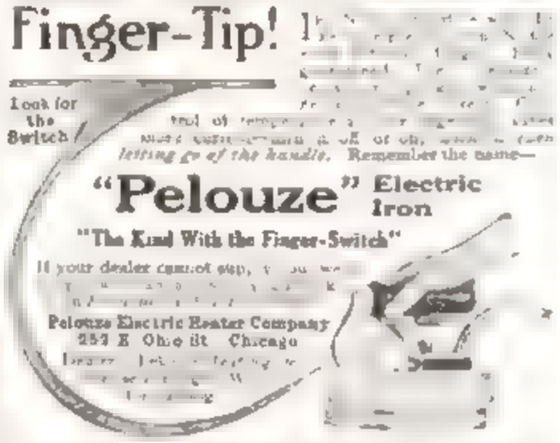
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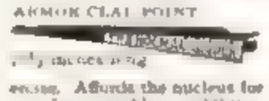

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Quixtus eyed them with disgust. Humanity was revolting. He turned to Hu[illegible] said, with a shudder. "For Heaven's sake, take them away!"

Huckaby summed them up with a ready but practiced eye. "Can't walk. Ruddy lobsters. Must have cabs."

Quixtus went to the street door and whistled up a couple of four-wheelers from the rank; and eventually by the aid of Huckaby and the cabmen, whom he had to bribe heavily to drive the wretches home, they were deposited in some sort of sitting posture, each in a separate vehicle. As soon as the sound of the departing wheels died away, Quixtus held out Huckaby's overcoat.

"You're sober enough to walk," said he, helping him on with it. "Good night."

Huckaby turned on the doorstep.

"Want you to remember—don't care damn what a frien' has done—ever want help, come to me, sometime fellow of Corp——"

Quixtus closed the street door in his face and heard no more. These were his friends—these the men who had lived on his bounty; who for years, for what they could get, had controlled their knavery, their hypocrisy! These were the men for whom he had striven—these sots, these dogs, these vulgar-hearted, slandering knaves! His very soul was sick. He paused at the dining-room door and for a moment looked at the scene of the debauch. Wine and coffee were spilled; glasses broken; a lighted stump of cigar had burned a great brown hole in the tablecloth. He grimly imagined the tipsy scene. If he had been with them there would have been smug faces, deprecating hands upheld at the second round of the port, talk on art, literature, religion and what-not; and, at parting, whispered blessings and fervent handshakes—and all the time there would have been slanderous venom in their hearts and the raging beast of drink within them, cursing him for his repressing presence.

"The canting rogues!" he murmured as he went back to his museum. "The canting rogues!"

He thrust his hands, in a gesture of anger and disgust, deep into his jacket pockets. His knuckles came against the crumpled letter. He turned faint and clung to the newel-post on the landing for support. The smaller treachery, coming close before his eyes, had for the time eclipsed the greater.

"Is all the world against me?" he said.

Unfortunately there was a thunderbolt or two yet to fall.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Up to the Times

WHEN Colonel Roosevelt was in London, on his way back to the United States after his African hunting trip, he went to a luncheon given in his honor by some of the literary men and journalists.

Before the guests went in to luncheon they stood around smoking and talking, and the Colonel was presented to each in turn. One man there was a large, beefy, somber leader-writer on The Times. He had the fate of nations on his shoulders and looked as if he felt the responsibility.

When the Colonel was presented to the leader-writer the leader-writer bowed ponderously. The Colonel shook hands with him effusively, greeted him enthusiastically and then placed his hand on the leader-writer's shoulder.

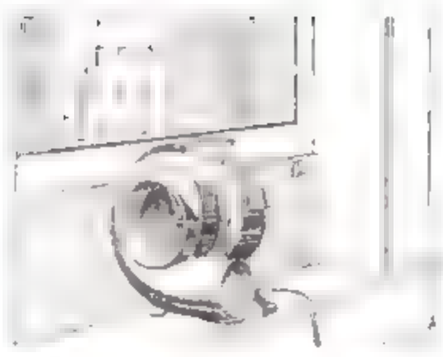
"Come," said Roosevelt to the leader-writer, "you and I are serious men. Let us get away from these chatterers and talk of serious matters."

The leader-writer bowed again ponderously.

"Tell me," said Mr. Roosevelt, his eyes twinkling, "which do you think is the better man, Jeffries or Johnson?"

That was before the fight at Reno, but the leader-writer had never heard of either. He didn't know whether the Colonel meant Samuel Johnson, Ben Jonson, Lord Jeffrey, Baron Jeffreys, or whom, so he stuttered and stammered and gave it up.

A few days later he ran across a few lines in The Times, with a Reno date-line, mentioning the coming combat between Johnson and Jeffries. He carefully cut the paragraph out and mailed it to Colonel Roosevelt with this comment: "By a most extraordinary coincidence I find that the persons mentioned in this paragraph have the same names as those gentlemen concerning whom you recently inquired of me."



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NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S., *without a cent deposit* in advance, *prepay freight,* and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

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MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. K-55 CHICAGO, ILL.
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Oddities and Novelties

Cold Crayon for Cautery

FOR removing warts, moles and other such blemishes of the skin, physicians have recently adopted a new instrument of cautery, which might be called a carbonic-acid crayon. It is, in fact, a little stick of carbonic-acid snow, much resembling in appearance the piece of chalk that every schoolboy uses for doing sums on the blackboard.

The apparatus employed for making the crayons in the doctor's office is very simple and compact, consisting of a metal cylinder containing thirty pounds of carbonic acid under such tremendous pressure that it occupies only a little space. When the patient to be operated on is at hand the physician screws upon the cylinder a short steel tube, the contrivance being so arranged that a portion of the contents of the cylinder is thereupon permitted to pass into the tube.

As it does so, the attached tube becomes so exceedingly cold that the moisture from the surrounding air is deposited upon it in a thin layer of ice. Perhaps four or five minutes elapse and then the doctor shuts off the flow and unscrews the tube. He is obliged to use thick gloves in handling the tube, in order to keep his hands from being frozen.

The tube, now detached, is opened at one end and out of it falls a beautiful little cylinder, brilliantly white, of carbonic-acid snow. It is about two inches and a half long. One end of it is thereupon sharpened by pressing it for about a minute into a cavity at the butt end of the tube, and thus it is made to assume the form of a crayon.

The physician handles it cautiously because he does not wish to burn himself. One may touch it with bare fingers, but not hold it with impunity, for carbonic-acid snow is of a temperature almost unimaginably low.

When it is thus applied—to a mole, for example—heat is withdrawn so rapidly from the part touched that the effect is one of burning; in fact, the burning is much the same as if it were done with the end of a white-hot piece of metal. The surrounding tissues are not scorched, however, and the work is much more satisfactorily accomplished for the purpose in view than would be possible by the other process—the result being the total extirpation of the blemish, with a minimum of scar.

Choose Your Pumps Carefully

PHYSICIANS say that the trouble known as "flatfoot" is increasing year by year. It is due to the breaking down of the pedal arch and causes serious inconvenience and often a great deal of suffering. A recent examination of seven hundred and ninety students at Columbia University showed that more than fifteen per cent of them had both feet flat, while in an additional twenty per cent both feet were weak.

This kind of mischief has come, to a great extent, during the last few years, from the wearing of ill-made pumps. Shoes of this sort, when improperly made, give almost no support to the arch of the foot. Not only are the heels too far back to be effective for the purpose, but as soon as they have lost their first newness and have become a trifle loose it is actually necessary for the wearer to use his toes in a prehensile fashion to keep them on.

Expert chiropodists say that in this and other respects ill-made pumps do much damage to feet. Yet their use is steadily increasing, and for two reasons—first, because they are particularly stylish, and second, because they are becoming. Women wear them not only in the summertime but in winter as well, though they are a species of footgear obviously not well suited to cold weather.

The combination of dainty pumps and silk stockings is very fetching, which fact has doubtless a good deal to do with the prevalence of the fashion in question; moreover it is noticeable that even the men wear them quite commonly on occasions when evening dress is demanded. The matter is one of no small seriousness, inasmuch as even a bad strain of the muscles of the arch of the foot means serious lameness, while their breaking down signifies inability to walk for a long period, with an immense amount of pain and discomfort.

La France
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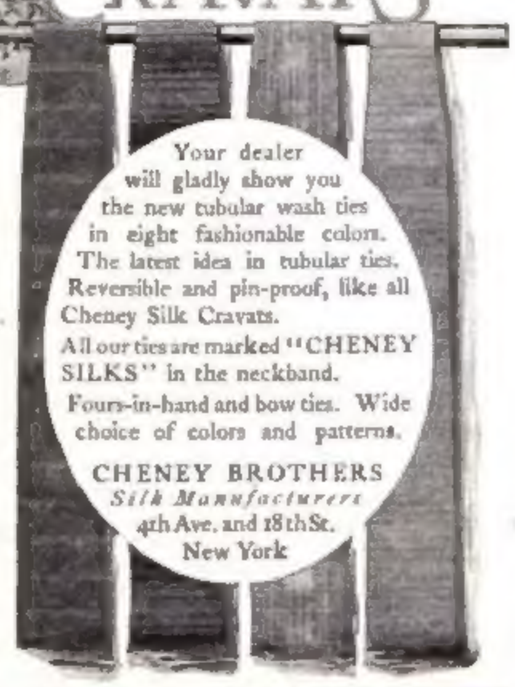

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All our ties are marked "CHENEY SILKS" in the neckband.

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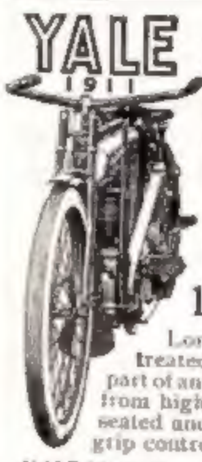

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Long stroke motor, specially heat treated cylinder, ground to thousandth part of an inch, valves drop hammer forged from highest quality nickel steel, perfectly seated and of generous size. New positive grip control (patented) and offset cylinder.

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The name Everwear stands for every wanted hosiery quality, and the Written Guarantee insures definite service to you. The name Everwear on every pair is your index to hosiery satisfaction. Everwear Hosiery is sold the world over at the better class stores. If your dealer can not supply you, write us, stating size, kind and style desired, and we will send them, express prepaid, on receipt of price.

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Gauze weights for Men and Women, in Silk Lisle, $3.00 a box. Egyptian Cotton—Men's, $1.50 a box, Women's $2.00 a box. Heavier weights the same price.

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